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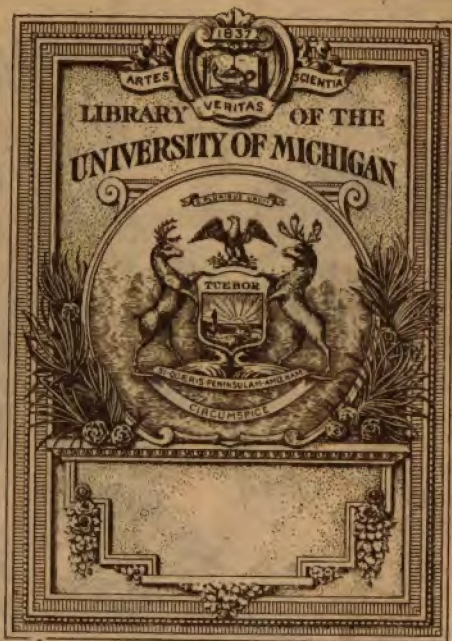
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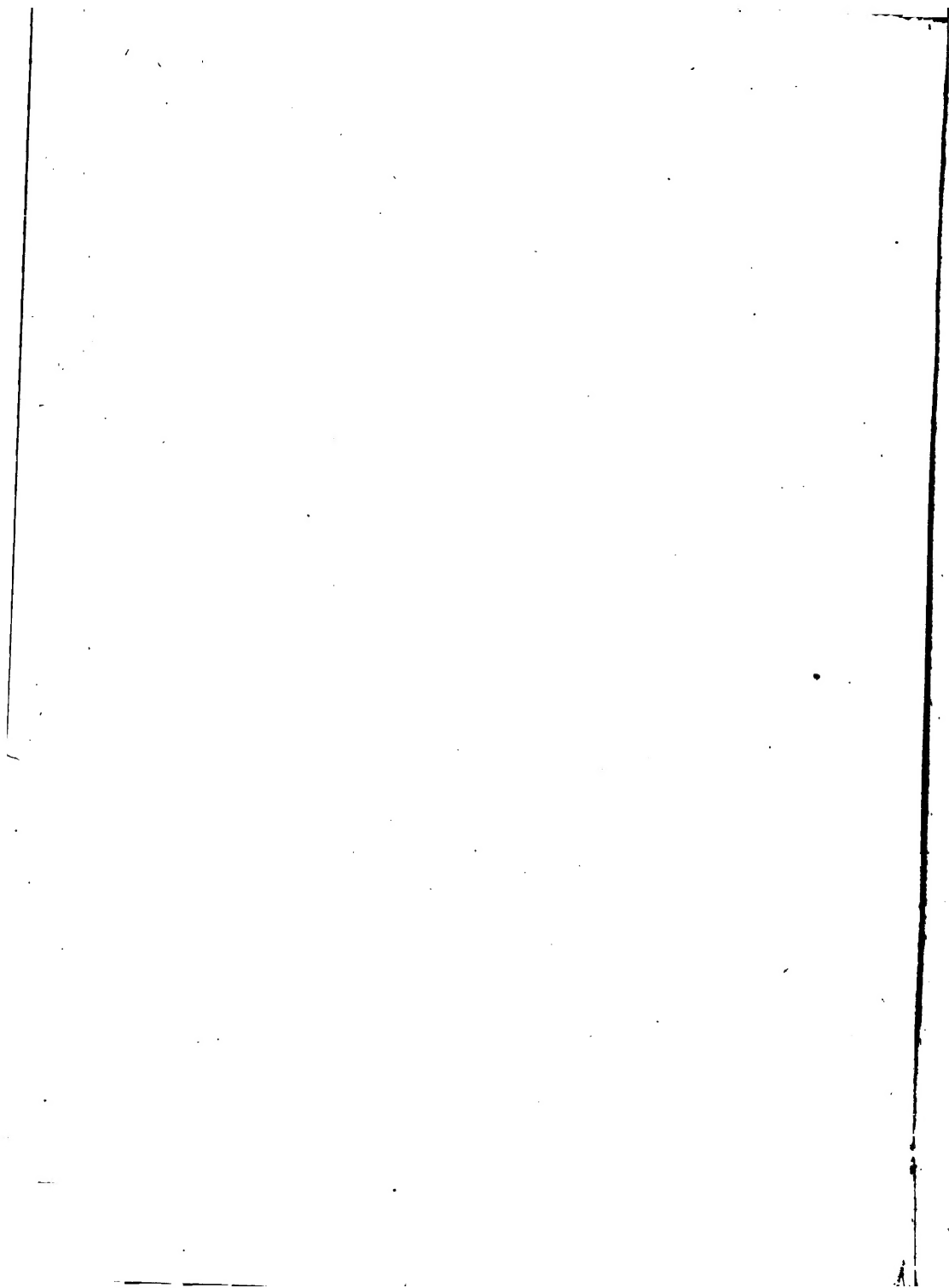
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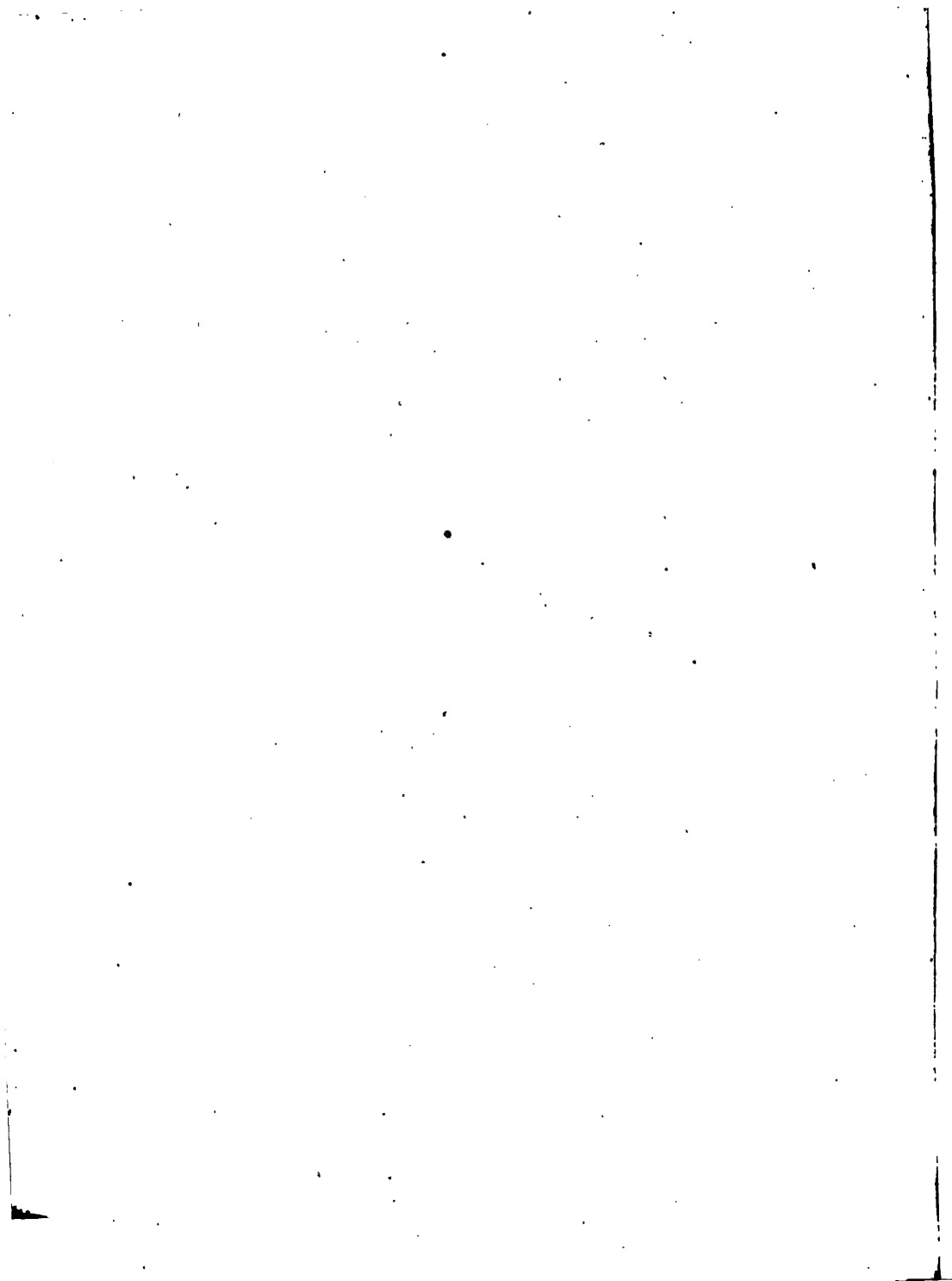
THE GIFT OF
Mrs. William Doty



HIS

431

M87.



MASONIC
ODES AND POEMS.

BY
ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS A LABORER IN THE VINEYARD OF FREEMASONRY.

REVISED EDITION.

FOR THE AUTHOR:
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1880.

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TO BROTHER WILLIAM P. INNES,

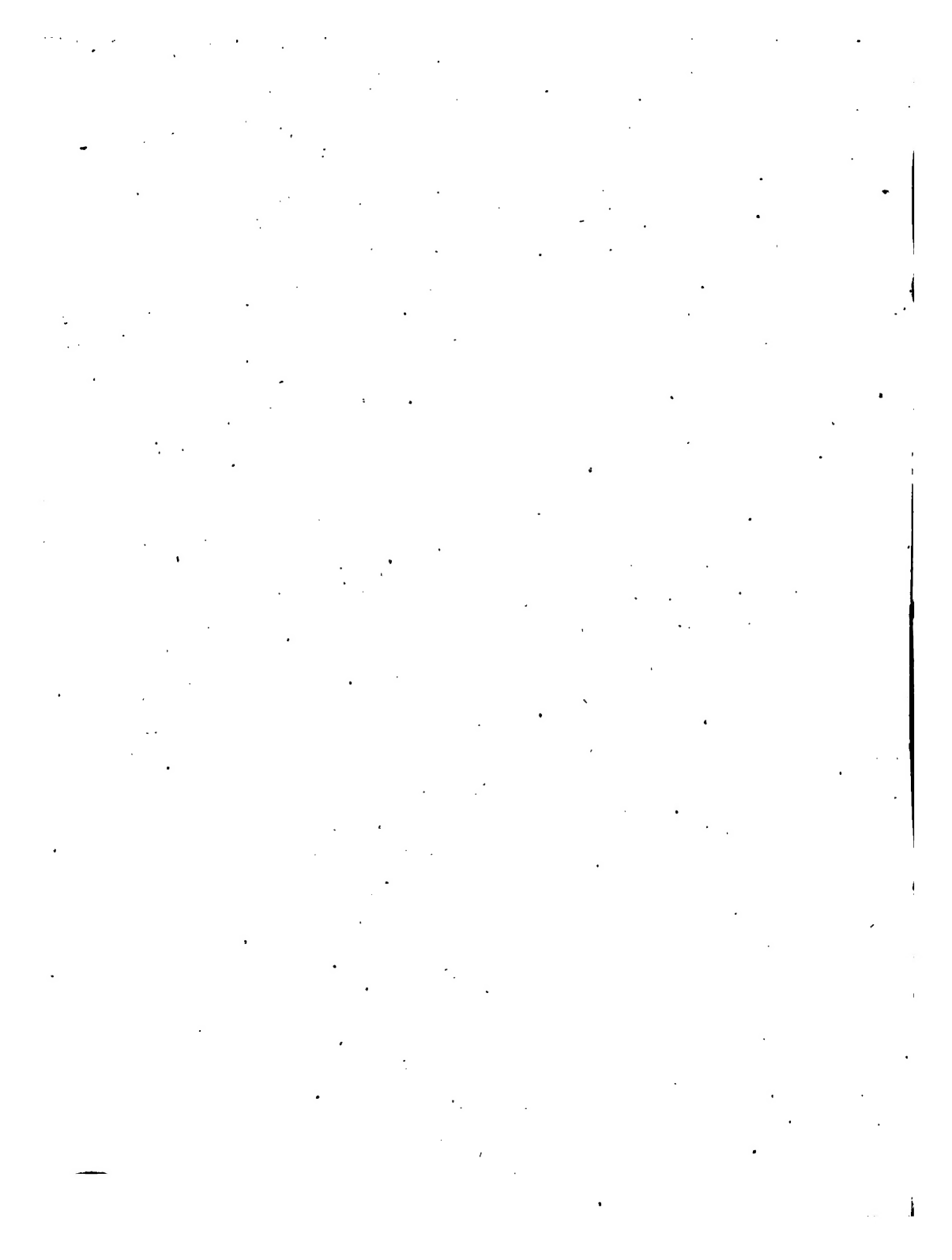
OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN,

AN OLD FRIEND WHO KEEPS HIS FRIENDSHIP EVER BRIGHT AND NEW,

GOOD SWORD—GOOD PEN,—

THIS COMPLETE COLLECTION OF MY MASONIC ODES AND
POEMS IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.



MASONIC ODES AND POEMS.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

[This poem, written in August, 1854, is the most popular of the series. Fifteen musical compositions have been set to it, and either as song or declamation it has gone the rounds of the Masonic world.]

We meet upon the LEVEL, and we part upon the SQUARE :
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are !
Come, let us contemplate them ! they are worthy of a thought ;
In the very walls of Masonry the sentiment is wrought.

We meet upon the LEVEL, though from every station come,
The rich man from his palace and the poor man from his home ;
For the *rich* must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,
And the *poor* man finds his best respect upon the Checkered Floor.

We act upon the PLUMB,—'tis the orders of our Guide,—
We walk upright in virtue's way and lean to neither side ;
Th' All-Seeing Eye that reads our hearts doth bear us witness true ;
That we still try to honor God and give each man his due.

We part upon the SQUARE, for the world must have its due :
We mingle with the multitude, a faithful Band and true ;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long upon the LEVEL to renew the happy scene.

There's a World where all are equal,—we are hurrying towards it fast,
We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, when the gates of Death are passed :
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring SQUARE.

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, but never thence depart ;
There's a Mansion,—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart ;—
There's a Mansion, and a Welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met upon the LEVEL, and been tried upon the SQUARE.

Let us meet upon the LEVEL, then, while laboring patient here ;
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe ;
Already in the Western Sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the SQUARE.

Hands round, ye faithful Brotherhood, the bright fraternal chain,
We part upon the SQUARE below, to meet in Heaven again !
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,—
We meet upon the LEVEL and we part upon the SQUARE.

THE EMBLEMS OF THE CRAFT.

This selection in declaiming is joined to full esoterical accompaniments.

Who wears the SQUARE upon his breast
Does in the face of God attest,—
And in the face of man,—
That all his actions will compare
With the divine, the unerring, SQUARE,
That squares great Virtue's plan:
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Who wears the LEVEL, says that pride
Does not within his soul abide,
Nor foolish vanity;—
That man has but a common doom,
And from the cradle to the tomb
An equal destiny.
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Who wears the PLUMB, behold how true
His words and walk! and could we view
The chambers of his soul,
Each hidden thought, so pure and good,
By the stern line of rectitude
Points up to Heaven's goal:
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Who wears the G,—that mark divine,—
Whose very sight should banish sin,
Has faith in God alone;
His Father, Maker, Friend, he knows;
He vows and pays to God his vows
Before the eternal throne:
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Thus life and beauty come to view
In *each design* our fathers drew
So glorious and sublime;
Each breathes an odor from the bloom
Of gardens bright beyond the tomb,
Beyond the flight of time,
And bids us build on *this*, and *this*,
The walls of God's own edifice.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU.

One hour with you, one hour with you,
No doubt, nor care, nor strife,
Redeems a day of sin and woe,
And gives new zest to life.
One hour with *you*, and *you*, and *you*,
Bright links in mystic chain—

Oh may we oft these joys renew,
And often meet again!

Your *eyes* with love's own language free—
Your *hand-grip*, strong and true,
Your *voice*, your *heart*, do welcome me
To spend an hour with you.

I come, when morning skies are bright,
To work my Mason's due—
To labor is my chief delight,
And spend an hour with you.

I go when evening gilds the west,
I breathe the fond adieu,
But hope again, by fortune blest,
To spend an hour with you.

And if perchance the page is closed
On which my life is given.
I would beseech the Mason's God
That we may meet in HEAVEN!
In HEAVEN with *you*, and *you*, and *you*,
To join the blissful strain;
Oh may we *there* these joys renew
And meet in HEAVEN again!

THE LETTER G.

Referred to the emblem of Deity that marks
the Lodge-East.

Deo optimo maximo. [To God, all good, all great.]

THAT NAME! I learned it at a mother's knee,
When, looking up, the fond and tearful face
Beaming upon my eyes so tenderly,
She prayed that God her little son would
bless!

THAT NAME! I spoke it when I entered here—
And bowed the knee as each Freemason
must;
From my heart's center with sincerity,
I said, "In God, in God is all my trust!"

THAT NAME! I saw it o'er the Master's chair,
"The Hieroglyphic bright," and bending low
Paid solemn homage at the emblem there,
That speaks of God, before whom *all* must
bow!

THAT NAME! in silence I invoked its power,
When dangers thickened and when death
was nigh;
In solemn awe I felt the death-clouds lower,
And whispered, "God be with me if I die!"

THAT NAME! the last upon our faltering
tongue,
Ere death shall still it, it shall surely be;
The PASS-WORD to the high Celestial throng,
Whose Lord is God in truth and majesty!

THAT NAME then, Brothers, always gently
speak!
Before your father's, mother's name, re-
vered
Such blessings from His gracious hand we
take!
Oh, be His honor to our souls endeared!

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the grave,
The last and dreamless bed;
One whom I knew in other days,
Lay there amidst the dead;
His head towards the setting sun;
For oh, his life and pilgrimage were done.

'Twas evening's pensive hour,—
The rich and painted west
Had called earth's laborers,—weary ones,—
To home delights and rest;
Bird-songs and voices of the day
Had melted all in evening's hush away.

Then came upon my soul
A rush of memories:
I seemed to see beside that grave
My friend of other days:
His beaming eye,—his generous hand,—
The largest, brightest, readiest of our band.

I seemed to hear once more
His voice so full and free,—
My hand,—my heart,—my purse,—my life.
I give from me to thee!
The scalding tears my grief confessed
While night and darkness settled o'er the
west.

For oh, I thought me then
Of all his sad decline:
He fell from honor's topmost height,
The victim of one sin!
Yes, he, the generous and the brave,
Lay there dishonored in a *Drunkard's*
Grave!

Long years and hard he strove
Against the syren cup;
Wife, children, Brotherhood combined
To bear him kindly up,

And cheer him midst that mighty woe
With which the unhappy drunkard has to
do.

We plead by *this* and *this*;
We urged his plighted word;
We told him what a shameful tale.
His story would afford;
We gathered 'round him all our band
And warned and threatened with a stern
command.

In vain: too strong his chain—
Our cable-tow too weak!
That cursed thirst had burned his soul,
He would no warning take:
He broke the heart that leaned on his,
And brought himself, at last, at last, to this.

His sun went down at noon;—
His life expired in spring;—
His work undone, his column broke,—
A ruined loathsome thing!
Expelled from Masonry, his grave
No emblems of the ancient Art can have.

I turned away in tears;—
The night had settled round;—
I heard, in cypress-branches nigh,
The owl's complaining sound,
Then homeward fled, amidst the gloom,
And left my Brother in the Drunkard's
tomb!

THRENODY; HYMN OF DEATH.

This hymn, in recitation, is illustrated by eight
Craft emblems.

So falls the last of the old forest trees,
Within whose shades we wandered with de-
light,
Moss-grown and hoary, yet the birds of heaven
Loved in its boughs to linger and to sing.
The summer-winds made sweetest music there,
The soft spring-showers hung their brightest
drops,
Glistening and cheerful on the mossy spray,
And to the last, that ancient vigorous oak
Teemed with ripe fruitage.

Now the Masons mourn,
Through Temple-chambers, their Grand Mas-
ter fallen!
The clear Intelligence,—the genial Soul,—
The lips, replete with wisdom,—quenched
and stilled!

*The Square and Compass.

The ruffian DEATH has met and struck his prey,

And from the Quarry to the Mount all mourn!
Bind up with asphodel these mystic Tools
And Jewels of the Work; bind up, ye Crafts,
The SQUARE: it marked the fullness of his life;
In truth's right angle all his deeds were true!
The LEVEL: lo, it leads us to the grave,
Where, in kind mother-earth, our veteran sleeps!

The PLUMB: it points the home his soul hath found:

Did he not walk true to th' unerring Line,
Let down, suggestive, from the hand of God!
Th' ACACIA-SPRIG, type of the verdant life,
Bright and immortal in Celestial lodge.

Bind up in mourning, dark and comfortless,
The GAUGE: he gave *one part* to God, and God,

In blest exchange, gave him *eternity*.

The TROWEL: in his gentle charge it spread
Sweet Concord, binding long-estranged hearts:

The HOUR-GLASS, whence his vital sands have sped,

But every grain denoted 'one good deed.

The GAVEL: in his master-hand it swayed,
Through threescore years, the Moral Architect,

Quelling all strife, directing every hand,

And pointing us to the Great Builder, God!
Bind these with asphodel; conceal these Tools

And Jewels of the Work; let bitterest tears
Flow for the man who handled them so well,
But, overborne with death, hath, in ripe age,
His labor fully done, passed from our sight!

OUR VOWS.

This declamation, accompanied with Rosicrucian embellishments, is strictly esoteric.

Non sibi, sed toti gentium se credere mundo.—
LUCAN.

[Believing ourselves born not alone for ourselves, but for all mankind.]

THE PERFECT BRICK.

Come, ye that strongly build,
And deftly wield
The Level, Plumb and Square!
Ye whose hard girding toil,

God's Corn and Wine and Oil

Were made to cheer!

Ye clothed in aprons white,
Whose uttermost delight,

All through life's toilsome week,
Is, from the quarry, to perfect a stone,
That the CHIEF O'ERSEER will own,
And bless from His exalted Throne,—

Come, and I'll tell you of a PERFECT BRICK!

Fit for the inclosing Wall

Of Hiram's royal Hall:—

Fit for the Pavement that Queen Sheba trod:—

Fit for the Capstone high,
Or in the Depths to lie,

Hid from each prying eye,

In the Mount of God,—

This PERFECT BRICK, whose *shape* delights the view,

Whose *polish* charms us too,

Whose *angles* all are true,

By examination due,—

This Mason, fair and meek,

This son of Light and eke the son of Love,

Whose pattern is *the Sun and Dove*,—

Rare are the virtues of our PERFECT BRICK!

See, on its every face

This PERFECT BRICK displays a thing of light!

Turn it about, about, and trace

These ancient symbols as they catch the sight!

The Trowel,—ah, it speaks of spreading peace,
Causing all wars and bickerings to cease!

The Compass,—ah, it serves to warm the soul,

To circumscribe its passions and control

Its appetites, within the due and narrow bound!

The G,—can any view that mystic round,

Nor feel like bending reverent knee,

As if in presence of the Deity!

This is the Signet of a King,

Greater than bards of Babylon did sing!

The Square,—its trumpet-tongue proclaims

Great virtue's power to Square the heart,

Upon the perfect angles of our Art!

The Broken Column,—whose white marble gleams

Above the grave of Hiram: and the *Spray*
Of everlasting Green, that bade them seek

"Where he lay buried," and through countless years

Of sin and strife, and mortal agony,

Hath taught the sorrowing spirit to *look up*,

Amidst its tears, and fondly hope,
In Immortality to lose its cares,—
These are the Emblems of our PERFECT
BRICK!

At last life's powers fall:
The Silver Cord is loosed, the Wheel
Of Life, and Golden Bowl are broken:
The sunny days return no more:
There comes, through every avenue, the
Token,
That Death is knocking at the Door!
The Grinders cease: the Eyes grow dim:
Gray Hairs are blossoming above:
The Ear no more receives the happy hymn,
The Heart no more is kindled up with love:
The ruffian Death, his work completes,—
The Mourners go about the streets,
Our souls with Sympathy to move!
Beneath the green Sprigs we entomb
Him the delight of the Masons' Home!
What then! is there for all his toil
Through life's long weary week,
No Corn and Wine and Oil?
Ye unseen, hovering Spirits, speak!
Hath the Grand Master a reward
For him who sleeps beneath the sod?
I tell you yes! and when the wick
Of life's poor taper all is spent,
And the body goes to banishment,
The Soul, the Soul, the white-robed Soul,
All earthly dross off-throwing, finds its goal:
The Pillar finds its place in Temple high,
To stand, in honor to Eternity,—
And God Himself will claim our PERFECT
BRICK!

MASONIC REMINISCENCES.

WHERE have we met, my boys?
Let memory tell,
She knows it well;
Beneath the Eye Divine,—
Before the ghostly shrine,—
Around the festive board,
Where wit and wine were poured,
Bright wit and wine;—
At silent graves
Where 'Cassia waves;—
There have we met, my boys;
Hands round, old friends, let's meet again!

When have we met, my boys?
Let memory tell,
She knows it well;—

At midnight and at noon,—
Beneath the crescent moon,—
Through festive winter's night,—
Through day-hours long and bright,
Bright days of June;
And all the year
To us was dear;
Then have we met, my boys;
Hands round, old friends, let's meet again!

How have we met, my boys?
Let memory tell,
She knows it well;—
In aprons blue and white,
And scarlet hues so bright,—
In funeral black arrayed,
Token of ONE who prayed
On Calvary's height;
With Gavel stored,
Sceptre and Sword;—
Thus have we met, my boys;
Hands round, old friends, let's meet again!

Why have we met, my boys?
Let memory tell,
She knows it well;—
To dry the widow's tear,—
The sorrowing heart to cheer,—
To keep our life's design
Within the unerring line
Of HIM so dear;
With mirth and song
Life to prolong,—
For this we've met, my boys;
Hands round, old friends, let's meet again!

Shall we not meet, my boys,
In Lodge above,
The Lodge of Love?
The MASTER waits us there
With many a lost and dear,—
And wages of the best,—
And for our tollings, rest,—
Full end of care;
The Cross lay down,
Take up the Crown,
And in the spirit-lodge, my boys,
Hands round, old friends, let's meet again!

THE PALM-TREE.

BEST type that teeming nature gives
Of the accepted man:
Lofly and large, the palm-tree thrives,
And where no other can
Stands crowned with glorious fruit and lives
All its allotted span.

"THE MASTER COMETH."

ADDRESSED TO KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Oh, gallant Knights, in fitting garb arrayed,
And Banner high, and Cross and glittering
Blade,

Met to do honor to a stranger Knight,
Worn in the strife and weary of the fight,—
Brave Warriors in a warfare not to cease
Till victory crown us with Celestial Peace,—
While in this loving presence met,
Where beauty, grace, and strength abound,
Let's gather at the Master's feet,
And listen to the Master's sound;—
The Master,—Prince Emmanuel,—
The sound—those words we love so well.

If to this Company, our Lord *would* come,—
If now, and here, Jesus *would* make His home:
If, face to face, we could behold that head,
Once scarred with thorns, once buried with the
dead,—
If in our hands, *those hands* were laid; once
torn
With cruel spikes, alas! on Cross-tree borne,—
What startling questions, gallant Templars,
might
Our GRAND COMMANDER make to us to-night!

I.

"Servant of Jesus, bold and free,
What hast *thou* done, Sir Knight, for me?"

The first replies.

I saw the widow's tears, I heard the cry,—
Her little ones in rags and misery,—
Her household lamp gone out,—her firelight
dead,—
In utter loneliness and lack of bread;
Then, MASTER, in Thy place I stood! my hand
Was opened wide to that unhappy band:
I fed them, clothed them, and that widow's
prayer
Named my poor name, who saved her from
despair.
This, O Lord, I did for Thee!
Thou hadst done *so much* for me.

II.

"Servant of Jesus, bold and free,
What hast *thou* done, Sir Knight, for me?"

The second replies.

I found a good man compassed round with foes;
On every side reproaches, threats, and blows;
In innocence, he bravely strove, and well,
And many a foeman to his good sword fell:

But nature fainting, soon his arm were numb
Had not my Cross-hilt sword relieving, come!
Then, MASTER, in Thy place I stood! my blade
Flew swiftly from its scabbard to his aid;
I shielded him, I smote till close of day,
And drove them all discomfited away.
This, O Lord, I did for Thee!
Thou hadst done *so much* for me.

III.

"Servant of Jesus, bold and free,
What hast *thou* done, Sir Knight, for me?"

The third replies.

I saw a drooping heart; his youth had fled;
Friends of his manhood, age, had joined the
dead:
Standing beside a monumental stone,
A mourner, broken-hearted, and alone:
Hopes, once as bright and flowery as the spring,
All withered, flown upon ventureless wing:
Then, MASTER, in Thy place I stood! I showed
From Thy last message, the love of God;
Pointed Thee out, upon the radiant throne,
And lo! He made Thy promises his own.
This, O Lord, I did for Thee!
Thou hadst done *so much* for me.

IV.

"Servant of Jesus, bold and free,
What hast *thou* done, Sir Knight, for me?"

The fourth replies.

MASTER DIVINE, in all life's weary round,
None so unhappy *as myself*, I found!
Blind, naked, sin-polluted, wholly lost,
A wreck upon the ocean, tempest-tost;
Naught could I *do* to win Thy loving smile,
For all my doings, like myself, were vile:
Then, MASTER, *to Thyself* I flew! I plead
That righteousness that triumphed o'er the
dead;
Placed my eternal trust within Thy hand,
And evermore will bow at Thy command!
This, O Lord, I did for Thee!
Thou hadst done *so much* for me.

The poet renders applause.

Sir Knights, well done! the high award is given,
His *open Word* assures us of His praise:
It is not far from grateful heart to Heaven,
Almost we see Him by faith's earnest gaze:
Sir Knights, well done! look joyfully and see—
"Ye did it unto *them* and unto *me*!"

It is but little any man can do,
So insignificant is human power;
But as, on earthly pilgrimage, we go,
There are occasions, every day and hour.

In which Christ's hand is seen, and be our care
To act as *Jesus would, were Jesus there!*

"The widow's tears are His,—for Jesus wept;"
The imperilled Knight is His,—leap forth, ye
blade!

The broken heart is His,—while others slept,
Christ in Gethsemane so groaned and prayed:
Sir Knights, He left this sin-struck world to us,
To teach its *comfort*, and remove its *curses*.

Leap then, good swords! stand, warriors, on
your feet!

In serried ranks bear one another up!
By this Sign conquer! It is full, complete,—
We need no other sign, no other hope;
And when, from nerveless hands, your sword
shall fall,

Fear not, *the Master* will receive us all!

THE FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.

A DECLAMATION.

HARK, Freemasons, I'm to tell you,—
Bend your ear in earnest vow,—
What we covenanted deeply,
When we took the Masons' vow:
Foot and knee, breast, hand and cheek,
They in measured portions speak:
Speak of answering mercy's call;
Speak of prayer for Masons all;
Speak of keeping secrets duly;
Speak of stretching strong hand truly;
Speak of whispering the unruly.

Foot to foot: on mercy's errand,
When we hear a Mason cry,
Hungry, thirsty, naked, homeless,
Let us heed and let us fly:
And whate'er his pain or grief,
Bring him full and quick relief.
Quick with bread to feed the hungry;
Quick with raiment for the naked;
Quick with shelter for the homeless;
Quick with God's own sympathy.

Knee to knee: devoutly praying,
None but God in heaven to heed.
All our woes and sins confessing,
Let us for each other plead.
Heaven will hear our earnest call,
While we pray for "Brothers all!"
Bless them, Father, on the ocean;
Bless them perishing in the desert;
Bless them falling 'neath temptation;
Bless them when about to die!

Breast to breast: in sacred casket,
At life's centre let us seal,
Every truth to us entrusted,
Nor one holy thing reveal:
What Freemasons ought to shield,
Die they may, but never yield.
Never yield whate'er the trial;
Never yield whate'er the number;
Never yield though foully threatened,
Even at the stroke of death.

Hand to back: a friend is falling,
Look, his burden is so great!
Stretch your generous hand and hold him
Up before it is too late.
Make your arm a mighty prop
Strong to hold the faltering up.
Hold him up; stand like a column;
Hold him up; there 's good stuff in him;
Hold him up, his head towards heaven;
Hold him with a power divine!

Cheek to cheek: in timely whisper,
When the Tempter cometh in,
Urge the sworn, the bounden duty,
Warn him of insidious sin:
Point him out the dangerous snare,
Save him with fraternal care.
Save him; he is worth the saving;
Save him; heavenly powers invoke you;
Save him; breathe your full soul in him
As you 'd have your God save you!

Brothers, these Five Points admonish—
Bend your ear in earnest now,—
What we covenanted deeply
When we took the Masons' vow;
Foot and knee, breast, hand and cheek,
They in measured portions speak.

TO MYSTIC STAR LODGE.

THE light your Lodge is blest to shed,
Though "mystic," is divine!
The radiance by its influence shed
Each pious heart will win.

Its source is DEITY; it comes
Pure from the Eternal King,
And warm from those Celestial homes
Whence all our blessings spring.

Its rays are FAITH and holy HOPE,
And boundless CHARITY:
Three steps by which the soul goes up
To Immortality.

Its glory is the praise of God:
Join, Brothers, in that praise:
And when these thorny walks are trod
To higher flights we'll raise.

GAVEL SONG.

THROUGH the murky clouds of night,
Bursts the blaze of Orient light—
In the ruddy East appears the breaking Day:
Oh, ye Masons, up the sky
Speaks the time of labor nigh,
And the MASTER calls the quarrymen away:

CHORUS.

One, Two, Three, the Gavel sounding,
One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;
Led by holy Word of Love
And the fear of One above,
In the strength of God begin the Opening Day.

Oh, the memory of the time
When the temple rose sublime,
And JEHOVAH came in fire and cloud to see!
As we bowed in worship there
First we formed the PERFECT SQUARE,
And the MASTER blessed the symbol of the
Free.

While the Mason-craft shall stand,
And they journey o'er the land,
As the golden sun awakes the earth and main,
They will join in mystic ways
To recall the happy days
When on Zion's mount they built JEHOVAH's
fane.

Life is fleeting as a shade,—
We must join the quiet dead,
But Freemasonry eternal life shall bear:
And in bright Millennial way
They will keep the Opening Day
With the Sign and Step that make the PERFECT
SQUARE.

THE SYMBOLISMS OF THE APRON.

THIS fair and stainless thing I take
To be my badge for virtue's sake;
Its ample strings that gird me round
My constant cable-tow are found;
And as securely they are tied
So may true faith with me abide;
And as I face the sunny South
I pledge to God my Mason's truth,

That while on earth I do remain
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I raise
In memory of Apprentice days,
When on the checkered pavement wide,
With gauge and gavel well supplied,
I keep my garments free from soil
Though laboring in a menial toll:
And as I face the golden West,
I call my MAKER to attest
That while on earth I do remain
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I lower,—
Its 'Prentice aid I need no more;
For laws and principles are given
The Fellow-craft direct from heaven;—
To help the needy,—keep a trust,—
Observe the precepts of the just:
And as I face the darkened North
I send this solemn promise forth,
That while on earth I do remain,
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I fold,—
A Master-Mason now behold!
A welcome guest in every land
With princes and with kings to stand;
Close tyed within my heart of hearts
I keep all secret arts and parts,
And try to walk the Heavenly Road
In daily intercourse with God;
And as I face the mystic East,
I vow by Him I love the best,
That while on earth I do remain,
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I doff;—
But though I take my Apron off
And lay the stainless badge aside,
Its teachings ever shall abide,—
For God has given Light Divine
That we may walk opposed to sin;—
And sympathy and brotherly love
Are emanations from above;—
And life itself is only given
To square and shape our souls for Heaven,
The glorious temple in the sky
The grand Celestial Lodge on high.

LODGE-WELCOME TO LADIES.

It is in our heart, dear Sisters,
While the Mason-chain is bright,
To give our warmest welcome
To the best-beloved to-night;

To the wife, so fondly cherished,
To the daughter, sister, true,
To the faithful, tender-hearted,—
Shall I say the word?—*to you.*

We acknowledge countless blessings
From the Bounteous Hand above;
Our bond was first cemented
By Divine assent and love;
We are grateful, truly grateful,
For all gifts He doth bestow,
But our warmest thanks are given,—
Shall I say the word?—*for you.*

The woes of life are many,
And they throng us as we ride:
There's tears, and sighs, and broken hearts,
And sorrows, far and wide;
The Masons' hand is generous,
But most freely they bestow,
When the appeal is made them,—
Shall I say the word?—*by you.*

Our Brotherhood is countless,
From the East unto the West;
In every land, and clime, and tongue,
They rank among the best;
And every one a hundred miles
On frosty sod would go,
To give you help, or win a smile,—
Shall I say the word?—*from you.*

Then hail! Adoptive Masonry,
That brings us here together;
May manly arms 'round lovely forms
Protect from stormy weather;
And when, adown the hill of life,
Our tottering feet shall go,
May our weary steps be comforted,—
Shall I say the word?—*by you.*

GREY WITH THE FROSTS OF AGE.

Grey with the frosts of age,
Dim o'er the midnight page,
Bowed toward the earth, where soon my rest
must be,
I give my closing years,
With all its sighs and tears,
Oh, land of holy mysteries, to thee!
Hills, over which our Brotherhood have trod,
Dales, in whose shadows Masons worshipped
God!

No nobler work at hand:
It is our fatherland;

There first JEHOVAH breathed His awful
name:
In that historic earth
Our customs all had birth;
Our emblems from the land of Hiram came:
Eastward they rose, where Orient suns enrobe;
Westward they moved, encircling all the globe.

Then, Craftsmen, work with me!
Freemasons, come, and see
The sacred mountain where our Temple
stood;
Join your right hand with them
Who, at Jerusalem,
Have linked anew the Mason-brotherhood:
Help us to kindle up the latent flame
That on Moriah glit the Holy Name.

THE CHAMBER OF IMAGERY.

DECLAMATION PRIOR TO A LODGE-LECTURE.

HAIL, workmen of the mystic labor, hail!
To-night let all things that have language speak;
Here in the image-chamber of the Craft,
Where truth and virtue beam on every hand;
Above—the spangled Arch, whose diamond rays
Twinkle sweet welcome on our road to Heaven;
Around—emblems of truth eternal, grand,
Quaint old imaginings of by-gone days;
Before—oh, blest eternally of God,
YON BOOK, whose secret is undying hope;
Beneath—the earth, our mother, whence we
sprung,
And in whose bosom we shall sleep at last:
All these inspire and move the Poet's heart
To claim a welcome, Brothers, in your Band.

And let them speak; those Pillars that look
down
In brazen symbolisms on the scene;
That golden G., that names the Sacred Name;
The Sheaf that marks His beauty and His love
The Gavel ringing in submissive ears;
The Level, Plumb, and Square, on faithful
breasts;
The Gauge, wise monitor of fleeting time,—
Of time, whose sands no mortal may recall;
The Trowel, with its soothing tale of peace;
Each has its voice, and let it speak to-night.

YEARNINGS.

Oh, might I live to see each Mason-Lodge
The abode of peace, the school of harmony,
The place of prayer, the fount of charity,
The judgment-seat of the Celestial Judge!

Oh, might I know that, when I weep beside
A dying brother, weeping for his loss,
That loss is *all my own*, and he will cross
In light and ecstasy the rolling tide!

Oh, might I feel, when standing by the grave
Where sleeps a Mason-brother, that his soul
Has gone on royal pinions to that goal
Where reigns the King who died our souls to
save!

Oh, that the day may come—it will, it must,—
When Masons all shall live *upon the Square!*
Brothers, be this our constant aim and care,
And we shall have the approval of the Just.

THE FAR-AWAY LAND.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT MACOY.

To *that far* land, far beyond storm and cloud,
To that *bright* land, where sun doth never set,
To that *life* land, which has no tomb nor
shroud,

And brothers meet again who once have met,
Joyful we go: why should we not be glad?
Joys that had lost their joy await us there,
And nobler mansions than our Craft have
made,—

And all is permanent, and all is fair.

There we shall see the MASTER! here, indeed,
We *sometimes* see Him, dimly, doubtfully;
But oh, His lineaments we scarcely heed,
So clouded is the soul, so weak the eye!
But there, in Heavenly Orient displayed,
His faithful all around Him we shall meet,
Shall hear, shall see, shall evermore be glad,
Thronging and singing at the MASTER's feet!

ODE FOR CORNER-STONE PLANTING.

Custom-House, Chicago, Ill., June 24, 1874.

INSCRIBED TO DEWITT C. CREGIER.

WHEN the kindled wrath
Of offended heaven
Gave, in smouldering smoke and flame,
The wealth that He had given;
Though that day, in black dismay,
Saw our city melt away,
Yet we hoped, 'twas not in vain,
God would smile on us again:
Then *deeply* lay the stone:
Plant it firm and true;
So shall distant ages own
The work the Masons do.

In its deep recess,
Set with, mystic care,
Hark, our faithful witnesses,
The Level, Plumb, and Square!—
“Nations sink beneath the curse
As they deviate from us;
In unerring truth may yours
Last while circling time endures!”
Then *strongly* lay the stone, etc.

Hear our prayer, oh, God,
Thou the Nation's trust!
And may these walls majestic rise
When we are in the dust!
Humbly—we are but as one;
Hopeful—are we not Thine own?
‘Midst this mighty gathering
To Thy Name we rise and sing,
And *grandly* lay the stone:
Plant it firm and true;
Now shall distant ages own
The work the Masons do.

THE WASTINGS OF WAR.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES CROOKS, M.D.

How many a strong right hand that grappled
ours

In truest faith;
How many a generous heart, with mercy filled,
Lies low in death!
How many a beaming eye, that caught the light
From the better shore;
How many a tongue, that thrilled our inmost
chords,

Will speak no more!
How many a seat where sat the good and true
Is vacant now!
How many a foot in mercy's quest that flew
No more shalt go!

How many a knee that bent with ours in prayer,
Or prayed alone,
Has vanished from our mystic brotherhood,
And gone—and gone—

To the Celestial Lodge, the Land of Peace,
And Light, and Song,
Where war and bloodshed have no entering,
Nor vice, nor wrong!
Where the Supreme GRAND MASTER wise pre-
sides,

No blight, nor curse,
And keeps, in holy welcome, crowned and blest,
A place for us!

The will of God is done—
Their mortal race is run—
Beneath the circling sun

They're seen no more;
 Their bright and genial word
 Can never more be heard
 On earthly shore.
 Remains there naught of them except the dust
 Wherewith is mingled Masons' dearest trust.

Oh, brave and true, farewell!
 Though south winds made your knell,
 And sprigs of cypress fell
 Upon your grave—
 In memory shall abide
 The gallant ones who died
 Our land to save;
 No better *place* to die beneath the sun;
 No better *time* than when our duty's done.

THE STRONG FOUNDATIONS.

INSCRIBED TO J. P. ALLMOND.

THE underpinning of Solomon's Temple, remaining intact to the present day, is the heaviest piece of masonry ever built by human hands.

When the appointed time had come,
 And Israel from his mountain-home,
 Came up, by Solomon's command,
 To lay in state the Corner-stone,
 And build the Temple high and grand,
 That God himself would crown and own,
 The Monarch by a just decree
 Thus set the law, eternally:

"Lay your *foundation* deep, the fane
 Will not eternally remain:
 For tooth of time may gnaw its side
 And foe deface its golden pride;
 Pillar, pilaster, height, and base,
 May mingle in the foul disgrace;
 But with *foundation* deep and wise,
 Other and nobler works may rise,
 And till the earth in ruin fall
 Some structure crown Moriah's wall."

The people bowed obedient head;
 Hiram the Architect began,
 By long and wise experience led
 (How sadly to our spirits come
 The memories of that good man's doom!)
 To justify the Monarch's plan.
 From mighty quarries raised, the rock
 In ashlar huge and weighty, drew:
 See yet they rise upon the view
 In spite of time and earthquake's shock!
 Until there stood, as yet there stands,
 The grandest pile of human hands;
 A *sure foundation*, deep and wise,
 On which the noblest works may rise.

Craftsmen, we build but for a day,
 Unless His precepts we obey!
 How oft we see within our land
 A structure reared upon the sand!
 Its walls magnificently rise,—
 Its turrets pierce the very skies,—
 Crowds through its portals eager press,—
 Beauty and rank its altars grace,—
 And then the tempest falls, 'tis gone
 From tower-top to corner-stone!

Craftsmen, this lesson heed, and keep,—
 Lay your *foundations* wide and deep!

THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR AT REST.

IN a cave near Jericho there was found, in 1867, a skeleton distinguished as the relic of a Knight Templar by the armor, sword, spurs, and silver badge of the "vallant and magnanimous Order."

Resting in calm repose,
 The fiercest blast that blows
 And bows yon sturdy oaks on Bashan's height,
 Can yield no influence here;—
 For many and many a year
 Hath "slept in Jesus" this our stalwart
 Knight:
 While rust corrodes his cross-hilted sword,
 The toil-spent Templar rests before the Lord.

He heard an inward call,—
 "Leave home, leave country, all
 That love you or are loved, leave wealth and
 fame,
 And with this ruddy Cross
 Count other things but dross,
 To go and battle in your Master's name!
 There, where I walked in early days with men,
 Go, I will meet you, striving there, again!"

Meekly he rose and went;
 His hard-earned fortune spent
 In the high cause for which he took the sword;
 He chose the lowliest place;
 For nothing can abase
 The servant when he imitates his Lord.
 Yet where the strokes fell thickest midst the din
 He listened, yearning for that voice again.

And here the Templar fell:
 Battling full long and well;
 He fell beneath the point of Paynim spear;
 But to his dying eye
 The Master's form drew nigh,
 The Master's whisper blest his dying ear;—
 "Well done, true Knight, inherit thy reward.
 The servant is not greater than his Lord!"

HOLY LAND PILGRIMAGE.

Comu then, dear followers of Christ, your hand;
Together, Pilgrims, to the Holy Land!
Climb nimbly now, along the sacred hills;
Drink joyously the cool, refreshing rills;
Tread the same pathway in this later age
That Jesus trod in earthly pilgrimage.

All well-known things are there; from flowers
that bloom
And trees that soar, down to His empty tomb;
And all things speak in nature's chorus true,
Of Him who lived, and loved, and died for you.

Come, and when *Holier Land*, where Christ hath
gone,
Breaks on your sight,—when breaks the ex-
pectant Morn
O'er Heavenly hills, and faith and hope shall
die,
The deepest secrets of the upper sky
Shall be revealed; the humblest emblem here
Shall have its antetype celestial there,
And earth, with all its imagery be given
A school to fit us for the perfect heaven.

THE OLIVE DOOR.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN H. BROWN.

"THE two doors (of the Temple) were of
olive-tree."—1 Kings vi. 31.

No more to grieve for pleasures gone,
For broken hopes no more,
We leave the outer world forlorn,
And close the Olive Door.

The Tree of Peace, whose holy leaf
The gentle Tyler bore;
It ranked in Eden's bloom the chief,
And made the Olive Door.

When brother-hands, on Aaron's head,
The holy oil did pour,
The Olive of its fatness shed,
And made the Olive Door.

So may we find unfalling Peace,
And Plenty's utmost store;
May God his plenteousness increase,
Within the Olive Door.

We gather round the Altar here,
With spirits gone before,
And join the hand, in union dear
Within the Olive Door.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

INSCRIBED TO R. D. JILLSON.

It is the mercy of our Heavenly Friend
That memory clingeth most to *pleasant* things:
We may forget the ills and pains of life,
Its bonds and losses; we may forget the graves
Of best-beloved ones early torn away;
But in our memory there is safely hid
A store of happy things—the social hours;
The genial smiles, brightest of earthly light;
The manly grip that thrills the soul within;
The loving "Farewell, farewell, brother dear!"
These things do lie so closely at the heart;
While pulses beat they never can fade out.

So, dearest Friend, in calling up the past,
We find *our* early friendship of that sort
That dwells in memory; for it was enshrined
With unforgotten names of friends now dead:
Kind-hearted, faithful, full of zeal and love;
In graveyard now is their abiding place;
Beneath the green sprigs they repose in peace;
While we, a little longer, toll and wait,
Cheered by the recollections of their love.

And so, in future years, should we be spared,
May we recall this one more happy hour,
This group of cheerful faces, every hand
Strong in the grip fraternal, every eye
Filled with the light fraternal, every soul
Softened and sanctified by brother-love;
And when, at last, the summons we accept,
And join the Lodge Celestial, may we find
Amongst our very happiest memories,
The hour of social joy we now begin!

WHEN GOOD MEN DIE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN W. SIMONS.

BETTER the day of death,
Life's evening nigh,
Better the parting breath,
When good men die.
Closed all the cares of life,—
Calm after toil and strife,—
Oh, in that *peaceful* hour
When good men die!

Sweet flow fond memories,
Life's evening nigh,
All bear a holy peace
When good men die.
Gently the fetters fall,
Softly the angel-call,
Oh, in that *happy* hour,
When good men die!

Sigh not by such a bed,
Life's evening nigh,
Let not a tear be shed
When good men die.
Better than day of birth,
Parting with sin and earth,
Oh, in that *joyful* hour,
When good men die!

Christ is the unerring hope,
Life's evening nigh,
He buoys the spirit up
When good men die.
He broke the darksome tomb,
He lights the dreaded gloom,—
Oh, in that *blest* hour,
When good men die!

THE SOWING OF THE SEED.

We are exhorted, in that Volume about which an *oxlong square* is formed in a Masonic Lodge, "to sow beside all waters." In a lodge of Freemasons, no more than in any other society, is there perfect sameness in sentiment and choice. While similarity in physical, mental, and moral qualifications is needful in the construction of our social edifice, there are diversities of character sufficiently marked among us to justify the poet in offering the following paraphrase of Luke viii. 5-8:

He that hath ears to hear,
May listen now,
While I shall tell, in mystic words indeed,
Of a good husbandman who took his seed
And went to sow.
Some by the *wayside* fell;
On breezes borne,
The fowls of air flew down, a greedy train,
And snatched with hasty appetite the grain,
Till all was gone.
Some fell upon the *rock*;
And greenly soon
They sprouted as for harvest, strong and fair;
But when the summer sun shone hotly there,
They withered down.
Some fell among the *thorns*,—
A fertile soil,—
But ere the grain could raise its timid head,
Luxuriantly the accursed plants o'erspread,
And choked them all.
But some in the *good ground*,—
God's precious mould,—
Where sun, breeze, dew, and showers apportioned well;
And in the harvest, smiling swains could tell
THEIR HUNDRED FOLD!

SOLOMON'S LAST INJUNCTIONS.

INSCRIBED TO HON. A. W. MORRIS.

WHEN the Temple was finished, the monarch called the Craft together in the ample enclosure, and, standing between the glittering shafts J. and B., he exhorted them as his last injunctions, to perfect themselves upon the sublime principles of *Brotherly Love* and *Relief*. The duty of Relief be applied to the column on his *right*, that of Brotherly Love to the column on his *left*.

'Twas in the years of long ago
The mighty task was done,
The waiting Craft in silence bow
And list to Solomon:

"Oh, bind the tie, Freemasons dear,
Where'er your feet may rove,
With *gifts* the empty hand to cheer,
The wounded heart with *love*!

"Whatever lands your skill reward
With Level, Plumb, and Square,
Oh, teach the Golden Rule of God,
And be Freemasons there.

"The bread, the wine of quick relief,
Have ready in your hand;
For tear and sigh of brother-grief
Fulfill my last command.

"And though from *Siion* you depart,
Still do your Master's will,
That you may build, with hand and heart,
Upon the Heavenly hill!"

SETTING A MEMORIAL.

We'll set a green sprig here to-night,
To rescue, from the days to come,
Each bright and joyous memory
That henceforth glids this festive room;
And should occasion e'er require
A token, to recall the place,
THESE LEAVES will bring to clearest view,
The cheerful thought and sunny face.

We'll set a green and deathless sprig—
Each leaf a BROTHER'S NAME shall have;
And fragrant with th' *Acacia* bloom
When one has left us for the grave:
When one in Temple-labor fails,
And golden bowl is broken quite,
How grateful to the sense will be
The green sprig that we set to-night!

We'll set the sprig with every hand,—
 Come round, and plant the deathless tree!
 There is not one in all this band
 But what is marked by destiny;
Death comes to all—how well to know
 There is a life beyond this scene,—
 Whose deathless limit may be read,
 Oh, Brothers, in this sacred green!

We'll set the green sprig deep in love;
 We'll water it with sympathy;
 We'll give it fond and faithful care,
 Nor shall a single leaflet die;
 And when the last of this true band,
 Death's mighty puissance shall attest,
 May those who follow after say,
 FAITHFUL AND TRUE, HOW SWEET THEY REST

THE GOODLY HERITAGE.

Oh, what a goodly heritage
 The Lord to us has given!
 How blest the brotherhood that pledge
 Their Mason-vows to heaven!
 We sing the mystic-chain that binds
 These western realms in one;
 Such loving hearts, such liberal minds,
 No other land has known.

Ten thousand lights in Mason-halls
 Are gleaming on our eyes;
 Ten thousand emblems on the walls
 Tell whence the gleaming is;
 And when the portals ope, to pass
 The humble seeker in,
 THE VOICE OF PRAYER pervades the place,
 And proves the light DIVINE!

On every hill our brothers lie,
 And green sprigs deck the knoll;
 Their fall brought sorrow to the eye,
 But triumph to the soul:
 Our orphans sing in many a home,
 Our widows' hearts are glad,
 And Mason-light dispels the gloom
 And comfort finds the sad.

Thus link in link, from shore to shore,
 The mystic chain is wound;
 Oh, blended thus forever more,
 Be Mason-spirit found!
 And while the heavens, on pillars sure,
 Of STRENGTH and WISDOM stand,
 May brotherhood like ours endure,
 Where Strength and Wisdom blend!

YEARNINGS.

BROTHERS, when o'er my head,
 The silent dust is spread,
 And this poor heart its quiverings shall forbear,
 Where'er my body lie,
 Though far the grave away,
 I would, dear Brothers, be remembered *here!*

Brothers, when tender sighs
 Around me shall arise,
 And speak of what I did, or fain would do,
 Such honest, truthful words,
 As Masons' tongue affords,
 I would, dear Brothers, have rehearsed by *you.*

KING SOLOMON'S FAREWELL.

It is not difficult to conceive what the parting words of Solomon to his Temple-builders must have been, nor is it strange if tradition has preserved it, in the main, faithfully.

King Solomon sat in his ivory chair,
 His chair on a platform high,
 And his words addressed,
 Through the listening West,
 To a Band of Brothers nigh;
 Through the West and South,
 His words of truth,
 To a Band of Brothers nigh.

"Ye Builders, go! ye have done your work—
 The CAPSTONS standeth sure;
 From the lowermost block,
 To the loftiest rock,
 The FABRIC is secure;
 From the Arch's Swell,
 To the Pinnacle,
 The FABRIC is secure.

"Go, crowned with fame! old time will pass,
 And many a change will bring,
 But the DEED you've done,
 The circling sun
 Through every land will sing;
 The moon and stars,
 While earth endures,
 Through every land will sing.

"Go build like this! from the quarries vast,
 The precious stones reveal;
 There's many a block
 In the matrix rock,
 Will honor your fabrics well;
 There's many a beam,
 By the mountain-stream,
 Will honor your fabrics well.

Go build like this! strike off with skill,
Each superfluity;
With critic eye,
Each fault espy,
Be ZEALOUS, FERVENT, FREE;
By the perfect SQUARE,
Your work prepare,—
Be ZEALOUS, FERVENT, FREE.

“Go build like this! to a fitting place,
Rear up the ASHLARS true;
On the Trestleboard
Of your Master's LORD,
The GRAND INTENTION view;
In each mystic line,
Of the vast DESIGN,
The GRAND INTENTION view.

“Go build like this! and when exact,
The joinings scarce appear,
With the Trowel's aid,
Such cement spread,
As time can never wear;
Lay thickly round,
Such wise compound,
As time can never wear.

“Go, Brothers! thus enjoined, farewell!
Spread o'er the darkened West;
Illume each clime,
With ART sublime,
The noblest truths attest;
Be MASTERS now,
And as you go,
The noblest truths attest!”

QUARRY, HILL, AND TEMPLE.

Thine in the Quarry, whence the stone
For mystic workmanship is drawn:
On Jordan's shore,
By Zarthan's plain,
Though faint and weary, *thine alone*.
The gloomy mine knows not a ray,—
The heavy toll exhausts the day,—
But love keeps bright
The weary heart,
And sings, *I'm thine without decay*.

Thine on the Hill whose cedars rear
Their perfect forms and foliage fair:
Each graceful shaft
And deathless leaf,
Of Masons' love the emblems are.
Thine when a smile pervades the heaven,—
Thine when the sky's with thunder riven,—

Each echo swells
Through answering hills,
My Mason prayer, for thee 'tis given.

Thine in the Temple, holy place,—
Where silence reigns, the type of peace;
With grip and sign,
And mystic line,
My Mason's friendship I confess.
Each block we raise, that friendship grows,
Cemented firmly ne'er to loose;
And when complete,
The work we greet,
Thine in the joy my bosom knows.

Thine at the midnight in the cave,—
Thine in the floats upon the wave,—
By Joppa's hill,
By Kedron's rill,
And *thine* when Sabbath rest we have.
Yes, yes, dear friend, my spirit saith,
I'm thine until and after death!
No bounds control
The Mason's soul
Cemented with a Mason's faith.

FRAGRANCE OF A GOOD DEED.

MANY years since, a poor sojourner through
the wilds of Texas paused at a farm-house on
the lonely banks of the Brazos, to die. The
owner, a Freenason, discovered the Masonic
claims of his guest not too late to make the
mystic tie available. All the consolations of
brotherly sympathy and attendance were freely
bestowed upon him, and when these could avail,
the pilgrim no longer, his remains were ten-
derly consigned to maternal earth, the gener-
ous planter reading the Masonic service and
covering in the precious dust, *alone!*

Long years afterwards, and when a populous
village had sprung up upon the river banks, a
Masonic lodge was established there. The hall
was built, and the Mount Moriah upon which
it was erected was the green knoll beneath
which the stranger's bones are mouldering!
Morton Lodge, No. 72, at Richmond, Texas,
yet (1875) stands to perpetuate “the fragrance
of a good deed.”

On hallowed ground those walls are
reared;
That roof encloses in
A spot to Masonry endeared,
To Zion's Mount, akin;
Since Zion's Temple is bereft
And Judah mourns his God,
No holier site on earth is left,
Than this our feet have trod.

For here, inspired by truest faith,
Relief a Brother gave,—
Upheld a wanderer unto death
And blessed him with a grave:
Aye, with a grave whose portals closed
To that majestic song,
Which has to the fraternal host
Brought deathless hopes so long.

The *ETERNAL* DIVINE approved the deed,—
'Tis graven as with steel;
And when the noble act we read
This fond desire we feel,—
That all our mystic work and word
Thus modeled well may be,
And so the Temple of our God
Rise fast and gloriously!

A PARTING HYMN.

REFRESHED with angel food we go,
To serve Thee in Thy work below;
Trusting, when Sabbath rest is given,
To share Thy richer joys in Heaven.

Then, bind our willing souls in one;
Confirm the COVENANTS here begun;
Each day those vows more sacred be,
Cemented in eternity.

SONG FOR ST. JOHN'S DAY.

ENDED now the Masons' labors,
Past the travel and the toil;
Gather in ye loving neighbors,
Share the Corn, the Wine, the Oil:
Brethren now, of each degree,
Come in harmony and glee;
Happy meeting,
Gentle greeting,—
'Tis the joy of Masonry.

Spirits of the blest departed,
As on earthly ways they roam,
Where are met the faithful-hearted,
They to share our labors come;
Though their forms we cannot see
They are here with you and me.

Love unites us with its cement;
Truth inspires the Masons' breast;
Ever faithful, ever clement,—
Thus our doctrines we attest.
Thus we come of each degree,
Come in harmony and glee;
Happy meeting,
Gentle greeting,—
'Tis the joy of Masonry.

THE OBEDIENT DISCIPLE.

THE ancient historian, Iamblichus, describes with unction, the circumstance that forms the basis of the following piece. The two travelers therein named, were disciples of Pythagoras, whose system of secret affiliation, if it was not FREEMASONRY, at least exhibited the benevolent features which makes up so large a part of it.

A BROTHER, bound for distant lands,
In sickness fell alone, alone;
And stranger care from stranger hands,
Did the last rites of nature own.
But ere the trembling spirit passed,
He on a Tablet faintly traced

Some mystic lines—a spiral Thread—
A Square—an emblem of the Sun—
A Checquered Band, that none could read—
And then his work and life were done.
And stranger care from stranger hands,
Gave him kind burial in the sands.

Full many a year swept by, swept by.
And the poor stranger was forgot;
While on an olive column, nigh,
That Tablet marked his burial spot;
And many gazed at Square and Thread,
And many guessed, but none could read.

But then the sage Disciple came,
Of one whose wisdom filled the land,—
Himself right worthy of the name,—
The thoughtful head and ready hand:
He looked upon the mystic lines,
And read the Tablet's full designs.

It spoke of one long passed before,
In quest of truth, like him sincere;
Of one gone onward, never more
To delve in mines deep hidden here;
And solemn was the lesson traced,—
Lo, Pilgrim! 'tis your fate at last!

Awe-struck, yet wiser now, he strayed
In solemn silence from the spot;
Repaid the debt his brother made,
And Eastward journeyed on his lot;
Yet never on life's shifting wave
Lost he the lesson of that grave.

How weighty is the charge we give,
Brethren, in this short history read,—
To bless the living while we live,
And leave some tokens when we're dead!
On life's broad Tablet let us trace
Emblems to mark our burial-place!

VIA LUCIS, VIA CRUCIS.

How *sad, to the Grave* are our feet slowly tend-
ing,
The cold form of one whom we loved, on the
bier!
What sighs swell our hearts while above him
we're bending,
And shudder to think we must part with him
here!
Ah, gloomy is life when our friend has de-
parted!
Ah, weary the pathway to travel alone!
There's little remaineth to cheer the lone-
hearted
Oppressed with the burden, "the loved one
is gone!"

But *glad from the Grave* are our feet home-
ward tending,
Though death's cold embraces our Brother
restrain!
Hope springs from the hillock above which
we're bending,
And whispers, "Rejoice! you shall meet him
again!
Death's midnight is sad, but there cometh the
morning;
The pathway is dark but its ending is nigh."
Then patient we wait for the glorious dawning,
That's told in our emblems of *life in the sky!*

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

A CITY set upon a hill,
Cannot be hid;
Exposed to every eye, it will,
Over surrounding plain and vale,
An influence shed,
And spread the light of peace afar,
Or blight the land with horrid war.

Each Masons' lodge is planted so,
For high display;
Each is a BEACON-LIGHT, to show
Life's weary wanderers, as they go,
The better way;
To show by ties of earthly love,
How perfect is the Lodge above!

Be this your willing task, dear friends,
While laboring here;
Borrow from Him who kindly lends
The HEAVENLY LADDER that ascends
The higher sphere;
And let the world your progress see,
Upward, by FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

VOICE OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Voice of the Temple! the tidings of Love;
That speak of the MASTER who reigneth above;
"His GLORY, His GLORY, in the Highest who
dwells,
And GOOD-WILL TO MAN" is the burden it telle!
Come, Brothers, in chorus
Prolong the glad tidings,
No duty so sweet as the hymning of God:
His faith each professing,
His knowledge possessing,
Exalt each the blessing His grace hath be-
stowed.

HYMN OF THE MASON-
SOLDIERS.

IN camp, hospital, and on the march, the
"Friends of the Square" in the Union armies,
were wont, during the campaigns of the Fall
and Winter of 1863, to enliven the sad hours by
singing this "Hymn of the Mason-Soldiers,"
as arranged to Henry Tucker's melody, "When
this Cruel War is Over."

Brothers, met from every nation,
Far away from home,
Men of every rank and station,
Round this altar come.
Bring your hearts, so full of feeling;
Join your hands, so true;
Swear, ye sons of truth and honor,
Naught shall sever you.

CHORUS.

War's dark cloud will vanish,—
Joy to East and West,
Oh, Brothers!
Though the land is full of weeping,
Masons, Masons still are blest.

Come, forgetting every sorrow,
LEVEL bring the SQUARE;
Leave all trouble to to-morrow;
Each the COMPASS bear;
Pass the TROWEL o'er each discord;
Wear the LAMBSKIN white;
Brothers, one more happy meeting
In our Lodge to-night.

In the circle here extended,
Shadowy forms appear;
With our loving spirits blended,
Dead ones, ah, how dear!
Dead on many a field of battle
Lost to friends and home,
Yet in Mason's love surviving,
Round this altar come.

When to distant homes returning,
We shall say farewell,
And shall cease the tender yearning,
Now our bosoms feel,—
Prattling lips and sweet caresses,
All the joys of home,
Will bring back the loving circle,
Round this altar come.

BUILDING THE FANE.

THE cry of Nehemiah, when, on his return to Jerusalem, he saw the ROYAL CITY lying "heaps upon heaps," has, in every age, echoed upon the heart of the moral builder. Oh, the world in ruins! oh, the wrecks of humanity, lying about us on every hand, and crying aloud for the MASTER BUILDER, who alone can reconstruct the edifice so fearfully cast down!

Come, Comrades, let us build!¹
Our Mason-hearts are filled
With fond solicitude and keen desire,²
While musing o'er these heaps,
Whose every ashlar keeps
The stains of bloodshed and the marks of fire!³
What though some voice would say
"Leave Salem to decay!"⁴
Our Mason-hearts were not instructed thus
Let's work for Salem's Lord,—
And, Comrades, be assured
The God of Heaven, He will prosper us!⁵
With goodly SWORD and bright,
With TROWEL in the right,
Each hand is sanctified to God's employ:⁶
Let's build, nor doubt that soon—
This weary labor done—
Our Mason-hearts will feel the BUILDER's joy!⁷

¹ Come and let us build up the walls of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach.—NEHEMIAH ii. 17.

² I sat down and wept, and mourned, and fasted, and prayed.—NEHEMIAH i. 4.

³ They slew with the sword young man and maiden, old man, and him that stooped for age, and they burnt the house of God and all the palaces with fire.—2 CHRONICLES xxiv. 17, 18.

⁴ Sanballat and Tobiah and Geshem laughed us to scorn, and despised us and said, What is this thing that ye do?—NEHEMIAH ii. 19.

⁵ I answered and said unto them, "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us, therefore, we His servants will arise and build."—NEHEMIAH ii. 20.

⁶ Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon.—NEHEMIAH iv. 17.

⁷ They sang together by course in praising and giving thanks, and all the people shouted with a great shout, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.—EZRA iii. 11.

EARNESTNESS OF COVENANTING.

NEVER will I break the Covenant,
Pledged, Brother, with thee now!
ONE between us stands, attesting
To the fervor of my vow:
In His name, above His Promise,
By His honor, for His cause,
Here's my hand, the Lord confirm it,—
I will surely keep my vows!

THE FERVOR OF AFFILIATION.

THE privilege of association in a harmonious, strongly-cemented band of Masons, is a thing to be coveted. Exiles from home, deprived of the long-accustomed pleasures of the Lodge, have been known to express their yearnings for re-affiliation in language not less forcible than this. In the camps, these lines sung to the common air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," were popular.

A PLACE in the Lodge for me,
A home with the free and bright,
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light:
Not here, not here is bliss,
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My spirit yearns for peace,—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears;
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But there's one green spot below,
There's a resting-place, a home,
My spirit yearns to know,—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear;
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near;
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home,
My spirit yearns to share,—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?

With God's own eye above,
With BROTHER-HANDS below,
With FRIENDSHIP and with LOVE,
My pilgrimage I'll go;
And when in death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
Oh, Brothers, oh, give me room!

THE ENCLOSURE.

FROM ME TO THEE, FROM ME TO THEE,
Each whispering leaf a missive be,
In mystic scent and hue to say,—
This green and fragrant spray,—
In emerald green and rich perfume,
To teach of FAITH that mocks the tomb,
And link the chain FIDELITY,
'Twixt, Brother, thee and me!

In distant land, in olden time,
The ACACIA bore the mark sublime,
And told to each discerning eye
Of deathless constancy:
So may these green leaves whisper now,
Inform the heart, inspire the vow,
And link the chain FIDELITY,
'Twixt, Brother, thee and me!

MASONIC TRAINING.

Oh! Ladies, when you bend above,
The cradled offspring of your love,
And bless the child whom you would see
A man of truth and constancy,—
Believe, there is in Masons' lore,
A fund of wisdom, beauty, power,
Enriching every soul of man
Who comprehends the mystic plan.

Then train your boy in Mason's truth;
Lay deep the corner-stone in youth;
Teach him to walk by virtue's line,
To square his acts by SQUARE DIVINE;
The cement of pure love to spread,
And paths of Scripture-truth to tread;
Then will the Youth to manhood grow
To honor us and honor you.

ASK! SEEK!! KNOCK!!!

Ask, and ye shall receive;
SEEK, ye shall surely find;
KNOCK, ye shall no resistance meet,
If come with ready mind:
For all that ASK, and ask aright,
Are welcome to our lodge to-night.

Lay down the bow and spear;
Resign the sword and shield;
Forget the arts of warfare here,
The arms of peace to wield;
For all that SEEK, and seek aright,
Are welcome to our lodge to-night.

Bring hither thoughts of peace;
Bring hither words of love;
Diffuse the pure and holy joy
That cometh from above;
For all that KNOCK, and knock aright,
Are welcome to our lodge to-night.

Ask help of HIM that's high;
SEEK grace of HIM that's true;
KNOCK patiently, the hand is nigh,
Will open unto you;
For all that ASK, SEEK, KNOCK aright,
Are welcome to our lodge to-night.

TEARS AND SMILES.

THE *tear* for friends departed,
The faithful and true-hearted,
Cast midst the rubbish of the silent grave,
Is changed to *smiles* of pleasure,
While trusting that our treasure,
A glorious Resurrection-day will have!

MASONIC AULD LANG SYNE.

We do not sigh for pleasures past,
Nor fondly, vainly pine;
Yet let us give one memory
To Auld Lang Syne.

With Gavel, Trowel, Gauge, we work,
With Level, Square, and Line;
Come, join the CHAIN OF LOVE, and sing
Of Auld Lang Syne!
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
Ah, who like us can sing the days
Of Auld Lang Syne!

'Twas sweet when evening's shadows fell—
How bright our Lights did shine!
Down from the East to hear the words
Of Auld Lang Syne.

The 'PRENTICE knocked with trembling hand,
The CRAFT sought Oil and Wine,
The MASTER stood, and nobly fell,
In Auld Lang Syne.

With step so true, with form upright,
We drew the GRAND DESIGN;
'Twas well we knew "to square the work,"
In Auld Lang Syne.

A tear to them, THE EARLY DEAD,
Fond memory would consign;

We dropped the green sprig o'er their head,
In Auld Lang Syne.

And till the MASTER call us hence
To join the LODGE DIVINE,
Let's sometimes give a grateful thought
To Auld Lang Syne!

NUNC DIMITTIS.

It is written of a venerable Craftman of the past generation, that, having lived through all the trials and reproaches of the Anti-Masonic period (1826-1836), and maintained his membership first in one lodge and then in another, as the contiguous lodges successively gave way under the pressure, he came peacefully to his death-bed at last, and smilingly said to the friends who thronged about his bed-side, "Now, Brothers, let me have my demit!"

"Now dismiss me, while I linger,
For one fond, one dear word more;
Have I done my labor fairly?
Is there aught against my score?
Have I wronged in all this circle
One by deed, or word, or blow?—
Silence speaks my full acquittance—
Nunc dimittis, let me go!

"Let me go, I crave my wages;
Long I've suffered, long I've toiled;
Never once through work-days idle,
Never once my apron soiled;
In the CHAMBER, where the Master
Waits with smiling to bestow
CORN, and WINE, and OIL abundant,
Nunc dimittis, let me go!

"Let me go, but *you* must tarry,
Till the Sixth day's close has come;
Heat and burden patient bear ye
While you're far away from home;
But a little, for the summons
Waits alike for each of you;—
Mine is sounding, spirits wait me,
Nunc dimittis, let me go!

"Oh, the Sabbath-day in Heaven!
Oh, the joys reserved for them,
Faithful Builders of the Temple,
Type of blest Jerusalem!
Oh, the raptures of the meeting
With the friends 'twas bliss to know!
Strive no longer to detain me,
Nunc dimittis, let me go!"

Hushed that voice its fond imploring;
Faded is that eager eye;
Gone the soul of labor wearied,
To repose eternally:

But the memory of his service
Oft shall cheer me as I go,
Till the hour / too petition,—
"*Nunc dimittis*, let me go!"

THE GIVING OF THE SHOE.

TAKE this pledge! it is a token
Of that truth that ne'er was broken,—
Truth which binds the Mystic Tie,
Under the All-Seeing Eye.

Take this pledge! each ancient Brother,
By this type bound every other
Firmly, so that death, alone,
Rent the bonds that made them one.

Take this pledge! no pledge so holy;
Though the symbol seem but lowly,
'Tis divine! I tell of ONI,
Of the rain-drops and the sun.

Take this pledge! the token sealeth
All that judgment-day revealeth;
Honor, Truth, fraternal Grace,
Brother, in thy hands I place!

LINGERING NOTES.

None of the ancient Masonic legends are more graceful, or convey a more charmingly esoteric meaning, than that which assures us there is for an hour after the Brethren disperse from their lodge-room a *mysterious echo of sounds*, which may be heard there, weird, lingering, fraternal in tone, made up, in fact, of all the brotherly expressions and divine acknowledgments that have passed about the group through the entire convocation! It is affirmed by those who have the gift to understand it, to be charming beyond expression, and that the last note, as it dies away upon the ear, is the echo of that spirit which filled the soul of our Patron Saint, the Evangelist John—"Love!"

Lingering notes the echoes stir,
Soft and sweet, these walls along;
Softly, sweetly, they concur
In the pleasant tide of song;
Night-birds cease their plaintive lays
Listening to the hymn of praise.

Angels gliding through the air,
On celestial mission bent,
Pause, the sacred hymn to hear,
Fold their wings in soft content,
Join their notes divine to these,
Hymning Masons' mysteries.

Now the solitary room,
Peopled with a countless throng,—
Now the stillness and the gloom
Kindle with the tide of song,
Filling our delighted ears—
Music of three thousand years!

Every Emblem pictured there,
On the ceiling, wall, or floor,
GAVEL, TROWEL, APRON, SQUARE,
COLUMN rent or open Door,
Blends a light and yields a tongue,
To this softly-lingering song.

Now the anthem dies away;
One by one the voices cease;
Birds resume their wonted lay;
Angels on their mission press;
But the latest note that moves
In the mystic song is Love's!

INSCRIPTIONS FOR A LODGE-ROOM.

EAST.

ERECT before Thee,
A hand upon Thy Word,
We thus adore Thee,
And swear to serve Thee, Lord!

WEST.

So mote it be—each murmuring word
Speaks the soul's earnest, deep accord,
And echoes, from its inmost sea,
A deep AMEN, so MOTE IT BE!"

SOUTH.

Ye faithful, weave the chain!
Join hand in hand again!
The world is filled with violence and blood!
Hark to the battle-cry!
Hark to the answering sigh!
Come weave the chain admired of man and
God!

THE PILLARS OF THE PORCH.

AN innovation upon the Masonic landmarks
is like removing one of the emblems from the
Pillars at the entrance of the Temple. It is
Masonic sacrilege.

The OLD is better: is it not the plan
By which the WISE, in by-gone days, con-
trived
To bind in willing fetters man to man,
And strangers in a sacred nearness lived?

Is there in modern wisdom aught like that
Which, midst the blood and carnage of the
plain,
Can calm man's fury, mitigate the hate,
And join disrupted friends in love again?

Not for three thousand years the smiles of
heaven,
Smiles on whose sunbeams comes unmeas-
ured joy,
To this thrice-honored CEMENT have been
given,

This BOND, this COVENANT, this sacred TIE:
It comes to us full laden: from the tomb
A countless host conspire to name its worth,
Who sweetly sleep beneath th' ACACIA's bloom:
And there is naught like Masonry on earth.

Then guard the venerable relic well;
Protect it, Masters, from th' unholy hand;
See that its emblems the same lessons tell
Sublime through every age and every land;
Be not a line erased; the pen that drew
These matchless tracings was the PEN DI-
VINE:—

Infinite Wisdom best for mortals knew—
God will preserve intact the GRAND DESIGN.

CHERISHING THE PLEDGE.

THROUGH all the strife which deluged our
land in blood, while other bonds and covenants
were nullified, the BOND OF FREEMASONRY re-
mained intact.

Dear Friends of the Square, *let us cherish the
faith,*

Though broken and torn every other!
REMEMBER THE VOW:—we swore unto death
We would cling, *hand and heart*, to a Brother!
Then raise up to God, up to God the left
hand!

With mine join, with mine join the other!
Though war blow the blast, and with death
strew the land,
WE SWEAR TO BE TRUE TO A BROTHER!

The EAST lends his light, though the world is
at war;

The SOUTH shines in glory and beauty;
The WEST gently smiles o'er fields drenched
in gore,—
They teach to the Mason his duty!

The Badge of the Craft is unsullied as yet—
From war's dust and blood let us fold it!
The Page of our History, brilliant with light;
Let's swear thus in honor to hold it!

GREAT GOD! from Thy Throne view the nation
at strife!

THY GAVEL must heal this disorder!
Send Peace o'er the land! give Refuge and Life!
Be THOU, LORD, our Saviour and Warder!

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

"Let your light shine," the Master said,—
"To bless benighted man!
The light and truth my Spirit shed
Are yours to shed again."

We come, O Lord, with willing mind,
That knowledge to display;
Enlighten us, by nature blind,
And glad we will obey.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

By one GOD created, by one SAVIOUR saved,
By one SPIRIT lighted, by one MARK engraved,
We're taught in the wisdom our spirits ap-
prove,

To cherish the spirit of BROTHERLY LOVE.
Love, love, Brotherly love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly love.

In the land of the stranger we Masons abide,
In forest, in quarry, on Lebanon's side;
Yon temple we're building, the plan's from
above,
And we labor supported by BROTHERLY LOVE.

Though the service be hard, and the wages be
scant,

If the MASTER accept it, our hearts are content:
The prize that we toil for, we'll have it above,
When the Temple's completed, in BROTHERLY
LOVE.

Yes, yes, though the week may be long, it will
end,—

Though the temple be lofty, THE KEY-STONE
will stand:

And the SABBATH, blest day, every thought
will remove,

Save the memory fraternal of BROTHERLY LOVE.

By one GOD created,—come, brothers, 'tis day!
By one SPIRIT lighted—come, brothers, away!
With Beauty, and Wisdom, and Strength to ap-
prove,

Let's toil while there's labor in BROTHERLY
LOVE.

THE FIRE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing in the Masonic institution is more
practical or more grateful to the sensibilities
of the travelling-brother than to find, as he will
do in every lodge in this country, an officer
whose constitutional duty it is "to welcome
and accommodate visiting brethren."

Men of the bright inheritance, oh, true and
loving band,

Who, linked in chains of Masonry, around this
altar stand,

Bright let THE FIRE OF FRIENDSHIP burn and
warmly let it glow,

For a stranger from a distant land comes in
your circle now.

THE ACACIA blooms in every clime, the BROKEN
SHAFT doth rear

Its mournful form in mystic guise, and meets
us everywhere;

The GAVEL rings o'er land and sea, yon EX-
ELM speaks the same

About the globe, as here it speaks, THE UNI-
VERSAL NAME.

And why? because ONE GOD we have, in whom
alone we trust;

He made us all, OUR FATHER made us all of
kindred dust;

The same green MOTHER EARTH, the broad,
the generous He gave,

That feeds us while we live, and gives us when
we die, a grave.

We build a common TEMPLE too, the lofty and
the low,

We bring the same heart-offerings and in com-
mon homage bow;

Our TRACING-BOARD the same designs in every
clime has given,

And, serving the same MASTER, we expect the
same bright HEAVEN.

Then let the stranger have a place within your
mystic band,

Where eye responsive answers eye, and hand
unites with hand;

He knows your WORD, He knows your SIGN,
He asks no better grace

Than with you here to sit awhile and greet you
face to face.

Peace in the lodges where you work be heav-
en's boon to-day;

Peace, Peace;—it is the yearning prayer the
stranger's heart would pray;

And could they hear it from the land and from
the rolling sea,

From every Mason's lips would come the cry,
SO NOTE IT BE!

WORDS OF PEACE AND LOVE.

Now, while the Thunder-peal of battle is heard,
Earth with the trampling of legions is stirred,
Torn from the Battle, Brothers, take from
above,

WORDS OF PEACE AND LOVE!
Hearts of consolation, bide ye the vow!
Hands, never weary in charity now!
Tongues rich in sympathy, oh, take from
above

WORDS OF PEACE AND LOVE!

Blood like a river flowing, smokes o'er the
plain;
Tears, bitter weeping,—oh, who can refrain!
Stay, stay the slaughter, Brothers, stay this dis-
tress,

Speak the WORDS OF PEACE!

Thus speaks the TROWEL, Brothers, thus speaks
the LINE,
Thus speaks the COMPASS and the SYMBOL DI-
VINE;
Each bears its message on the white wings of
Peace,

Bids all warrings cease

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

In the "Life in the Triangle," is described a
MASONIC BURIAL AT NIGHT, of which this Ode
forms a part. Four members of the fraternity,
who resided in an intensely anti-Masonic com-
munity, had discovered the body of a man upon
whose garments was seen the mystic emblem
of the Order. This they had carefully enshroud-
ed and provided with a coffin. At night, with
every precaution against interruption, they
took it to the village grave-yard and interred
it, with the songs, and the signs, and the cir-
cuits prescribed by the time-honored usage.

Bear him home, his bed is made
In the stillness, in the shade;
Day has parted, night has come,
Bear the Brother to his home,—
Bear him home.

Bear him home, no more to roam,
Bear the tired Pilgrim home;
Forward! all his toils are o'er—
Home where journeying is no more,—
Bear him home.

Lay him down; his bed is here;
See the dead are resting near!
Brothers, they their Brothers own,
Lay the wanderer gently down,—
Lay him down.

Lay him down; let nature spread
Starry curtains o'er the dead;
Lay him down; let angel eyes
View him kindly from the skies,—
Lay him down.

Ah, not yet for us the bed,
Where the faithful Pilgrim's laid!
Pilgrims, weep, again to go
Through life's weariness and woe,—
Ah, not yet!

Soon 'twill come, if faithful here,
Soon the end of all our care;
Strangers here, we seek a HOME,
FRIENDS and SAVIOUR in the tomb,—
Soon 'twill come.

Let us go, and on our way
Faithful journey, faithful pray;
Through the sunshine, through the snow,
Boldly, Brother Pilgrims, go,—
Let us go.

HYMN FOR CONSECRATION.

Lo, God is here, our prayers prevail!
In deeper reverence adore;
ASK FREELY NOW! he will not fail
His largest, richest gifts to pour.

Ask by these EMBLEMS old and true;
Ask by the memories of the past;
Ask by HIS OWN GREAT NAME, for lo,
His every promise there is cast!

Ask WISDOM! 'Tis the chiefest thing:
Ask STRENGTH, such strength as God may
yield;
Ask BEAUTY from his Throne to spring
And grace the Temple we shall build.

LORD GOD MOST HIGH, our LODGE we vell!
'Tis CONSECRATE with ancient care;
Oh, let THY SPIRIT ever dwell,
And guide the loving BUILDERS here

HOURS OF PRAISE.

MORN, the morn, sweet morn is springing;
In the East his sign appears;
Dews, and songs, and fragrance flinging
Down the new robe nature wears.
Forth from slumber, forth and meet him!
Who so dead to love and light?
Forth, and as you stand to greet him,
Praise to HIM who giveth night.

Noon, the noon, high noon is glowing;
In the South rich glories burn;
Beams intense from Heaven are flowing;
Mortal eye must droop and turn.
Forth and meet him! while the choros
Of the groves is nowhere heard,
Kneel to Him who bendeth o'er us—
Praise with heart and willing word.

Eve, the eve, still eve is weeping;
In the West she dies away;
Every winged one is sleeping—
They've no life but open day.
Forth and meet her! lo, she lends us
Thrice ten thousand brilliants high!
Glory to His name who sends us
Such night-jewels from the sky.

Death, pale death, to all is certain;
From the grave his voice comes up—
"Fearless, raise my gloomy curtain—
Find within eternal hope!"
Forth and meet Him, ye whose duty
To the Lord of Life is given:
He will clothe the death's garb with beauty—
He will give a path to Heaven.

THE WHITE-APRONED BROTHERS.

And he said unto me, What are these which
are arrayed in white robes, and whence came
they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest.
And he said unto me, These are they which
came out of great tribulation, and have washed
their robes, and have made them white in the
blood of the Lamb.

Come, cease from your labors,
Ye white-aproned neighbors,
And answer my words—
Tells us *who are ye?*

"We are friends of humanity,
Hating profanity,
Spurning all vanity,

CHILDREN OF PEACE—
Men who can feel
All our *own* need of kindness,
And bless the GREAT God,
Who hath lightened our blindness."

Tell us, *what do ye?*

"By precept, example,
We're building a temple,
Fair, lofty and ample,

For Him whom we serve—
Following the plans
That our MASTER doth give us,
And amply repaid
When His servants receive us."

And what do you work with?

"The Gauge and the Gavel,
The Plumb, Square, and Level,
And then as we travel,
The Trowel we hold—
Skillfully these,
As first we're inducted—
Obediently these,
In the way we're instructed."

Your timbers, what are they?

"The blocks that we quarry,
And timbers so heavy,
Our hands shape and carry,
Those ashlar are MEN;
Rough ashlar they are—
But hewed, marked and garnished,
By precepts divine,
Our task will be finished."

Your resting, when is it?

"We look for no leisure,
We sigh for no pleasure,
We covet no treasure,
Till SATURDAY NIGHT—
Wages and joys,
And a rest without breaking,
Wait for us then,
In the home that we're seeking."

THE DYING HOPE.

ALGERNON SYDNEY was executed on the
scaffold, Dec. 7, 1683. Having ended his devo-
tions, he placed his head, unassisted, on the
block. Being asked by the headsman, accord-
ing to custom, "Sir, will you rise again?" he
answered promptly and unflinchingly, "Not
till the GENERAL RESURRECTION! Strike on!"

On the verge of Eternity, calmly surveying
The dark-rolling waters that threatened be-
neath,

The MARTYR OF LIBERTY ended his praying
And patiently waited the signal of death;
His head on the block, but his spirit away,
In the land where the tyrant shall forfeit his
sway.

The words of his lips, how undaunted and
cheering!

They spoke of a victory grand and complete;
They told that this mortal, whom despots were
fearing,

Though conquered by wrong, was the con-
querer, yet—

"The grave cannot hold me! the dust shall be
won
From the worm and the darkness of nature!
STRIKE ON!"

How mighty that hope, when the spirit de-
parting,
Must sunder the ties that have bound it so
long,
To feel that this tenement we are deserting,
Shall rise to new glories thro' Jesus ~~THE~~
STRONG!
The grave cannot hold us!—the flesh shall be
won
From the worm and the darkness of nature!
STRIKE ON!

Ah, yes! and each flaw that the eye has de-
tected;
While occupied here shall be covered above;
Renewed by the same glorious hand, that
erected,
These Temples shall all be made perfect in
love;
The grave shall not hold us—this flesh shall be
won
From the worm and the darkness of nature!
STRIKE ON!

Then cheer, Brothers, cheer! for why *should*
death alarm us!
A brief separation the monster will bring;
His pangs will afford, though a moment they
harm us,
A glorious reunion thro' Jesus the King!
The grave shall not hold us—this flesh shall be
won
From the worm and the darkness of nature!
STRIKE ON!

ONO.

In the eleventh chapter of Nehemiah, the
expression, "Ono, the valley of Craftsmen,"
occurs.

Where is the true heart's MOTHER-LODGE?
Is't where, perchance the earliest heard
The frightful voice, from rocky ledge,
Told a horrid deed of blood?
Is't where his vision earliest saw
And hands enclasped that GOLDEN THING,
The symbol-crowned, the wondrous LAW,
Noblest creation of our King?

No: though in fancy he may turn,
In pleasing reminiscence back,
As happy hearts at times will yearn
To tread again youth's flowery track,—
The true heart's MOTHER-LODGE is found
Where truest, fondest hearts conspire
To draw love's deathless chain around,
And kindle up love's deathless fire.

Methinks that *here*, dear Friends, must be
ONO, the Craftsmen's happy VALLEY;
And *you*, true Laborer, brave and free,
The MASTER in the peaceful dale!
So let me fancy, and when bowed
In daily adorations due,
I will entreat the Masons' God
To bless the Craftsmen here, and *you*!

PLEDGE TO A DYING BROTHER.

WE'LL lay thee down when thou shalt resp.
All tenderly and brotherly;
And woman's eyes with ours shall weep
The precious drops of sympathy:
We'll spread above thee cedar boughs,
Whose emerald hue and rich perfume
Shall make thee deem thy resting-place
A balmy bed and not a tomb.

That teeming breast which has supplied
Thy wants from earliest infancy,
Shall open fondly and supply
Unbroken rest and sleep to thee:
Each spring the flower-roots shall send up
Their painted emblems toward the sky,
To bid thee wait, within thy couch,
A little longer patiently.

We'll not forget thee, we who stay
To work a little longer here;
Thy name, thy faith, thy love shall lie
On memory's page all bright and clear
And when o'erwearied by the toil
Of life, our heavy limbs shall be,
We'll come, and one by one lie down
Upon dear mother-earth with thee.

And there we'll slumber by thy side;
There, reunited 'neath the sod
We'll wait, nor doubt in His good time
To feel the raising-hand of God!
To be translated from the earth,
This land of sorrow and complaints,
To the ALL-PERFECT LODGE ABOVE,
Whose MASTER is the King of Saints.

A LOOK TO THE ORIENT.

Yes, in yon world of perfect light,
The wearied soul at last may rest;
No higher, farther wings it flight,
Brought to the glories of the East.

There is the long-sought boon divine,
'Tis worthy of the painful quest;
When evening shades of life decline,
The day is dawning in the East.

Who feels this truth in fervent heart,
May know his last hours are his best;
How joyful from the West to part
When calls the Master from the East.

Join hearts and hands in union dear—
Jesus has sanctified the test;
Life's chain is only broken here
To join forever in the East.

Mourners, your tears with gladness blend!
Joy, Brothers, joy, our faith's confessed!
The grave will yield our parted friend,
When we with him approach the East.

PRAYER—ORAL OR SECRET.

THERE is a prayer unsaid—
No lips its accents move;
'Tis uttered by the pleading eye,
And registered above.

Each MYSTIC sign is prayer,
By hand of Mason given;
Each gesture pleads or imprecates
And is observed in heaven.

The deeds that mercy prompts,
Are prayers in sweet disguise;
Though unobserved by any here,
They're witnessed in the skies.

Then at the altar kneel—
In silence make thy prayer;
And He whose very name is Love
The plea will surely hear.

The darkest road is light—
We shun the dangerous snare,
When heavenly hand conducts the road,
Responsive to our prayer.

THE SONG OF ST. JOHN.

How blest is the home
Where the Brotherhood comes!
How charming the time and occasion!
The love that was born,
In the heart of Saint John.
Now warms up the heart of each Mason.

It is you, Sir, and you,
Friendly Brothers and true,
No matter what may be your station,—
On the level our way,
WE ARE EQUAL TO-DAY,
For I, Sirs, with you, am a Mason!

This love that was born
In the heart of St. John,
Is the bond of a charming connection;
Through good, and through ill,
It abides with me still,
And makes me thank God I'm a Mason.

When in the Lodge met,
And the officers set,
'Tis of duty and pleasure the season,
Ah! gladly is given
To the FATHER IN HEAVEN,
The praises devout of each Mason.

When labor is done,
And the Brotherhood gone,
Do you think that our secrets we blazon?
No! no, 'tis the joy
Of our mystic employ,
That we tell them to none but a Mason.

For 'tis this we do learn,
From our patron St. John,
The pride of this charming occasion,
That the tongue that conceals,
And never reveals,
Is THE VERY BEST THING FOR A MASON!

Then, Lady and Sir,
While we stoutly aver,
In our Secrets we'll never work treason,
The rules we profess
Are the same that did grace
Our patron St. JOHN, THE FREEMASON.

And while to his name
We may boldly lay claim,
To his graces we'll cling till death's season,
And then to the bourne,
Where his spirit has gone,
We'll hie us with every good Mason.

TRIBUTE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Oh! Brothers of the MYSTIC TIE,
Come round me, if you please!
Lay down the GAVEL and the SQUARE,
And let the TROWEL cease;
The work may stop a little while—
The Master will not blame,

While I from memory sing of one
Right worthy of the name,—
A true old-time Freemason
Whose name was WASHINGTON!

Of every superfluity
His mind he did divest;
He would not set a timber up
Unless it was the best:
He plumbd, and squared, and leveled well
His blocks, and set them true;
Then turned his apron MASTER-WISE
And spread the mortar due,—
This true old-time Freemason
Whose name was WASHINGTON!

When bloody war at foreign hands,
His country threatened sore,
He thought it *right* to take the sword,
And guard his native shore;
He stood where bravest hearts are found,—
He struck for liberty;
But when the conquered foemen sued,
A man of mercy he,—
This true old-time Freemason,
The glorious WASHINGTON.

Upon his Apron was no stain;
His work had no defect;
The OVERSEER accepted all,
There was nothing to reject.
He lived in peace with God and man;
He died in glorious hope,
That CHRIST, the LION, JUDAH'S PRIDE,
Would raise his body up,—
This true old-time Freemason,
OUR BROTHER WASHINGTON.

THE BROKEN COLUMN.

"His WORK was not done, yet his Column is
broken;"
Mourn ye and weep, for ye cherished his
worth;
Let every tear-drop be sympathy's token.—
Lost to the Brotherhood, lost to the earth.
His WORK had been planned by a Wisdom
SUPERNAL;
Strength had been given him meet for the
same;
Down in the midst he is fallen, and vernal
Leaves hang above him and whisper his fame.
His WORK was TO BUILD; on the walls we be-
held him,—
Swiftly and truly they rose 'neath his hand;

Envious death with his Gavel has felled him,
Plumb-line and Trowel are strewn o'er the
land.

His WORK thus unfinished to us is entrusted;
MASTER OF MASONS, give strength, we en-
treat,
Bravely to work with these Implements rusted,
Wisely to build till the Temple's complete!

A MASON'S EPITAPH.

His epitaph, "a Mason true and good,
Sincere in friendship, ready in relief,
Discreet in trusts, faithful in Brotherhood,
Tender in sympathy and kind in grief."

On grateful memories his name is writ;
His genial heart *our* hearts did kindle up;
We drew our inspiration from his light
And buoyancy from his all-buoyant hope.

His toils are ended; *we* must labor on:
OUR MASTER for a little longer calls
Our hands to *duty* at the rising sun,
Our hearts to *rest* when evening shadow falls

But 'twill be ended soon; may our reward
Be upon hearts like his to lie secure;
Like him to enjoy the favor of the LORD,
Whose grace is boundless and whose promise
sure.

DEATH, THE CELESTIAL GATE.

By the pallid hue of those
Whose sweet blushes mocked the rose,—
By the fixed, unmeaning eye,
Sparkling once so cheerfully—

By the cold damps on the brow—
By the tongue, discordant now—
By the gasp and laboring breath,
What! oh, tell us, what is death?

By the vacancy of heart,
Where the lost one had a part—
By the yearning to retrieve
Treasures hidden in the grave,—

By the future, hopeless all,
Wrapped as in a funeral pall—
By the links that rust beneath,
What! oh, tell us, what is death?

By the echoes swelled around,
Sigh and moan and sorrow-sound—

By the grave that, opened nigh,
Cruel, yields us no reply;—

By the silent king, whose dart
Seeks and finds the mortal part,
We may know, *no human breath*
Can inform us what is death!

But the grave *has* spoken loud!
Once was raised the pallid shroud;
When the stone was rolled away—
When the earth, in frenzy's play—

Shook her pillars to awake
Him who suffered for our sake;
When the veil's deep fissure showed
All the mysteries of God!

Tell us, then, thou grave of hope,
What is He that breaks thee up?
"Mortal, from my chambers dim,
CHRIST AROSE, inquire of Him!"

Hark unto the earnest cry,
Notes celestial make reply!
"Christian, unto thee 'tis given—
DEATH'S A PASSAGE UNTO HEAVEN!"

BURNS' FAREWELL.

As sung by Professor John C. Baker, the
vocalist, there is a pathos in Burns' celebrated
Ode that is irresistible.

Never since 'neath the daisies laid
Burns joined the cold and tuneless dead,
Were those sweet lines, his noblest flight,
Sung as you warbled them last night.

They bore us, fancy-winged, above;
They thrilled the inmost soul with love;
And tears confessed "The fond Adieu"
As given so well, last night, by you.

Ah, what a thing is this to spread,
That binds the living with the dead,
And makes them *one fraternal throng*,
As you, last night, so justly sung!

How blest are we who rightly claim
The Masons' heart, the Masons' name,
And see "the Hieroglyphic bright"
Of which you sung, so well, last night!

Then as you journey sweetly sing;
Let craftsmen hear that tuneful thing;
No better can the pen indite
Than those sweet words you sung last night.

And when your own High XII. has come,
And craftsmen bear you, weeping, home,
"May loving friends *your* requiem write
In those grand words you sung last night!"

THE CRESCENT.

ADDRESSED TO Crescent Lodge, No. 402, City
of New York.

GROWING, GROWING still in NUMBERS,
Still in living stone^s of strength;
Some on earth, and some in Heaven,
Where you may arrive at length:
While the Moon her horns shall fill,
"CRESCENT" be your motto still!

GROWING, GROWING still in wisdom,
Light still breaking day by day,
Sacred light from yonder volume
Leading to the perfect way!
While the Moon her horns shall fill,
"CRESCENT" be your motto still!

GROWING, GROWING still in HONOR.
Still in that good men pursue;
Honest reputation gilding
Every gracious deed you do;
While the Moon her horns shall fill,
"CRESCENT" be your motto still!

GROWING, GROWING still in GOODNESS
Drawing daily nearer Heaven;
All the emblems glowing 'round you
For that very purpose given,—
While the Moon her horns shall fill,
"CRESCENT" be your motto still!

GROWING, GROWING:—Men of "Crescent,
May your growing never cease,
While there is a voice to chasten,
Or a sorrowing heart to bless!
'Till your fullness you shall see
Dawning on Eternity!

DUTIES OF THE CRAFT.

To afford succor to the distressed, to divide
our bread with the industrious poor, and put
the misguided traveler in the way, are duties
of the craft, suitable to its dignity, and expressive
of its usefulness.

Come, and let us seek the straying,
Lead him to the SHEPHERD back;
Come, the traveler's feet betraying,
Guide him from the dangerous track;

Come, a solemn voice reminds us—
Come, a mystic fetter binds us—
Masons, here your duties lie,
Hark the poor and needy cry!

Come and help the worthy poor
Starving for the needed bread;
From your well-replenished store
Let the fellow-man be fed!
Bounties God to you supplieth,
To the poor He oft denieth.

Come where sorrow has her dwelling
Comfort bring to souls distressed;
To the friendless mourner telling
Of the Rock that offers rest;
What would life be but for heaven?
Come, to us the Word is given.

Band of Brothers, every nation
Hails your bright and orient light!
Fervent, zealous, free, your station
Calls for deeds of noblest might!
Seek—the world is full of sorrow,—
Act—your life will end to-morrow.

VERDANT, FRAGRANT, ENDURING.

GREEN, but far greener is the FAITH
That gives us victory over death.
FRAGRANT, more fragrant far the HOPE
That buoys our dying spirits up.
ENDURING, but the CHARITY
That Masons teach will never die.

FREDSTOLE: THE SEAT OF PEACE.

FAR away in the West, where the savage is
straying,
His war-path all gory, his visage begrimed,
Where man hates his fellow, betrayed and be-
traying,
And nature alone breathes a spirit sublime—
There's a FOUNTAIN whose flow sweet as nec-
tar inviteth,
Embosomed in hills such as Eden adorn:
Each sip of its waters to Friendship inciteth
And PEACE is the song that its song-birds re-
turn.

There met, drops the Savage his hatchet and
arrow,
There met, breast to breast, joins in fondest
embrace:

From the song-birds the foemen sweet carol-
ings borrow,
And war-paint the waters wash out from each
face:

The hills smile around—'tis the approval of
Heaven—
Their light catches, glances in every eye,
And speaks of a host of foul insults forgiven,
And pledges a Covenant that never can die.

THE LODGE is a peace-fount! come, Brothers,
and taste it!
O'erflowing with sweetness, to you it is given!
A ROCK its FOUNDATION, — what ages have
placed it!
Its COVERING, the starry-decked arches of
Heaven.

Its LAW, 'tis inscribed in yon holiest Volume—
Its CHAIN, every link is the soul of a Man!
Behold on the right hand and left hand its
COLUMN!
Behold in the East is its marvelous PLAN!

THE CEDAR-TREE.

IN the lawn that graces an aged Mason's resi-
dence, stands a Cedar-tree, planted in 1838,
"for Masonic purposes." Still the withered
hand that placed it there to furnish sprigs of
evergreen for burial use is strong enough to do
the MASTER'S WORK at each Lodge meeting,
and still at an age passing the Psalmist's ul-
timate computation, he who planted it waits pa-
tiently for the day when its limbs shall be
bared of their foliage to bestrew his coffin.

Droops thy bough, oh Cedar-tree,
Like yon dear, yon aged form,—
Droops thy bough in sympathy,
For the wreck of life's sad storm!
Sad, indeed, his weary age,—
Lonely, now, his princely home,—
And the thoughts his soul engage,
Are of winter and the tomb!

'Twas for this, oh Cedar-tree,
Verdant midst the wintry strife,
'Twas for this he planted thee,
Type of an immortal life,—
That when round his grave in tears,
Brothers in their ART combine,
From the store thy foliage bears,
Each may cast a portion in!

Lo! he comes, oh Cedar-tree,
Slowly o'er the frosted plain;
Pauses here the signs to see,
Graven with a mystic pen!

How does each some hope express!
Lighter gleams the wintry sky,
Lighter on his furrowed face
Smiling at the mystery!

Soon to rest, oh Cedar-tree,
Soon the veteran shall be borne,
There to sleep and patiently
Wait the resurrection-morr.
Thou shalt perish from the earth;
He in sacred youth revive,
Glorious in a better birth,—
Truths like these the emblems give.

ODE FOR A WINTER FESTIVAL.

FRIENDS ever dear, begin the opening lay;
Chant ye of joys that none but Masons know;
Heart answering heart, love's secret power display,
Gain from our rites a blessing e'er we go.
Love reigneth here,—Love reigneth here:
Hate has the rule without,
But love reigneth here.

Bleak blows the wind: the sky with angry
storms
Glares on the traveler as he flits along;
Here genial fire, the fire of Friendship warms,
Here gleams the eye, here tunes the jocund
song:
Love reigneth here,—Love reigneth here;
Bleak storms may blow without,
But Love reigneth here.

Sadness and care,—our life is full of these;
'Tis but a strife, a turmoil at the best;
Here all is calm; our walls we build in peace:
Here one short hour the weary heart may rest.
Love reigneth here,—Love reigneth here;
Sadness and care without,
But Love reigneth here.

THE QUARRY OF LIFE.

DARKLY hid beneath the quarry,
Masons, many a true block lies;
Hands must shape and hands must carry
Ere the stone the Master prize.
Seek for it,—measure it,—
Fashion it,—polish it!
Then the OVERSEER will prize.

What though shapeless, rough, and heavy,
Think ye God His work will lose?
Raise the block with strength. He gave ye:
Fit it for the Master's use.
Seek for it,—measure it,—
Fashion it,—polish it!
Then the OVERSEER will use.

'Twas for this our Fathers banded,—
Through life's quarries they did roam,
Faithful-hearted, skillful-handed,
Bearing many a true block home.
Noticing,—measuring,—
Fashioning,—polishing!
For their glorious Temple-home.

A LODGE VALEDICTORY.

GOOD-NIGHT! the spirits of the blest and good,
From these dear walls go with you and abide;
In hours of sorrow, hours of solitude,
Or when the hosts of melancholy brood,
And cloud your mind, may angel-spirits glide
From the WHITE THRONE and give you great
delight:

Dear friends, good-night!

Good-night! good-night! and joy be with you
all;
May sickness never blight, nor poverty;
May slanderous breath your spirits ne'er ap-
pall;
May no untoward accident befall,
But all things prosperous and happy be;
May morning suns rise on you fresh and bright:
Dear friends, good-night!

Good-night! and when the shadows of the
grave
Close in around you,—when the laboring
breath
Draws heavily, and unto Him who gave,
You yielded the spirit, be His strong to save,
Who is our GUIDE and SAVIOUR unto death!
Then may dear friends and heavenly hopes
unite

To say, good-night!

HARD SERVICE, GOOD WAGES.

Bow the back, ye Brothers dear!—
Pinch the flesh, the work's severe!
Come, while every workman sleeps,
View the City! heaps on heaps!

See the Temple desolate!
Lo! the burnt and shattered Gate!
To repair it is your wish?—
Bow the Back! and Pinch the Flesh!

Bow the Back!—'tis hopeful toil;
Yours the Corn and Wine and Oil,
Emblems of reward, shall be,
Plenty, Peace, and Unity!
Pinch the Flesh!—not long you wait!—
Standing in the Golden Gate,
Lo! your Lord! and in His hand
Wages rich at your command!

Cheer to those who, long and late,
Meet and toll at Zion's Gate!
Cheer and Courage!—See! on high
Beams the bright ALL-SEEING EYE!
See! the work goes bravely on;—
Wall and Gate and Tower are won!
Grasp the Trowel!—Wield the Sword!—
Cheer!—And trust in Zion's Lord!

By the Hieroglyphics ten,—
Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty's plan;—
By the mystic Features seven,—
Surely by the MASTER given:
By the Covenant-woven faith,
Strong in life, and strong in death;—
Every hope of foeman crush!
Bow the Back! and Pinch the Flesh!

FAITH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

GIVE me the FAITH my fathers had,
When home-worn ties they cast,
In stern contempt forever back,
Like chaff upon the blast.
These prayers, lip-measured, leave me chill,
As icy fount sends icy rill;
No passion bidding nature start,
No fire struck out to warm the heart;
There's nothing here to make me glad—
Give me the FAITH my fathers had.

A patriot now is bought and sold
For price—but render me
The hopes that braced the hearts of old,
My fathers' LIBERTY.
What's fine-drawn speech and wordy war
A candle-ray to freedom's star!
The hand to hilt, the sword abroad,
The flag to heaven, the heart to God,
Those are the tokens I would see—
Give me my fathers' LIBERTY.

Give me my fathers' walk below:
No artful mind was theirs,
To compass kindred hearts about
With treachery and snares;
No nets of artifice they spread
To lure the innocent to tread;
Life's blessings how they freely shared:
Life's fear they boldly met and dared;
A blameless life, a death sublime,
These were the things of Olden Time.

Give me the friendships that entwined
The upright trunks of yore;
The tendrils that so sweetly vined
A beauty and a power.
My heart is sad to think this earth,
With all its joy, with all its mirth,
Has lost the chain our fathers wove,
The chain of holy, holy love,—
Has lost the path our fathers trod,
The path that led them up to God.

Oh, then bring back the palmy days
Of innocence and truth,
When honesty was in its prime,
And selfishness in youth.
When man allowed to man his place,
When probity unbared its face,
When justice poised an equal scale,
And faith sang through the dying wall;
Away, an age of care and crime,
Give me the days of Olden Time!

THE RESURRECTION.

THE Craft in days gone by
Drew from their Mystery
The mightiest truths God ever gave to men:
They whispered in the ear,
Bowed down with solemn fear,
"The dead, the buried dead shall live again!"

Oh, wondrous, wondrous word!
No other Rites afford
This precious heritage, this matchless truth!
"Though gone from weeping eyes,
Though in the dust he lies,
Our Friend, our Brother, shall renew his youth!"

And we, who yet remain,
Shall meet our dead again;
Shall give the hand that thrilled within our
grasp
The token of our faith,
Unchanged by time and death;—
And breast to breast his faithful form shall
clasp!

But who, oh, Gracious God!
The power shall afford?
Who with Omnipotence shall break the tomb?
What morning Star shall rise
To chase from scaled eyes
The long-oppressing darkness and the gloom?

Lo, at the Mystic shrine
The answer all Divine!
Lo, where the Tracing-Board doth plainly tell:
"Over the horrid tomb,
The bondage and the gloom,
THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH shall pre-
vail!"

Then hopefully we bend
Above our sleeping friend,
And hopeful cast the green sprigs o'er his head;
'Tis but a fleeting hour—
The OMNIPOTENT hath Power,
And He will raise our Brother from the dead!

CONSECRATION OF A CEME- TERY.

In each cold bed a mortal sleeps—
The SILENT LODGE is here!
Pale death an awful vigil keeps,
Through all the changing year.

What tears have wet these grassy mounds!
What sighs these winds have heard!
Oh, God, have not the piteous sounds
Thy pitying bosom stirred?

Shall man thus die and waste away
And no fond hope be left?
Is there no sweet confiding ray
For bosoms all bereft?

From each cold bed a form shall rise
When the great hour shall come;
The trump shall shake the upper skies,
And wake the lower tomb.

No weeping then, no tear nor groan,
For these around us spread;
A shout shall reach the very Throne
From the long-silent dead.

Then hush our hearts, be dry each tear,
Wake, oh, desponding faith!
And when our SAVIOUR shall appear,
We too shall conquer death!

On these blest Graves let sunbeams pour
Their balmiest influence;

On them let each reviving shower
Its gracious pearls dispense.

O'er these blest Graves each gentle breeze
Its heavenly whispers breathe;
O'er them the foliage of the trees
A crown of verdure wreath.

Round these blest Graves at dead of night,
May angel-bands combine,
And from their Mansions ever bright,
Bring something all Divine.

From these blest Graves may hope revive;
May JUDAH'S LION tell
That we shall meet these dead alive,
For oh, we loved them well!

Then come, sad hour, we lay us down
And calmly wait his word:
Blest are the dead, our spirits' own
Who knew and served the LORD.

A HEBREW CHANT.

LONELY is Sion, cheerless and still,
Shekinah has left thee, thou desolate Hill:
Winds sweep around thee, familiar their tone,
But trumpet, timbrel, song are gone.

Joyous was Sion on that glorious day,
When Israel beheld all thy Temple's display;
Heaven sent a token approvingly down,
But temple, altar, cloud are gone.

Foemen of Sion uplifted the spear,
The brand to thy Temple, the chains to each
frere;

Pilgrims and strangers, thy children yet mourn,
But foemen, fetter, brand are gone.

Spirit of Sion, oh, hasten the day,
When Israel shall gather in matchless array!
Lord! build Thine altars, Thy people return.
For temple, altar, cloud are gone.

SO MOTE IT BE.

SO MOTE IT BE with us when life shall end,
And from the East, the LORD OF LIGHT shall
bend,

And we, our six days' labor fully done,
Shall claim our wages at the MASTER'S throne

SO MOTE IT BE with us: that when the Square
That perfect implement, with heavenly care,

Shall be applied to every block we bring,
No fault shall see our MASTER and our KING.

SO NOTE IT BE WITH US: that though our days
Have yielded little to the MASTER's praise,
The little we have builded may be proved
To have the marks our first GRAND MASTER
loved!

SO NOTE IT BE WITH US: we are but weak;
Our days are few; our trials who can speak!
But sweet is our communion while we live,
And rich rewards the MASTER deigns to give.

Let's toll, then, cheerfully, let's die in hope;
The WALL in wondrous grandeur riseth up;
They who come after shall the work complete,
And they and we receive the WAGES meet.

GO ON THY BRIGHT CAREER.

Go on thy bright career, brave, faithful heart,
Prayers of the faithful every step attending:
Go spread the triumphs of the MYSTIC ART,
Wherever knee to DEITY is bending;
Raise up the landmarks, long in rubbish hidden!
Rear high the Altar on Moriah's brow;
Denounce all teachings by our rites forbidden,
And LIGHT, MORE LIGHT, on yearning hearts
bestow.

Crush all things that obstruct the cause of truth;
How grand, how noble is the sacrifice!
How worthy of the brightest dreams of youth,
To build a HOUSE like that within the skies!
Oh, when we lay thee, mourned-for, 'neath the
sod,
And cast the green and fragrant bough of
faith,
How cheerful can we give thee to thy God
Whose works defy the utmost power of death!

THE FREEMASONS' HOME.

WHERE hearts are warm with kindred fire,
And love beams free from answering eyes,
Bright spirits hover always there,
And *that's* the home the Masons prize.
The Masons' Home! the peaceful home!
The home of love and light and joy!
How gladly does the Mason come
To share his tender, sweet employ!

All round the world, by land, by sea,
Where summers burn or winters chill,
The exiled Mason turns to thee,
And yearns to share the joys we feel.

The Masons' Home! the happy home!
The home of light and love and joy!
There's not an hour but I would come
And share this tender, sweet employ!

A weary task, a dreary round,
Is all benighted man may know,
But *here* a brighter scene is found,
The brightest scene that's found below.
The Masons' Home! the blissful home
Glad centre of unmingled joy!
Long as I live I'll gladly come
And share this tender, sweet employ!

And when the hour of death shall come,
And darkness seal my closing eye,
MAY HANDS FRATERNAL bear me home,
The home where weary Masons lie!
The Masons' Home! the heavenly home!
To faithful hearts eternal joy!
How blest to find beyond the tomb
The end of all our sweet employ!

THE DYING REQUEST.

THE last request of Morgan Lewis, Grand
Master of Masons in New York, is embodied
in these lines:

The veteran sinks to rest;—
"Lay it upon my breast,
And let it crumble with my heart to dust—
Its leaves a lesson tell;—
Their verdure teacheth well
The everlasting greenness of my trust.
"Through threescore years and ten
With falling, dying men,
I've wept the uncertainties of life and time!
The symbols, loved of yore,
Have changed, have lost their power,
All save this emblem of a faith sublime.

"Things are not as they were;—
The Level and the Square,
Those time-worn implements of love in truth,—
The incense flowing o'er
The Lamb-ekin chastely pure,
Bear not the interpretation as in youth.

"Their moral lore they lose;
They 'mind me but of those
Now in death's chambers who their teachings
knew;
I see them—but they breathe
The charnel airs of death—
I cannot bear their saddening forms > view.

"But this, O symbol bright!
Surviving age's blight,
This speaks in honey-tones, unchanged, un-
changed!
In it I read my youth,
In it my manhood's truth,
In it bright forms of glory long estranged.

"Green leaves of summer skies,
Blest type of Paradise!
Tokens that there's a world I soon shall see,
Of these take good supply;
And, Brothers, when I die,
Lay them upon my breast to die with me!"

"Twas done. They're crumbled now—
He lies in ashes too;
Yet was that confidence inspired in vain?
Ah, no, his noble heart,
When death's dark shades depart,
With them in glory shall spring forth again.

APPRECIATION.

It's good to feel ourselves beloved of men;
To know that all our anxious cares and sighs
For others' weal are given not in vain,
But treasured up in grateful memories;
How light the toil for those we fondly love!
How rich the wages grateful spirits prove!

But when those men are BROTHERS strongly
bound
By bonds indissoluble, sweet and true;—
When gratitude springs out of sacred ground
And prayers are mingled with the praises due;
Ah then, toil is no burden, gifts no load!
We have full recompense for what's bestowed.

'Tis thus with you, my Friend! the voice of all
Yields willing tribute to your high deserts;
But from the CRAFT there comes a stronger
call—

From that Great Brotherhood whose chain be-
girts
The broad world round, the grateful wages
come
Whose price is HONOR and whose favor BLOOM.

Long may you live in Bloom and Honor, long
To show the CHRISTIAN in the MASON's guise!
In STRENGTH OMNIPOTENT may you be strong!
In WISDOM HEAVENLY may you be wise!
And when to Death's dark portals you shall
come
May Jesus banish all the fear and gloom!

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

THERE is an eye through blackest night
A vigil ever keeps;
A vision of unerring light,
O'er lowly vale, o'er giddy height,
THE EYE that never sleeps.

Midst poverty and sickness lain,
The outcast lowly weeps;
What marks the face convulsed with pain?
What marks the softened look again?
THE EYE that never sleeps.

Above the far meridian sun—
Below profoundest deeps,
Where dewy day his course begun,
Where scarlet marks his labor done—
THE EYE that never sleeps.

No limit bounds th' Eternal Sight;
No misty cloud o'ersweeps;
The depths of hell give up their light—
Eternity itself is bright—
THE EYE that never sleeps.

Then rest we calm, though round our head
The life-storm fiercely sweeps;
What fear is in the blast! what dread
In mightier Death! **AN EYE's** o'erhead,
THE EYE that never sleeps.

LEANING TOWARDS EACH OTHER.

THE jolts of life are many,
As we dash along the track;
The ways are rough and rugged,
And our bones they sorely rack.
We're tossed about,
We're in and out,
We make a mighty pothole—
Far less would be
Our pains, if we
Would *lean* towards each other!

Behold that loving couple,
Just mated for their life—
What care they for the joltings,
That happy man and wife!
The cars may jump,
Their heads may bump,
And jostle one another
They only smile,
And try the while
To *lean* towards each other!

Woe to the luckless pilgrim,
Who journeys all alone !
Well said the wise King Solomon,—
"Two better is than one !"
For when the ground's
Most rugged found,
And great's the pain and pother,
He cannot break
The sorest shake
By *leaning* towards another !

There's not one in ten thousand,
Of all the cares we mourn,
But what if 'twas divided,
Might easily be borne !
If we'd but learn,
When fortunes turn,
To share them with a Brother,
We'd prove how good's
Our Brotherhood,
By *leaning* towards each other !

Then, Masons, take my counsel—
The Landmarks teach you so—
Share all the joltings fairly,
As down the track you go !
Yes, give and take,
Of every shake,
With all the pain and pother,
And thus you'll prove
Your Mason's love,
By *leaning* towards each other !

THE HOUR OF ELEVEN.

THE expiring words of a zealous Mason were
High Eleven !"

'Twas at the hour, when laborers cast
A wistful eye to heaven,
And near the South the fervid sun
In glory shines—ELEVEN.

A skillful man with cheerful toil
His morning tasks had driven;
He smiled to see the glowing sun
Proclaim the hour—ELEVEN.

A faithful frere, of all the band
To him the meed was given;
'Twas not in indolence he gazed,
Or smiled to see—ELEVEN.

His Master's work had lost no charm
That youth and zeal had given;
Unswerving faith had buoyed him up
From six to high ELEVEN.

But worn and spent, he needed rest,
Nor could delay till even;
He felt his task was nearly done,
And smiled to see—ELEVEN.

And soon the stroke HIGH NOON announced
His entrance into heaven;
Prophetic proved that upward gaze,
That smile, that word—ELEVEN.

CORN.—WINE.—OIL.

It is the Master's province to communicate
Light to the Brethren.

They come from many a pleasant home—
To do the Ancient Work they come,
With cheerful hearts and light;
They leave the world without, apace,
And gathering here in secret place,
They spend the social night;
They earn the meed of honest toil,
Wages of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

Upon the sacred Altar lies,
Ah, many a precious sacrifice
Made by these working men !
The passions curbed, the lusts restrained,
And hands with human gore unstained,
And hearts from envy clean;
They earn the meed of honest toil,
Wages of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

They do the deeds THEIR MASTER did;
The naked clothe, the hungry feed—
They warm the shivering poor;
They wipe from fevered eyes the tear;
A Brother's joys and griefs they share,
As ONE had done before;
They earn the meed of honest toil,
Wages of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

Show them how Masons Masons know,
The land of strangers journeying through,
Show them how Masons love;
And let admiring spirits see
How reaches Masons' charity
From earth to heaven above;
Give them the meed of honest toil,
WAGES of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

Then will each Brother's tongue declare
How bounteous his wages are,
And Peace will reign within;
Your walls with skillful hands will grow,
And coming generations know
Your Temple is DIVINE;
Then give the meed of honest toil,
Wages of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

Yes, pay these men their just desert!
 Let none dissatisfied depart;
 But give them full reward;
 Give LIGHT that longing eyes may see;
 Give TRUTH that doth from error free;
 Give them to know the LORD!
 Give them the meed of honest toll,
 Wages of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

WHEN the SPIRIT came to Jephthah,
 Animating his great heart,
 He arose, put on his armor,
 Girt his loins about to part,
 Bowed the knee, implored a blessing,
 Gave an earnest of his faith,
 Then, divinely-strung, departed,
 Set for victory or death.

If a rude, uncultured soldier
 Thus drew Wisdom from above,
 How should we, enlightened Laborers,
 Children of the Sire of Love,—
 How should we, who know "the Wisdom
 Gentle, pure, and peaceable,"
 Make a prayerful preparation
 That our work be square and full!

Lo, the future! ONE can read it,—
 He its darkest chance can bend:
 Lo, our wants, how great, how many!
 He abundant means can lend:
 Raise your hearts then, Pilgrims, boldly
 Build and journey in His trust:
 Square your deeds by precepts holy,
 And the end is surely blest.

Vainly will the builders labor
 If the OVERSEER is gone:
 Vainly gate and well are guarded
 If the ALL-SEEING is withdrawn;
 Only is successful ending
 When the work's begun with care;
 Lay your blocks, then, Laborers, strongly,
 On the Eternal Rock of Prayer.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT BURNS.

THE sun is uprising on Scotia's far hills,
 Day's labor is opening, the Grand Master wills,
 But Lodge-lights are gleaming in cheerfulness
 yet,
 As far in the West, where we Masons are met.

There's song for the tuneful, kind words for
 the kind,
 There's cheer for the social, and light for the
 blind,
 But when we, uprising, prepare us to go,
 With one thought and feeling we'll sing thy
 ADIEU.

A melting farewell to the favored and bright,—
 A sorrowful thought for the sun set in night,—
 A round to the Bard whom misfortunes be-
 fell,—
 A prayer that his spirit with Masons may
 dwell.
 When freedom and harmony bless our design.
 We'll think of thee, Brother, who loved every
 line;
 And when gloomy clouds shall our Temple en-
 shroud,
 The voice of thy music shall come from the
 cloud.

Across the broad ocean two hands shall unite,
 Columbia,—Scotia,—the Symbol is bright!
 The world one Grand Lodge, and the heaven
 above.
 Shall witness the triumph of Faith, Hope, and
 Love;
 And thou, sweetest Bard, when our gems we
 enshrine,
 Thy jewel, the brightest, most precious, shall
 shine,
 Shall gleam from the East, to the far distant
 West,
 While morning shall call us, or evening shall
 rest.

THE INHERITANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO B. B. FRENCH, IN 1856.

WHEN twenty years have circled round,
 The lads now standing at my knee
 Will cherish one poor spot of ground
 Sacred to memory and me.
 Gazing upon the humble sod,
 Recalling each fond loving word,
 They'll keep one link in memory's chain
 Bright, till the hour we meet again.

Such is the lesson I impart
 At evening's set when prayers are said:
 The last sweet sentiment at heart
 Ere little eyes are closed in bed.
 That when upon life's billows tossed,
 In worldly selfishness engrossed,
 A CABLE-TOW the thought shall prove
 To draw them by a Father's love.

When twenty years have come and gone
They who shall fondly look for you
Must leave the scenes you now adorn
And seek the sodded hillock top:
Tears will bedew the grass beneath,
Sighs will unite with nature's breath,
To embalm within that hallowed bed,
A father loved, a father dead.

There's Brotherhood in honest sighs,
There's Brotherhood in earnest tears:
Our sons, made kindred by such ties,
Shall interchange their hopes and fears:
Yours to the West their steps will bend
To honor their dear Father's friend:
Mine to the East will make their way
A pious pilgrimage to pay.

Such was the dream that fired my brain
Last night as 'mid my loved ones lying,
It came again, again, again,
And traced itself in lines undying.
I dreamed we twain had joined the bands
Who live and love in other lands,
And from high seats beheld with joy
The step of each dear pilgrim-boy.

I dreamed that on some sunny plain
They, o'er whose couch we've bent at night,
Met, twined with eager hands the chain,
The Chain of Love, the Chain of Light;
With glowing lips exchanged the Word—
No fonder does our tongue afford,—
And Covenanted by that faith
Their fathers pledged and kept till death.

Then be it so, dear Friend, and while
For earthly labors we are spared,
Let's teach our sons to cherish well
The friendship we've so freely shared.
Then at life's sunset we may die
And yet the power of Death defy:
Then by the Monster-victor slain
In our dear Children live again!

TO MASONS EVERYWHERE.

In gladsome mood again we're met,—
How swiftly passed the year!
Begin the feast, and, Brothers, drink
To Masons everywhere!
A Mason's love is unrestrained;
Each other's woes we share;
Then lift the cup, and, Brothers, drink
To Masons everywhere!

What would our Mystic Tie be worth,—
How little should we care
For Masonry, did not its links
Encircle everywhere!
With Masons' love so unrestrained,
Each other's woes to share,
Well may we fill the cup and drink
To Masons everywhere!

Though some we loved have fallen on
The weary path of care,
What then! in heaven they're yet our own!
To Masons everywhere!
For Masons' love, so unrestrained,
Eternity may dare!
Then, Brothers, fill, and fondly drink
To Masons everywhere!

And so, when death shall claim us, too,
And other forms be here,
May we in memory's heart be held
By Masons everywhere!
For Masons' love is unrestrained,
Nor death the chain may tear;
O'erflow the cup, and, Brothers, drink
To Masons everywhere!

A MASONIC GREETING.

Lo, from the distant West,
Lo, from your honored guest
The voice of greeting and a word of prayer;
Ye Sons of Cheer, all hail!
This grateful tongue shall tell
The tie that binds you and the joys you share!

There is a CORD of length,
There is a CHAIN of strength,
Around you each I see the sacred coil;
How long, ah, well I know!
How strong, your deeds do show,
The while you labor in the sacred toil.

In amplest share bestowed,
By Him you worship—God,
The joy of Friendship well you feel and prize,
'Tis His own best design,
'Tis perfect, 'tis divine,
It is the bliss diffused through upper skies.

Peace be within your halls!
The CEMENT of your walls
Be HOLY LOVE—pure, indestructible!
From the o'erarching Heaven
A gracious smile be given,
The favor of a DEITY to tell.

When each shall bow in death,
Joy to the parting breath!
Rich fragrance from a thousand generous deeds!
And where your ashes be,
Sacred to memory
The spot while man pure truth and honor heeds!

And me, oh loving Friends,
When life's poor story ends,
Me in your inner heart of hearts enshrine!
Humble, but oh sincere,—
Erring and sorrowing here,
Write me as one who loved each Mystic line!

Builders of light, your hands!
Distant our several lands?
No; for I see, I hear, I feel you now!
Blind once again the chain;
Again, dear Friends, again;
Hear, Gracious Lord, hear and confirm the Vow!

THE HAPPY HOUR.

Oh, happy hour when Masons meet!
Oh, rarest joys that Masons greet!
Each interwoven with the other,
And Brother truly joined with Brother,
In intercourse that none can daunt,
Linked by the ties of COVENANT.

See, ranged about the Holy Word,
The Craftsmen praise their common Lord!
See in each eye a love well proven!
Around each heart a faith well woven!
Feel, in each hand-grip, what a tie
Is this whose scope is MASONRY.

Blest bond! when broken, we would fain
Unite the severed links again;
Would urge the tardy hours along,
To spend the wealth of light and song,
That makes the lodge a sacred spot;
Oh, be the season ne'er forgot,
That takes us from a world of care
To happy scenes where Masons are!

THE WORLD-WIDE RECOGNITION.

WHEREVER man is tracing
The weary ways of care,
'Midst wild and desert pacing,
Or lands of softer air,

WE SURELY KNOW EACH OTHER,
And with true words of cheer,

Each Brother hails his Brother,
And hope wings lightly there.

Wherever tears are falling,—
The soul's dark wintry rain,—
And human sighs are calling
To human hearts in vain,
We surely know each other, etc.

Wherever prayer is spoken,
In earnestness of Faith,
We're 'minded of the Token
That tells our Master's death.
We pray, then, for each other, etc.

Wherever man is lying
Unknowing and unknown,
There's one yet by the dying,—
He shall not die alone.
For then we know each other, etc.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

As on my road delaying,
The stream's cool waters by,
My thoughts in fancy straying,
I heard a plaintive cry:
"There may be hope in heaven,—
For us no hope is here;
Oh, why was joy thus given,
So soon to disappear!"

Around the grave was weeping
A widowed, orphaned band;
Beneath their feet were sleeping
The husband, father, friend;
And as their sorrows swelling,
Broke forth 'midst sigh and tear,
Again these words were telling,—
"Alas, no hope is here!"

The stream's cool waters flowing,
No longer sung to me,—
The soft spring sunbeams glowing,
Were cheerless all to see;
For still that widowed mother,
And still those orphans dear,
Bewailed my buried Brother,—
"Alas, no hope is here!"

MY BROTHER? yes, forsaken,
These lov'd ones round thee mourn;
Too soon from friendship taken,
Dear Brother, thou art gone!

Gone from a cold world's sighing,
From sorrow and from fear,
But left these mourners crying,—
"Alas, no hope is here!"

Those tears, my heart, are holy!
Those sighs by anguish driven,
This mourning group so lowly.
Are messengers of Heaven;
And so will I receive them,
As God shall give me cheer,
Protect them and relieve them,
And teach them Hope is ~~here~~!

THE DEATH OF THE GRAND MASTER.

CRAWFORD, Grand Master of Maryland, died under the affecting circumstances here described:

His voice was low, his utterance choked,
He seemed like one in sorrow bound,
As from the ORIENT he invoked
God's blessings on the Masons round.

'Tis sad to see the strong man weep—
Tears are for sorrows yet untried;
But who with sympathy can keep,
When age unseals emotion's tide?

Reverently stood the Brothers round,
While their Grand Master breathed farewell,
And strove to catch the faintest sound
Of accents known and loved so well.

He told them of the zealous care
Of their forefathers of the Art;
How valley-gloom and mountain-air
Bore witness of the faithful heart.

He coned the precepts, line by line—
Oh, that the Craft may ne'er despise
Precepts so precious, so divine,
That shape the Mason-mysteries.

He warned them of a world unkind,
Harsh to the good, to evil mild,
Whose surest messengers are blind,
Whose purest fountains are defiled.

He told them of a world to come,
To which this life a portal is,
Where tired laborers go home,
To scenes of never-ending bliss.

Then of himself he humbly spoke—
So modestly! so tenderly!
While from the saddened group there broke
An answering sigh of sympathy:

"Now give me rest: my years demand
A holiday, Companions dear!
My days are drawing to an end,
And I would for my end prepare.

"Now give me rest; but when you meet,
Brothers, in this beloved spot,
My name upon your lips repeat,
And never let it be forgot!

"Now unto God, the Mason's FRIEND,
The God our emblems brightly tell,
Your dearest interests I commend—
Brothers, dear Brothers, oh, farewell!"

Down from the Orient, slowly down,
Weeping, through that sad group he passed,
Turned once and gazed, and then was gone
That look—his tenderest and his last.

His last—for, ere the week had sped,
That group, with sorrow unexpressed,
Gathered around their honored dead—
Bore their Grand Master to his rest!

THE VETERAN'S LAMENT.

THERE's tenfold Lodges in the land
Than when my days were few;
But none can number such a band,
The wise, the bright, the true,
As stood around me on the night
When first I saw the MYSTIC LIGHT,
Full fifty years ago.

There's Brother love and Brother aid,
Where'er the Craft is known;
But none like that whose twinings made
The mighty chain that's gone—
Ah, none like that which bound my soul
When first my eyes beheld the goal
Full fifty years ago.

There's emblems green to deck the bed
Of Masons where they rest,
But none like those we used to spread
Upon the Mason's breast,
When, yielding up to death, they fell,
Who'd battled with the monster well,
Full fifty years ago.

Oh, how my heart is kindled now,
When round me meet again
The shadows of the noble few,
Who formed the mystic train
In which my feet were proud to tread,
When through admiring crowds we sped,
Full fifty years ago.

They're fled, that noble train,—they're gone,—
 Their last procession's o'er—
 And I am left to brood alone,
 Ere I, too, leave the shore;
 But while I have a grateful tear,
 I'll praise the bright ones that were here,
 Full fifty years ago.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"GLORY to God, in courts of glory high!
 Earth, balmy peace! good-will, good-will to
 men!"

O'er the still plain, beneath the Christmas sky
 Ring the glad tidings; and again, again,
 "Glory to God, to God!" the dewy plain
 Echoes the notes; the midnight solitude,
 Wood, mount, and waters, catch the glowing
 strain!

Ah, ne'er was heard such notes since Satan
 stood,

Sad hour, in Eden's groves, and worked to
 man no good!

Heaven's joy that night was perfect! CHRIST
 was born!

LOMANUEL, PRINCE OF PEACE, and SON OF
 GOD!

New grief to demons, wailing and forlorn,
 Pierced through their souls as an envenomed
 sword

"To God, to God on high!"—thus the accord—
 "On Earth good-will and peace, good-will
 and peace!"

Now far ascending, singing as they soared,
 The angelic sisters vanish; echoes cease.
 And, from their mystic trance, the Shepherds'
 souls release.

Spirits of peace, since that bright Christmas
 eve,

Have oft descended from the ladder's top,
 And brought to those who suffer and believe
 The priceless blessings of the Christian's
 hope—

That soon humanity will cease to grope
 In doubts and darkness, as in days gone by,
 And follow HIM, the PEACEFUL, journeying up,
 From Bethlehem to gory Calvary,
 Who died that we might live, and live eter-
 nally.

Heaven sent a Washington! there was much
 need—

Ages had rolled along, and hearts had bled,
 And liberty, down-trodden as a weed,

No shelter found for her defenceless head;
 Peace lay, like Lazarus, in sepulchral bed:—
God raised up Washington, and freedom
 smiled!

Once more to yearning hearts the angels said,
 "Good-will to man, of grace the favored
 child!

Good-will to man!" that voice shall never
 more be stilled.

ON TRESTLE-BOARD DIVINE the plan was
 traced—

The MASTER ARCHITECT his work surveyed;
 Each virtue in its proper balance placed;
 Each ornament of purest metal made;
 Each block in symmetry exact was laid;
And there stood Washington! the Mason-man!
 Wise unto warfare's sanguinary trade,
 Wiser to PEACE—such was the MASTER's
 plan,

And Wisdom, Beauty, Strength, through all
 the Temple ran!

Caution his chiefest care; the outer gate
 Was strictly guarded; through its portam
 came

Naught that betrayed; prudent, deliberate,
 Each messenger bore out undoubted claim
 To instant reverence and deathless fame.

Thus, tyed with care, his sanctuary kept,
 Unstained its altar, unforgot its flame,
 While sentinels on other watch-towers slept,
 And *Prudence* q'er the hills of sad indifference
 wept.

Sober in all things—*Temperance*, the spring
 Of human strength, was paramount in him;
 There was no vile excess or lust to bring
 Untimely feebleness to manly limb,
 Or dull his ear, or make his eye grow dim.
 Like one of old, the Leader through the sea,
 Floated no changes on life's rapid stream;
 Age brought him death, but not infirmity—
 Bore hence the vigorous frame, unshaken by
 decay.

How great his *Fortitude*! protracted war
 Caus'd patriot hearts to sink dispirited;
 His bleeding army cast in flight before
 A taunting enemy; his hopes betrayed—
 How great his *Fortitude*! firm, undismayed,
 The pillar of his suffering country stood,
 By night a glow, by day refreshing shade,
 A column fixed, unshaken, unsubdued!
 Plumb'd by the Master's hand, by Him pro-
 nounc'd Good!

Excellent he in *Justice* ; if to do,
 In all that life presents, from day to day,
To others as you would they do to you,—
 If this be Masonry, a Mason he !
 Unswerving to the right or left, his way
 Was onward, upward ; in his hand the scale
 Of righteousness was equipoised, to pay
 Homage to God—hail, Great Creator, hail !
Justice to man—for man was *Brother* cher-
 ished well.

But not these sterner virtues only stand
 Around this good man's life; true *Brotherly*
Love,
 Such as the ancient brethren cherished, and
Relief that does both pain and woe remove
 And *Truth*, an attribute of God above,
 Clustered like dropping vines on Washington.
 What marvel that admiring Masons strove
 To catch the light from such a matchless sun,
 Or claim the mantle, ere the god-like chief
 was gone !

Henceforth the Christmas song need not be
 stilled !
 The conqueror, ere the battle's turmoil cease,
 Turns from the glory of the encrimsoned field
 And bends in homage to the PRINCE OF PEACE.
 "Glory to God"—that anthem shall increase,
 "On Earth" such lives proclaim "Good-will
 to man !"

Henceforth, when angels sing IMMANUEL'S
 grace,
 We'll strike the harp, and recognize the plan;
 Oh, that our earth might yield such Temple-
 work again !

Lo, the sands swiftly run ! behold, our lives
 Dropping, like foliage, to a solemn close !
 To-day the bud bright expectation gives,
 To-morrow blossoms to a transient rose;
 Another morn, and its whole beauty goes;
 Its leaves are scattered wastefully around,
 No heart remembering; another glows
 Upon the stem; another hope is crowned;
 And this is human life, the life the dead have
 found.

Count well the moments then, fill up the day !
 Brothers, let wisdom's hand your life-plans
 trace !
 The Temple will be finished, though we may
 Not see the STONE exalted to its place:
 It is enough that God will see and bless;
 Labor while it is day; there's work for all;
 The TRESTLE-BOARD proclaims it, and alas !

Too soon will night spread round its hueless
 pall :
 Too soon the grave, the grave from which
 there's no recall.

Clouds may obscure us; slander may detract;
 The fogs of truth and rectitude unite;
 But while within our mystic sphere we act,
 There lives no power can hinder or affright.
 The Master's eye still oversees the right;
 Heaven's books record it with angelic pen;
 And when death's summons calls us up the
 height,
 A full reward for labor shall we gain,
 In God's own Temple freed from sorrow, toil
 and pain.

Man of a thousand virtues, Washington !
 Thy model, lent from heaven, we prefer;
 Our deeds, upon that high design begun,
 Shall merit praise, tried by the CHIEF O'BES-
 SEER :
 Master of men ! hear thou the Mason's prayer !
 Breathe in our spirits a true love of peace;
 Teach us a brother's bonds and woes to share ;
 Enlarge our charity, our faith increase,
 And save us all in CHRIST, the Mason's Right-
 eousness !

THE THREE SALUTES.

I HAIL you, Brother, in the place
 Where none but those should meet
 Whose *types* are bended knee and brow,
 And the uncovered feet;
 I take you by the grip, expressing
 All that heart can feel,
 And I pledge myself to be to you,
 A Brother TRUE AS STEEL !

I've watched with real joy your quest,
 So ardent and so rare—
 Your bold, unflinching gaze upon
 The things we most revere;
 I've seen that nothing daunts you
 In the paths our LIGHTS reveal;
 And I pledge myself again to you,
 A Brother TRUE AS STEEL !

I think there's that within you
 Only needs for *time* to show—
 Will kindle up a flame where
 Others only feel a glow ;
 I think the grave will claim you
 As a Mason ripe and leal;
 And so once more I pledge myself
 A Brother TRUE AS STEEL !

THE MASTER OF THE UPRIGHT HEART.

GERMAN authors describe the affecting incident given in the following lines. The opening verses allude to a journey up the Mississippi river in 1853, swollen at that time out of its banks, during which the author related the incident to his children.

We journeyed up the Western flood,
My little boys and I,
And watched the drifts of ice and wood
That floated swiftly by;
While banks and trees and dwellings too
Appeared like islands in the view.

We marked with sympathy and grief
The general distress,
And fain the lads would give relief
To every suffering case;—
But when a corpse came floating past
They fled the spectacle aghast.

Then in our little room we met
Each on a willing knee
And listened to the various fate
Of men by land and sea;
Of shipwrecked sailors starved for food
And lost ones wandering in the wood.

I told them of such noble deeds
Where rescue had been given,
Such generous acts, that he who reads
Is moved to worship heaven.
But most I pleased them with the part
Of Julian of "The Upright Heart."

"'Twas on a stormy April day,
The floods were at their height,
All Frankfort gather'd out, they say,
To see a dismal sight.
A broken bridge—a swollen sea—
And oh, a drowning family!

"The Master of 'The Upright Heart'
Was Frankfort's noblest son:
On many a field of high desert
His laurels had been won,
Not laurels wet with human blood
But those acceptable to God.

"Smiles from the face of cold despair,
The widow's grateful song,—
The orphan's praise,—the stranger's prayer,—
These to his crown belong;
Ah! many such, thank God, there be
In our world-wide fraternity!

"Prince Julian galloped to the brink
Of that tremendous flood;

The perishing about to sink
Inspired his noble blood;
He called aloud, he called the brave
This wretched family to save!

"None answered him; again he cried:
'Oh! have you hearts of stone,
To see them perish by your side?
Look, look, they wave us on!'
He offered gold as water free,
To save the drowning family!

"But when the boldest shrunk—deterred
From such a desperate deed,—
He uttered not another word;
He bowed his pious head,
Looked upwards,—gave his soul to God,—
And plunged into the raging flood!

"That day the gates of Heaven were thrown
To admit a spirit freed;
That day earth lost its noblest son,
And gave him to the dead;
That day enshrined the Royal Art,
Her hero of 'The Upright Heart!'"

The lads sat thoughtful on my knee,
Reflecting on the tale;
They loved to talk of Masonry;
And knew its precepts well;
"I know what made him take such pains;
The signs they made were Masons' signs!"

MASONIC VALEDICTORY.

When auld acquaintance closing round
Their parting grips entwine;
What song awakes the tender sigh,
Like auld lang syne!
'Tis auld lang syne, the voice
Of other days divine!
Come, Brothers, now a parting word
To auld lang syne.

From many a pilgrim-pathway come,
To work the grand design,
We've wrought, and praised the sacred bond
Of auld lang syne.
Of auld lang syne, the bond
Of auld lang syne;
Our fathers marked the sacred way
In auld lang syne.

Though wintry blasts the flesh may chill,
Though torrid suns may shine,
Our hearts' response unchanged will beat
To auld lang syne.

To auld lang syne, they beat
To auld lang syne;
Each pulse responsive, thrilling high,
To auld lang syne.

Adieu, adieu! the falling tear
To friendship we assign;
Your hand, your hand, my brother dear,
For auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, adieu
For auld lang syne.
Ah! rent forever is the bond
Of auld lang syne.

A MASONIC SYMPOSIUM.

At a New-Year's Eve Festival at Chicago, Ill., 1882-83, twenty-eight Masons sat the Old Year out and the New Year in. To commemorate the pleasant event, a "Memorial" of songs was published, of which the following was the Exordium.

(The Craft Assemble in Merry Mood.)

High carnival to-night: a year of gloom,
A twelvemonth, murky with the fogs of war,
Has ended; all its wrecks and ruin done;
Its severed bonds; its Lodges, closed and still:
Its altars overthrown; its jewels soiled;
Its lamb-skins spotted with the hue of blood;
The tale of horror, to its latest page,
Is done, and FINIS written at the close.

High carnival to-night: a genial band,
About refreshments' Altar circled close,
Brings each his sacrifice and lays thereon:
Each brings his jest, and each a merry thought,
And his kind eyes that speak unuttered love.

High carnival to-night; pass round the quip,—
Let not the fire of wit go down, nor give
One moment to the saddening reign of care.
No GAVEL here; no frowning face; no voice
Of MASTER to subdue the craftsmen's joys.
'Tis the last night, last hour of '82,
And we will drown it in a flood of mirth.

(The Signal of Low XII. is heard.)

But lo, the clock, 'tis midnight! stealthy feet
Of murderers creeping by, fall on the ear,
And smothered voices whisper wonted words.
'Tis midnight! quick, ye mystic crew, come round,—
Close in, strong men, impenetrable lines,
And weave the INDISSOLUBLE CHAIN OF LOVE.

The Midnight Song of Masons.

Sing now, departed joys; sing high, ye Craft,
Whose solemn march is ever timed to song;
Sing ye of days, ah, never to return!
Of friends forever parted: sing, with tears,
Of those, beneath th' Acacia sprigs that sleep,
And let the last stroke of the parted year
Be holy with remembrance of their love.

(Hail to the New Year.)

Huzza, sing louder now! strain every voice
In honor of the YEAR, the new-born YEAR,
The blessed, hopeful, happy '63!
Of all its health, and wealth, and bliss, sing high!
Of wives' love and of children's, blessed love,
Of friends and friendship, everything that God
Can yield on earth to His most favored ones.

(The Prospective View.)

Twelve teeming months lie spread before our eyes;
Cease now to sing, and contemplate their train
EACH MONTH a treasure from the Gracious Hand,
Of means and rich occasions to do good.
Join silently in RESOLUTION now,
And, Brothers, say, shall we not through this year
Live nearer to our duty? walk more true
To PLUMB-LINE, and to SQUARE than in the past?
Shall not our COVENANTS join, in closer bond,
Us to each other and the whole to God?

THE NARROW BOUNDARY.

So each one stands,—a narrow line
Divides the future from the past,—
A little space to labor in,
Too brief for purposes so vast.

Those grand designs, whose tracing proves
Our inspiration is from heaven,—
Those boundless hopes,—those deathless loves
'Tis but a day to these is given!

Then let us labor while we can—
Throw off the burdens that oppress—
Redeem this poor and fleeting span
And look to God to help and bless!

And should we seek, to give us cheer,
Examples of the bold and true,
A cloud of witnesses is here,
To prove what laboring men can do.

NEW-YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

SHALL we see it, loving Brothers,
 Ere another New-Year's day?
 Shall we join those loving others
 Whom the past year tore away?
 Shall we change this toil and drudge,
 For the bright CELESTIAL LODGE,
 T. C. L. A. W.
 T. S. A. O. T. U. P.?

Shall we tread that one more station,
 Take that last and best degree
 Whose consummate "Preparation"
 Is to set the spirit free?
 Lay our bodies off that then
 Souls unburdened may go in,
 T. C. L. A. W.
 T. S. A. O. T. U. P.?

Shall we find beyond the river—
 Shall we find beyond the tomb,
 Those who left us, not forever,
 Left us till we too should come?
 Shall we learn the long-lost Word
 That admits a man to God—
 T. C. L. A. W.
 T. S. A. O. T. U. P.?

Then, be zealous, loving Brothers,
 While your lives so swiftly tend;
 Emulate those faithful others
 In the prizes they have gained;
 O'er the river, on the shore,
 They are happy evermore—
 T. C. L. A. W.
 T. S. A. O. T. U. P.

Toll,—your wages rich are ready;
 Bear,—your burdens all shall cease;
 Give,—however poor and needy;
 Pray,—and God will give release
 From this bitter toil and drudge
 To the bright CELESTIAL LODGE,
 T. C. L. A. W.
 T. S. A. O. T. U. P.!

TIMELY WARNING.

We whisper good counsel in the ear of a
 Brother, and, in the most tender manner, re-
 mind him of his faults and endeavor to aid his
 reformation.

Where is thy Brother, Craftsman, say,
 Where is the erring one to-day?
 We look around the festive band,—
 What cheerful smiles on every hand!

The voice of laughter swells amain—
 Where is the brightest of the train?
 The ready wit, the generous word,
 The glee in music's best accord,
 The bounteous gifts—oh, where is he,
 The prince of Mason's revelry?
 Not left unwarned in death to fall?
 To lapse without one friendly call?

Alas, the grave has closed above
 So many objects of our love!
 There is so many a vacant chair
 In every group where Masons are!
 Of some the drunkard's cup doth tell;
 Tempted, yet sorrowing *they fell*;
 Day after day they saw the light
 Recede, till day was turned to night;
 Yet yearned and strove to pause, and stay
 Their feet upon the slippery way;
They fell, and none so bright are left
 As those of whom we are bereft.

A voice from out the grave demands—
 "Where is thy Brother? are thy hands,
 Quite guiltless of his priceless blood?
 How often have ye kindly stood,
 And whispered loving words and prayer,
 Within the erring Brother's ear?
 How often counseled, plead, and warned,
 And from approaching danger turned?"
 The thoughtful tear, the heavy sigh,
 Must speak for conscience a reply:
 Quick then, oh Craftsman, up and save
The living from untimely grave!

A WELCOME INTO MASONRY.

DIRECTED to one who subsequently acquired
 a distinguished name as a Masonic writer.

There were many with me were glad, Brother,
 When we read your latest thought,
 And to one another we said, Brother,
 'Tis an omen of good import!
 For the battle of law has begun, Brother,
 The strife for "the good old way,"
 And we need just such an one, Brother,
 As we knew you of old to be!

Yes, one of the daring type, Brother—
 Such men as they had of yore,
 With a head that in age is ripe, Brother,
 And a heart that is brimming o'er;
 To know what a LANDMARK is, Brother—
 In love to be warm and true—
 Oh, how have we longed for these, Brother,
 And 'tis these we shall find in you!

In the day when your sands are spent, Brother,
And the Craft shall your history tell,
They'll say, as their grief has vent, Brother,
"He has done his labor well!"
For you know we have ARCHIVES, Brother,
And a COLUMN rent in twain,
And a NAME that still greenly lives, Brother,
Though the dust hath its dust again!

And these they'll give to you, Brother,
As the guerdon of your meed;
For the love that is warm and true, Brother,
For the heart and for the head;
For the battle of law has begun, Brother,
The strife for "the good old way,"
And we need just such an one as you, Brother,
As we know you of old to be!

DIVIDING THE TESSERA.

THE ancient practice of sealing a devoted friendship between parting friends, by separating some metallic substance, as a ring, a coin, and the like, and dividing the fragments between the parties, is not altogether disused. In the rural districts of England and Scotland it is a custom of lovers, and many a poor laborer whose body lies buried in the soil of the Western Continent, bore upon his person at his dying hour this token of betrothal with one who shall never again meet him on earth.

Parting on the sounding shore
Brothers twain were sighing;
Mingle with the ocean's roar,
Words of love undying;
A ring of gold was severed then
And each to each the giver,
His faith renewed in mystic sign
And bound his heart forever.

"Broken thus THE TOKEN be,
While o'er earth we wander;
One to thee and one to me—
Rudely torn asunder;
But though divided we are one—
This scar the bond expresses,
When all our painful wondering's done,
Will close and leave no traces!

"Warmly in thy bosom hide,
The golden voice, *I love thee!*
Keep it there whate'er betide,
To guard thee and to prove thee!
And should THE TOKEN e'er be lost,
Or chilled, what now is riven,
I'll know that death has sent the frost
And look for thee in heaven!"

Parted on the sounding shore,
Each THE TOKEN keeping,
Met those Brothers never more—
In death they're widely sleeping.
But yet love's victory was won,—
The scar that bond expresses,—
Their long and painful wandering's done—
Hath closed and left no traces!

THE CHECKERED PAVEMENT.

THERE is no emblem teaches a more practical every-day lesson to a Freemason than the Mosaic pavement, denoting human life checkered with good and evil.

*I, on the WHITE SQUARE, you on the BLACK;
I at fortune's face, you at her back;
Friends to me many, friends to you few;
What, then, dear Brother, binds me to you?*
THIS, THE GREAT COVENANT in which we
abide—

HEARTS charged with sympathy—
HANDS opened wide—
LIPS filled with comfort,
And God to provide.

*I, in life's valley, you on its crest;
I at its lowest, you at its best;
I sick and sorrowing, you hale and free;
What, then, dear Brother, binds you to me?*
THIS, THE GREAT COVENANT in which we
abide—

HEARTS charged with sympathy—
HANDS opened wide—
LIPS filled with comfort,
And God to provide.

*They in death's slumber, we yet alive;
They freed from labor, we yet to strive;
They paid and joyful, we tired and sad—
What, then, to us, Brother, bindeth the dead?*
THIS, THE GREAT COVENANT in which we
abide—

HEARTS charged with sympathy—
HANDS opened wide—
LIPS filled with comfort,
And God to provide.

Let none be comfortless, let none despair;
Lo, round the Black grouped the *White Ashlars*
are!

Stand by each other, black fortune defy,
All these vicissitudes end by and by.
Keep THE GREAT COVENANT wherein we
abide—

"HEARTS charged with sympathy—
HANDS opened wide—
LIPS filled with comfort,
And God will provide!"

HIGH XII.

THE custom of Lodge-refreshment, time-honored and sanctioned by the example of the noblest and best of American Masons, might well be renewed. The Order with us has too much of the pulpit, and too little of the table. A due intermixture of both was what the Craft in the olden time regarded.

There's Pillars II. and Columns V.
Support and grace our halls of truth,
But none such sparkling pleasure give
As the Column that adorns the S'.
"HIGH XII." the Junior Warden calls—
His Column grants the festive hour,
And through our antiquated halls
Rich streams of social gladness pour.

'Tis then, all toil and care forgot,
The Bond *indissoluble* seems;
'Tis then the world's a happy spot,
And hope unmixed with sadness, gleams.
HIGH XII.: I've shared the festive hour
With those who realize the bliss,
And felt that life contains no more
Than sparkles in the joys of this.

What memories hover round the time!
What forms rise up to call it blest!
Departed Friends: why should I dim
Our joys to know that they're at rest!
HIGH XII.: how they rejoice to hear!
Quickly each implement laid down,
Glad to exchange for toil and care
And heavy Cross, a heavenly Crown!

Then Comrades all, by 8 x 8,
Linked in the golden chain of Truth,
A hearty welcome pledge with me
To the Column that adorns the S'!
HIGH XII.: and never be the hour
Less free, less brotherly than now!
HIGH XII.: a rich libation pour
To joys that none but Masons know!

THE DECAYED LODGE.

THESE walls are tottering to decay;
There's dampness on the stair;
But well I mind me of the day
When twoscore men met here:
When twoscore Brothers met at night,
The full round Moon above,
To weave the mystic chain of light
With holy links of love.

But now the lightest of the train
In early grave is bowed;

The chain is broke, the holy chain—
The MASTER's with his God!
The wailing notes were heard one day,
Where cheerful songs are best,
And twoscore Brothers bore away
Their MASTER to his rest.

The SOUTH, that pleasant voice, is still,
That spoke the joys of noon;
The WEST, that told the Master's will,
Has set as sets the sun.
The sun may rise, may stand, may fall,
But these will stand no more—
No more the faithful Craft to call,
Or scan their labors o'er.

I'll weep the rending of this chain,
As JESUS wept His love!
This haunted spot! what shall restrain
The tears these memories move!
Where twoscore Brothers met at night,
There's solitude and gloom;
Let grief its sacred train invite
To this old haunted room.

THE FOCUS OF THE LODGE.

It is admitted by lecturers and Masonic speakers, that the true acoustical focus of the lodge is near the Northeast corner. This is attributed to the fact that it was there each of us received those first impressions on which to build our future moral and Masonic edifice. Certainly in no other part of the room can the speaker give utterance, so truly and eloquently to the genuine sentiments of the Order; and the unhappy debates which sometimes disturb the harmony of our meetings, would be obliterated were speakers required to take their stand at the focus of the lodge!

Oh, when before the lodge we stand,
Its walls hung round with mystic lines,
And for the loving, listening band,
Draw truth and light from those designs;—
See ON THE RIGHT, the Open Word,
Which lendeth grace to every thought!
See ON THE LEFT, the Mason's lord!
'Tis chosen well, the sacred spot!

For there our youthful minds received
The earliest impress of that light,
Whose perfect radiance, believed,
Will lead the soul to Heavenly height.
Around the spot there clusters much
Of Masons' lore; and dull were he
Who, standing in the light of such,
Cannot unvell our Mystery.

If in Instruction's voice there come
A tone of hatred; if, alas,
The love and music of our home
Be changed to discord and disgrace,—
'Tis that the speaker has forgot
The solemn words first uttered there,—
His feet have left the sacred spot,
His heart and tongue no wisdom bear.

But when the soul is kindled high,
With love, such love as angels know—
And when the tongue trips lightly by
The truth and love our emblems show;—
When round the lodge, the eye and cheek
Prove how congenial is the theme,
No further need the speaker seek—
Good spirits stand and speak with him!

THE DUELIST.

A BROTHER, known and beloved for his Masonic and general worth, and had in fraternal contemplation for the highest honors of the Craft, was killed in a duel. His lodge, though warmly solicited, refused to bury him with Masonic honors, but accompanied his remains to the grave in citizens' apparel.

Hark, how the air resounds with death!
Lo, to the tomb a Mason comes!
But where is *the badge* the Mason hath—
Type of a life beyond the tombs?
Is there not one in all the band
Owns him a Brother now!
Speak, ye that weep around the bier,
And say where the honors were his due.

How he was loved these tear-drops show—
How he was honored midst our band;
For he had a heart for every woe,
For each distress a liberal hand.
Bright in the East our rising sun,
Proud viewed we his career;—
But now that to-day his race is run,
We fling no 'Cacia on his bier.

Whispering low the cause we yield—
History of his unworthy death—
False honor called him to the field
And death the erring Brother met!
No dirge from us can o'er him swell,
No banners round him wave;
Emblem of faith we dare not strew
Upon the sad, self-murderer's grave.

Ceases the knell of sorrow now—
But long will the heavy sigh be drawn;
Vacant the East! ah, heavy woe!
Our Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty gone.

But worst the grief this thought will bring
To our fraternal home—
Brightest and dearest, thou art passed,
Dishonored, to an early tomb!

THE TRACING-BOARD.

THE following was composed to be accompanied, in the recitation, by the emblems respectively named. Twelve of these are selected as the most significant of the furniture and jewels of the lodge.

A bundle of Maxims, quaint, ancient and true,
A Code of good morals for me, Sirs, and you,
To warn us and guide us in what we shall do.

THE SQUARE is Morality, just and benign—
THE LEVEL, Equality, nature's design—
THE PLUMB, it is Rectitude speaks in that line.

The swift flight of Time, by the HOUR-GLASS shown,
THE GAUGE so distributes that each hath its own—
THE COMPASS restricts us to Prudence alone.

THE TROWEL is Peace, of all lessons the best—
THE GAVEL, excrescences helps to divest—
THE SHEAF, Masons' wages assures us and rest.

THE CABLE-TOW speaks of a COVENANT sure—
THE APRON sweet innocence, lamb-like and pure—
THE DAGGER of what the true heart will endure.

What riches of wisdom and treasures of bliss!
Instructed by them none can labor amiss;
If tempted with passion, be cautioned by *this!*

When *discord* appears, spread the cement of love!
When vice would o'ercome you *this* Monitor prove,
When falling, from *this* learn uprightly to move!

Should death be forgotten, recall the great theme,
For lo, life is passing in this passing stream!
With Fervency toll, ere your wages you claim!

Blest Purity's spirit, celestial and clean,
Uncoiled by life's errors, *this* emblem is seen!
With *this* clear the conscience of all that is mean!

One-third of the day give to Mercy and Prayer!
Remember the Covenant's registered *there!*
Let *this* speak of Judgment, and traitors, beware!

A bundle of Maxims, quaint, ancient and true,
A Code of good morals for me, Sirs, and you,
To warn us and guide us in what we shall do.

FELLOW-CRAFTS' SONG.

FOUNDED upon the Scriptural passage appropriate to this Degree, viz., Amos vii. 7, 8.

His laws inspire our being—
Our light is from His sun;
Beneath the EYE ALL-SEEING,
Our Mason's work is done:
His Plumb-line in uprightness
Our faithful guide shall be;
And in the SOURCE OF BRIGHTNESS
Our willing eyes shall see.

THOU, FATHER, art the Giver
To every earnest prayer!
O, be the GUIDE forever
To this, our Brother dear!
By law and precept holy,
By token, word, and sign,
Exalt him, now so lowly,
Upon this GRAND DESIGN.

Within thy Chamber name him
A WORKMAN, wise and true!
While loving Crafts shall claim him
In bonds of friendship due:
Thus shall the walls extol THEE
And future ages prove
What Masons ever call THEE,
THE GOD OF TRUTH AND LOVE!

THE TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

THE NATIONAL MASONIC SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION, at Louisville, Kentucky, May, 1889, was a scene of great interest to the participants. The assemblage was large and enthusiastic, representing many portions of the country. The writer made the following his Valedictory as President of the School:

From the hills of old Virginia, from the meadows fat and rare,
From the banks of broad Ohio, and of others broad and fair,—
From the borders of our neighboring States,
true neighbors each they stand,
You have come responsive, Brothers, and have gripped me by the hand.

You have brought me words of greeting,—words I never can forget;—
Have given me light my eyes will see till life's poor sun has set;—

You have told with signs significant, your mee sages so true,
And now, at parting, one kind word I offer,
Friends, to you.

A goodly group, around us! the thoughtful air of Greene—
The cheerful gaze of Webster,—and Williams' modest mien,—
The chivalry of Bullock, that courteous look and bow,—
The sterling sense, the honest voice, the gentleness of Howe.

These are the types of all who've set unwearied 'neath the voice
That told of Masons' labors and of Masons' well-earned joys;
Deep in the souls of these have sunk th' unchangeable and true,
The mighty COVENANTS that bind, dear Brothers, me and you.

Here, too, those welcomed lights have shone, ay, welcome as the sun,
Whose fame as skillful builders has in distant lands been won—
The veterans Penn and Norris, Tracey, vigilant and loyal,
And Hunt, the genial-hearted, and Bayless, true as steel.

To all who *work* as these work, to all who *love* like them,
To all who *build* as they build the New JERUSALEM,
Be *wages* such as they shall have, when standing in the West
They hear the Master call them, "Come, ye faithful, to your rest."

True, zealous, loyng men! on this tempestuous, rocky shore
I may not meet—ah, sad to think—not meet or greet you more;
Each day speaks louder in my ears the uncertainties of time,
And death amidst life's music louder peals his solemn chime.

Then each FAREWELL! bear homeward LIGHT our fathers well approved,
Set up the Pillars, rear the Walls;—'twas work our fathers loved:
Time will your fond devotion to unending ages tell;
God will o'ersee and bless you! Brothers, faithfully, farewell!

TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN IN 1839.

DEAR Brother, 'tis no light design,
Inspires this desultory line—
When gratitude and love combine
There's surely something in it!
My thoughts involuntary flow
To that bright season spent with you;
A tribute to the same is due
And now I will begin it.

If I should change my homestead place,
From Old Kentucky turn my face,
I do with truthfulness confess
An Alabama notion:
Such ardor in our noble cause,—
Such knowledge of our ancient laws—
The very memory of it draws
My soul with strong emotion.

And you with ripest wisdom fraught,
You, mild, experienced, firm—who've brought
The hearts of all to love, and taught
Them Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty—
Of all the thousands whom I know
Co-laborers on the Mountain's brow,
Around our mystic Temple, few
Perform like you their duty!

Clopton and Wood:—God bless the twain!
There's hope while such as they remain,
Whose every thought and word is gain
To the old Craft that love them!
Far hence their final summons be—
May children's children crown their knee,
And grateful tears bedew the tree
That's set at last above them!

THE TWO VISITS.

I saw him *first* one snowy winter night,—
But summer's fire glowed in his youthful
breast,—
A humble seeker for Masonic light,
A pilgrim journeying for Masonic rest:
From the bright orient southward to the west
Darkly he journeyed, while our eyes inquired
If form, and heart, and garb fulfilled our test?
From the ordeal he came, as one inspired,
And glad amongst us stood, enlightened and
attired.

Once more I saw him—but his eyes were hid,
Hoodwinked by death; as with an iron band
His limbs were fettered; 'neath the coffin-lid
The strong man lay extended, and his hand

Whose grip had thrilled me, ah! how dead it
spanned
His pulseless breast! yet round our Brother's
head
Thrice we encircled, though with grief unman-
ned,
And with respectful tenderness we spread
Upon his breast green sprigs, fit presents to
the dead.

For he had journeyed further, learned a lore
Profounder, drank in purer light than we,
And of desired treasure gathered more
Than dwells in all the mines of Masonry!
What unto us is veiled in mystery
Was real to him, and by his Master's side,
Knowing as he was known, *the dead was free!*
Therefore we paid our homage to the dead,
And "we shall meet again our Brother dear,"
we said.

And we *shall* meet again, not as in quest
Of light Masonic, nor as in that time
When last I saw him pallid in his rest,
But in a Lodge transcendently sublime!
Death there shall ring no funeral chime—
No weeping band shall go about its dead,—
But light and life inspire an endless hymn:
Ah, happy we whose very grave may shed
Effulgent hope and joy as round its brink we
tread!

BROTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

A FREEMASON dying, sent a message to the
writer, asking him to come and pronounce the
Masonic eulogy over his remains. But the dis-
tance was too great and the message too long
delayed.

How tender must the love of Masons be
When in the dying moment they can think
Of one another! few the human ties
That are not severed by the approach of death!
He quenches common friendship! blunts the
edge

Of mere acquaintance! rends the cable-tow
Of social ties or scatters them like chaff!
But on the love of Masons—golden chain,
Stronger than iron—death can lay no hand!
Powerless, conquered, stingless, hateful death!

Brother! when struggling thus in the last
fight—

That fight I too must struggle in, and soon,—
Did you remember me? did the bright hours
We sat together midst the Sons of Light
Come o'er your spirit like a happy dream?
Did you recall the Mason-songs we sung?

Or what in sweet Companionship was told
Of gentle Ruth and loving Martha pure,
While from the sisters round came answering
tears?

Those scenes delightful I can ne'er forget!
Would I had seen you in the conquering hour,
That I, too, might prepare for victory!
If the blest spirits of the just return
To this cold world, if Mason-love hath power
To call one visitor from brighter scenes,
May I have grace with God to see again,
When I shall die, those whom I loved below!
To tell me how they won the victory
And what the joys that wait me in the skies!

A FESTIVAL ODE.

HARK, from the lofty dome,
Hark, from the Mason's home
Comes a sweet song:
Words full of mystery,
Virtue and charity,
Tuned unto melody
Rise from the throng.

CHORUS.

Joy, the Masons' year is ended,
Freres of St. John!
Joy, which every month attended,
Pains with brightest pleasures blended,
Ended and gone;
Crafts of the temple, to your altar throng,
Children of light, upraise the festive song.

Come, oh ye newly made,
Late to our altar led,
Hasten, oh youth;
Gone is the gloomy night,
Sweet is the mystic light,
Broke on the dazzled sight,
Glowing with truth.

Age, with the locks of snow,
Time's burden bending low,
Fathers, oh come;
Welcome the veteran here—
With every added year,
Dearer and yet more dear,
To Masons' home.

Master, your toil is done;
Brethren, the prize is won;
Hail the new year;

Pledge every soul again,
Strengthen the mystic chain,
Long may the Lodge remain
Without a peer.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

How the souls of friends departed
Brood around this joyful scene!
Tender, brave, and faithful-hearted,
They have left their memories green.
Could we view them,
Smiles upon each face were seen.

As they scan our gladsome meeting,
It recalls a thousand joys:
As they list our cheerful greeting,
'Tis to them a glorious voice:
'Tis the echo
Of a hundred years of joys!

One by one those loved ones perished,
But they left the chain still wound;
Every virtue that they cherished
Here is found as here they found:
Thus in heaven
Blessed souls to ours is bound.

So shall we, tho' long departed,
When a hundred years are sped,
Join the brave and faithful-hearted,
Who around this Lodge shall tread;
And our memories
Shall be cherished here, though dead.

GRAVE OF THE GRAND MASTER.

OVER the grave of the Hon. Henry Gee, Past Grand Master of Masons in Florida, is a marble monument of rare beauty and propriety. The writer visited the spot January 24, 1858. The place of interment was selected by the deceased—a grove of oaks near the verge of a hill. The birds sing their sweetest through the Florida winters, and the evergreens, whose brightness is reflected upon the marble surface of the monument, give no indications of mortality.

"May I, when given to dust, be laid
In the o'erarching oak-trees' shade!
Not midst the crowded ranks of those
In life commingled, friends or foes;
Not 'neath the dust of trampling feet;
Not where the mourners frequent meet;
But far from life's poor turmoll, laid
In the o'erarching oak-trees' shade."

'Tis done; this sweet, retired scene
Is nature's own delightful green;
No voice but the lamenting dove
That sighs and murmurs of its love;
No footsteps but the tender tread
Of those who loved, who love the dead;
No passion but the sigh subdued,
Breathed for the friend who's gone to God.

The pilgrim, dusty from a path
That circles round the weary earth,
Stands mutely pleased:—"Twas well to place
The MASTER on a couch like this!
The BUILDERS, scattered as they be,
Sleeping on plain, and mount, and sea,
Dispersed until the trumpet's blast—
Few of them have such fitting rest.

How searchingly that awful Eye
Reads the impress of memory!
Death cannot hide a brother dead,
But the OMNISCIENT Eye will read
Each act, each word, each secret thought,
Through a long life conceived or wrought:
Well for the sleeper if his life
Endure a scrutiny so rife!

But thou, oh, MASTER of the Craft,
A spotless memory hath left;
The pitying heart, the loving soul,
The liberal hand to crown the whole.
And zeal in toils of mystic plan,
Which honor God and honor man—
These are thy jewels—they will try
The ken of the ALL-SEEING Eye.

Rest peaceful, then, while Nature sighs,
And graces where thy body lies!
Lift high that column many a year,
To call the grateful BUILDERS near!
Wait patient for the mystic call
From out the depths of Heaven's hall:—
"Ye BUILDERS, MEN from many lands,
Come to the house not made with hands!"

RISE UP: HE CALLETH THEE.

He calleth us to words and deeds of love,
As spring calls forth from wintry crust the
flowers;
He breathes within us spirit from above
As zephyrs breathe within the sunny bowers;
He saith, Arise, shake off the dust and go
Where duty calls, where sorrow hath its
sway;
He points our feet the proper path, and lo,
He promiseth to be with us alway!

THE DARK DECREE.

'Tis done, the dark decree is said
That called our friend away;
Submissive bow the sorrowing head,
And bend the lowly knee;
We will not ask why God has broke
Our Pillar on its stone,
But humbly yield us to the stroke,
And say "His will be done."

At last the weary head has sought
In earth its long repose;
And weeping freres have hither brought
Their chieftain to his close:
We held his hand, we filled his heart,
While heart and hand could move,
Nor will we from his grave depart
But with the rites of love.

This grave shall be a garner, where
We'll heap our golden corn;
And here, in heart, we'll oft repair,
To think of him that's gone;
To speak of all he did and said,
That's wise, and good, and pure,
And covenant o'er the hopeful dead,
In vows that shall endure.

Oh, Brother, bright and loving frere,
Oh, spirit free and pure,
Breathe us one gush of spirit air,
From off the heavenly shore,
And say, when these hard toils are done,
And the GRAND MASTER calls,
Is there for every wearied one
Place in the heavenly halls?

THE PURSUIT OF FRANKLIN.

WHEN Dr. Kane, the Arctic navigator, left
New York in search of Sir John Franklin, he
set the Masonic Square and Compass in large
characters upon his foresail. He visited a lodge
in Newfoundland at his brief call there. The
flag taken *and left*, by his orders, nearest the
North Pole, was the Masonic flag. It was an
incentive to the zealous search made by our
intrepid countrymen, that Franklin was re-
ported to be a Freemason.

The following lines were written in 1853,
upon his setting out on the philanthropic
errand. It is needless to say, however, that
the writer's prediction failed in its fulfillment:

'Midst polar snows and solitude,
Eight weary years the voyager lies,
Ice-bound upon the frozen flood,
While expectation vanishes;
Ah! many a hopeless tear is shed
For Franklin numbered with the dead!

'Midst joys of home, and well-earned fame,
Young, healthful, honored, there is one
Who pines to win a nobler name,
And feels his glory but begun;
His heart is with the voyager lost,
'Midst polar solitude and frost.

The voice from off the frozen flood,
Appeals in trumpet-tones for aid;
'Tis heard, 'tis answered—swift abroad
The flag is flung, the sail is spread;
That sail on whose pure face we see
Thy symbol, honored Masonry!

Away, on glorious errand, now,
Thou hero of a sense of right!
Success be on thy gallant prow,
Thou greater than the sons of might!
Thy flag, the banner of the free,
Oh, may it lead to victory!

Is there some chain of sympathy
Flung thus across the frozen seas?
Is there some strange, mysterious tie,
That joins these daring men?—there is!
This, honored, healthful, free from want,
Is bound to *that* in COVENANT!

For though these twain have never met,
Nor pressed the hand, nor joined the heart,
In unison their spirits beat,
Brothers in the Masonic art;—
One, in the hour of joy and peace—
One, in the hour of deep distress.

And by the SYMBOLS, best of those
Time-honored on our ancient wall,—
And by the prayer that ceaseless flows,
Upward from every Mystic Hall—
And by thine own stout heart and hand,
Known, marked, and loved in every land—

Thou shalt succeed—his drooping eye
Shall catch thy banner, broad and bright—
That symbol he shall yet decry,
And know a Brother in the sight!
Ah, noble pair! which happier then,
Of those two daring, dauntless men!

SONG AND FREEMASONRY.

ADDRESSED to a lady who has written various
Masonic productions of merit.

Rich is song when tuned to passion,
Love, benevolence, or joy—
Vast its power, and blest its mission;—
Saints in heaven the notes employ;

Heaven itself resounds with song,
Tuned by an unnumbered throng.

But its power is best extended,
When, to bless the SONS OF TOIL,
Masons' joys with songs are blended,
Rhyming Corn and Wine and Oil;
Then it thrills the inner sense,
Driving gloomy shadows hence.

Sister, from your heart are welling
Thoughts attuned to sweetest song!
But the sweetest yet are telling
Of the ancient Mason-throng;
Telling of its TENETS three,
FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY!

Still to us your muse be given—
Ours the genial spirit-birth;
Sing the Sabbath-rest of Heaven,
Sing the six days' toil of earth,
Festive joys, and sacred grief,
Love fraternal, truth, relief.

Then, when death his object gaining,
Stills the answer of your lyre,
These the gems of song remaining,
Other genius shall inspire,
And the Craft, in deathless lays,
Shall embalm their Poet's praise.

MONODY TO THE HON. P. C. TUCKER.

THE following Monody forms a part of the
"Eulogy" pronounced by the writer in Janu-
ary, 1862, in the presence of the Grand Lodge
of Vermont:

Dead! and where now those earnest, loving
eyes

Which kindled in so many eyes the light?
Have they departed from our earthly skies
And left no rays to illuminate the night?

Dead! and where now that heart of sympathy
That welled and yearned, and with true love
o'erflowed?

Oh, heart of love, is the rich treasure dry?
Forever sealed, what once such gifts be-
stowed?

Dead! and where now that gen'rous, nervous
hand

That thrilled each nerve within its generous
clasp?

Will it no more enlink the mystic band,
Hallowing and strength'ning all within its
grasp?

Heart, eyes, and hand, to dust are all consign'd—
It was his lot, for he was born of earth;
But the rich treasures of his master-mind
Abide in Heav'n, for there they had their birth.

Abide in Heav'n! oh, the enkindling trust!
The record of his deeds remaineth here:
THE ACACIA blooms beside his silent dust
To point unerringly to yon bright sphere.

Then, though the SHATTERED COLUMN mark
his fate,
And WEEPING VIRGIN tell th' unfinished FANE,
Not altogether are we desolate,
For oh, departed friend, we meet again!

THE FUNERAL SOUND.

WRATHS the mourning badge around—
Once again that funeral sound!
From his friends and from his home,
Bear him, Brothers, to the tomb!

While *they* journey weeping, slow,
Silent, thoughtful let us go;
Silent—life to him is sealed;
Thoughtful—death's to him revealed.

How his life-path has been trod,
Brothers, we will leave to God;
Friendship's mantle, trusting faith,
Lends a fragrance, even to death:

Here, amidst the things that sleep,
Lay him down—his rest is deep!
Death has triumphed—loving hands
Cannot raise him from his bands.

But the Emblems that we shower,
Tell us there's a mightier Power;
O'er the strength of death and hell,
JUDAH'S LION SHALL PREVAIL!

Dust to dust, the dark decree—
Soul to God, the soul is free!
Leave him with the lowly lain—
Brother, we shall meet again!

OUR FUTURE MEETING.

WHERE types are all fulfilled—
Where mystic shades are real—
Where aching hands and hearts are stilled,
And death has set his seal—

In that bright land called *Heaven*,
Dear Friend, we'll meet once more!
The token in thy parting given,
Points to a *heavenly shore*.

'Tis *this*, our signs have taught—
Our symbols old and true;
'Tis *this* upon our work is wrought,
Which every frere can view;
From the first line we traced,
On the foundation walls,
To that *bright stone*, the last, the best,
The glory of our halls.

Oh, what a land of joy
Hast thou beheld, my Friend!
Oh, what ineffable employ
Thy faithful heart has gained!
Thy Brother, weary, worn,
Longs for the same bright dome,
Where all the week's hard service done,
He'll have thy welcome home.

CRYPT IN THE CORNER-STONE.

It is a legend in Masonry that the Corner-stone of Solomon's Temple, sunk firmly in the northeast corner of the holy Mount, contains many objects strange and curious. Among them is a collection of all the vices and passions that were found in the hearts of the Temple-builders when they came up from Phenicia to undertake the work. These, King Solomon was enabled, by his wisdom, to detect, and by his Power, to withdraw from their working-places, and to confine them securely as already stated.

Since that period, whenever a Mason-brother exhibits any passion or impropriety forbidden by his Covenants, he may correctly be charged with having "robbed the Corner-stone of King Solomon's Temple!"

Build up, ye Crafts, the Sacred Fane—
Raise up its walls as high as heaven—
But *shape your blocks* and lay them there,
Upon the pattern given.
Our MASTER bade us labor so—
He marked the years, threescore and ten,
And gives us many a noon-tide hour,
To cheer his tolling men.
We build no walls for time to gnaw,
No halls for men who yield to death;—
Our *pattern* is the perfect Law,
And God our service hath!
He refined the passions' evil train;
He quenched the fires within the breast;
He sunk them deep beneath the earth,
And *there* we bid them rest;

He laid in love the CORNER-STONE,—
 A firm unshaken ROCK 'tis found,
 Our fathers built on this alone,
 For this is holy ground!
 We build no walls for time to gnaw,
 No halls for men who yield to death;—
 Our *pattern* is the perfect LAW,
 And God our service hath!

NEVER SLIGHT A HAILING BROTHER.

(Written during the Civil War.)

TO FRED. WEBBER.

NEVER slight a hailing brother—
 Be it *Blue* or *Grey* he wear;
 Never ask his creed or country,
 So he's *faithful to the Square*;
 Only know he's true and faithful
 To the solemn vow he swore,
 And then a generous hand extend him
 As in peaceful days of yore.

Sad the strife and fearful, Brother,
 Almost hopeless seems the end;
 Some have felt its utmost horror,
 In the loss of home and friend;
 Yet the fire and shot have left us,
 Even stronger than we were—
 And oh! this day Freemasons conquer.
 Faithful, faithful to the *Square*.

When sweet peace shall bless us, Brother,
 And the fire and shot have ceased,
 Then we'll strive not to remember
 All the cruel things that passed:
 But there's one thing we'll forget not,
 While a memory we bear;
 It is the sacred tie so cherished
 By the Brothers of the *Square*.

HOLY LAND SPECIMENS.

I SEEM to see the heavenly Book
 Ten thousand roots send down,
 As though from out its native soil
 To vindicate its own;
 To rock and water, wood and earth,
 The unerring fibres haste,
 And draws each princely wisdom forth
 As vivifies the waste.

The Book itself grows wiser, hence,
 Its Lamp beams forth anew;
 The SPIRIT's best deliverance
 More plainly comes to view.
 If HE, our WISEST, deigned to use
 Such objects for our good,
 Oh, let us not their teachings lose,
 So plainly understood.

SOLOMON'S MIDNIGHT VISIT.

It is one of the most charming traditions that past generations have entrusted to the present, this of *King Solomon's Midnight Visit*. The legend is that the Mighty Sage, weary with protracted waiting for the Resurrection Day, is permitted an hour each night to roam over the earth. Naturally looking up Masonic Lodges, he hears the gavel-sounds of those that are working past midnight, enters them, though invisible, and infuses a spirit of wisdom and love into every bosom. Thus it has long been observed of the Brethren returning home at so late an hour, that they are fraught with a peculiarly brotherly spirit, explained best by this hypothesis of the *Midnight Visit of King Solomon*!

In a deep, rocky tomb great King Solomon lies,
 Sealed up till the Judgment from all prying
 eyes;

The SQUARE on his breast, and his kingly
 brow crowned—

His GAVEL and Sceptre with filletings wound;
 At midnight, impatient, his spirit comes forth,
 And haunts, for a season, the places of earth.

He flits like a thought, to the chambers of
 kings,—

To the field where red battle has shaken his
 wings,—

To the cave where the student his late vigil
 keeps,—

To the cell where the prisoner hopelessly weeps;
 But most, where Freemasons their mystical
 round

Continue past midnight, King Solomon's found!

Oh, then, when the bell tolls Low XII. do we
 hear

A rustling, a whispering startling the ear!

A deep solemn murmur—while Crafts stand in
 awe

At something the eye of a mortal ne'er saw!

We know it, we feel it, we welcome the KING
 Whose spirit takes part in the anthems we sing!

And, then, every heart beats responsive and
 warm—

The ACACIA blooms freshly—we heed not the
 storm;

Our tapers are starlit, and lo, from above,
 There seems as descending the form of a dove!

'Tis the EMBLEM OF PEACE which King Solomon
 sends,

To model and pattern the work of his friends.

His friends, loving Brothers, as homeward you
 go,

Bear Peace in your bosoms, let Peace sweetly
 flow!

In Concord, in Friendship, in Brotherly Love
Be faithful,—no Emblem so true as that dove!
The world will confess then, with cheerful
accord,
*You have met with King Solomon at midnight
abroad!*

THE SPIRIT OF UNION.

In the settlement of long-pending difficulties
among the Canadian Masons, the writer was
called in, in July, 1853, with Philip C. Tucker,
Grand Master of Vermont, to suggest proper
terms of reconciliation. The pleasing task being
performed, and the Union complete, the follow-
ing lines were read at a Banquet that most
agreeably terminated the meeting:

There never was occasion, and there never was
an hour,
When spirits of Peace on angel-wings so near
our heads did soar;
There's no event so glorious on the page of time
to appear,
As the union of the Brotherhood, sealed by our
coming here.

'Twas in the hearts of many, 'twas in the
prayers of some,
That the good old days of Brotherly Love might
yet in mercy come;
'Twas whispered in our Lodges, in the E. and
S. and W.,
That the time was nigh when the plaintive cry
our God would hear and bless.

But none believed the moment of fruition was
at hand;
How could we deem so rich a cup was waiting
our command!
It came like rain in summer-drought, on droop-
ing foliage poured,
And bade us look henceforth for help, in all our
cares, to God!

The news has gone already upon every wind of
heaven;
The wire, the press, the busy tongue, the intel-
ligence has given;
And every one who heard it and who loves the
Sons of Peace,
Has cried, "Praise God, the God of Love! may
God this Union bless!"

Vermont takes up the story—her "old man elo-
quent"—
Long be his days among us, on deeds of mercy
spent—

He speaks for the Green Mountains, and you
heard him say last night,
"Bless God that I have lived till now to see this
happy sight!"

Kentucky sends you greeting—from her broad
and generous bound,
Once styled of all the Western wild, "the Dark
and Bloody Ground."
She cries aloud, "God bless you! Heaven's dew
be on you shed,
Who first took care to be in the right, then bold-
ly went ahead!"

From yonder constellation, from the Atlantic to
the West,
Where the great pines of Oregon rear up their
lofty crest,
From the flowery glades of Florida, from Min-
nesota's plain,
Each voice will say, "Huzza! huzza! this Craft
is one again!"

Old England soon will hear it; not always will
the cry
Of suffering Brothers meet her ear, and she pass
coldly by:
There's a chord in British hearts vibrates to
every tale of wrong,
And she will send a welcome and a *Brother's*
hand ere long.

Then joyful be this meeting, and many more
like this,
As year by year shall circle round, and bring
you added bliss;
In quarry, hill, and temple, PEACE, nor cruel
word nor thought
Disturb the perfect harmony the gracious God
has wrought.

But while your walls are thus compact, your
cement strong and good,
Your workmen diligent and just, a mighty
Brotherhood,
Remember, Brethren, o'er the earth, and on
the raging sea,
How many a heart there is to-night that sighs,
"Remember me!"

By the *sign* the world knows nothing of, but to
our eyes so clear,—
By the *token* known in darkest hour, that tells
a brother dear,—
By the sacred *vow* and *word*, and by "the hiero-
glyphic bright,"
Remember all, the wide world round, who claim
your love to-night.

THE ORIENT.

LIGHT from the East, 'tis gilded with hope;
 STAR OF OUR FAITH, thy glory is up!
 Darkness apace, and watchfulness flee;
 Earth, lend thy joys to nature and me.
 See, Brothers, see yon dark shadows flee;
 Join in His praise, whose glories we be!
 Now, let these Emblems ages have given,
 Speak to the world, blest SAVIOUR, of Thee.

Lo, we have seen, uplifted on high,
 STAR IN THE EAST, thy rays from the sky!
 Lo, we heard, what joy to our ear—
 Come, ye redeemed, and welcome Him here!

Light to the blind, they've wandered too long—
Feet to the lame, the weak are made strong—
Hope to the joyless, freely 'tis given—
Life to the dead, and *music to heaven*!

Praise to the Lord, keep silence no more!
 Ransomed, rejoice from mountain to shore!
 Streams in the desert, sing as ye stray!
 Sorrow and sadness, vanish away!

THE TRUE SITE FOR MASONS' GRAVES.

TO ROLLA FLOYD.

(In Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* is a passage relative to the grave of one who would be forgotten. But the spirit of a Mason's interment suggests eternal memory.)

BURY me on the hill-top,
 Where sunbeams earliest come,
 And starlight longest lingers—
 Make there your Brother's home;
 There, through the hours of darkness,
 The glittering hosts will pass,
 And dew-drops weep my requiem,
 And night-winds sigh, Alas!—
 When I am dead.

But not by ocean billow,
 Oh not on briny shore,
 This form consign to nature—
 I hate its hollow roar:
 Cold weeds and sea-things floating
 Above me, on the wave,
 Would vex my spirit's slumber
 In that unquiet grave,
 When I am dead.

No stone to mark my resting—
 No gentle form to bow—

Oh, Brothers true and tender,
 Lay not your Brother so:
 Within my soul a yearning
 Impleads a Mason's home—
 Bury me on the hill-top,
 Where sunbeams earliest come,
 When I am dead.

THE MODEL MASON.

TO PHILIP C. TUCKER.

THERE's a fine old Mason in the North, he's
 genial, wise, and true,
 His list of brothers comprehends, dear Brother,
 me and you;
 So warm's his heart the snow-blast falls to chill
 his generous blood,
 And his hand is like a giant's when outstretch-
 ed to man or God;—
 Reproach nor blame, nor any shame, has check-
 ed his course or dimmed his fame—
 All honor to his name!

This fine old Mason is but one of a large family;
 In every Lodge you'll find his kin, you'll find
 them two or three;
 You'll know them when you see them, for they
 have their father's face,
 A generous knack of speaking truth and doing
 good always;—
 Reproach nor blame, nor any shame, has check-
 ed their course or dimmed their fame—
 FREEMASON is their name!

Ah, many an orphan smiles upon the kindred as
 they pass;
 And many a widow's prayers confess the sym-
 pathizing grace;
 The FATHER of this Brotherhood himself doth
 smile to see
 Their works—they're numbered all in heaven
 those deeds of charity!
 Reproach nor blame, nor any shame, can check
 their course or dim their fame,—
 All honor to their name!

THE LOVING TIE.

THE LOVING Tie we feel,
 No language can reveal—
 'Tis seen in the sheen of a fond Brother's eye;
 It trembles on the ear
 When melting with a tear,
 A Brother bids us cease to sigh.

Behold how good and how pleasant
For Brothers in unity to dwell !
As heaven's dews are shed
On Zion's sacred head,
The blessings of the Lord we feel.

'Twas at the sufferer's bed
Now moldering with the dead,
This *Bond*, ah, so fond, was discovered first to
me!

I saw his dying eye,
Light up with speechless joy,
And I felt how fond that love must be.

I ever will proclaim
With gratitude the name
Of Him, the *DIVINE*, who has granted this to me!
That weary tho' I stray
O'er nature's rugged way,
I never, never, alone can be.

There's some I know will smile
And others may revile—
'Tis so as we know with the evil heart away—
But if I can but prove
Through life a *Mason's love*,
I little care what man may say!

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Life's sands are dropping, dropping,—
Each grain a moment dies;
No stay has time, nor stopping—
Behold how swift he flies!
He bears away our rarest—
They smile and disappear;
The cold grave wraps our fairest—
Each falling grain 's a tear.

Life's sands are softly falling,—
Death's foot is light as snow:
'Tis fearful, 'tis appalling,
To see how swift they flow;
To read the fatal warning,
The sands so plainly tell;
To feel there 's no returning
Through death's dark shadowy dale.

Life's sands give admonition
To use the moments well;
Each grain bears holy mission.
And this the tale they tell:—
"Let zeal than time run faster,
Each grain some good afford,
Then at the last THE MASTER
Shall double our reward!"

KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S DIRGE.

Precious in the sight of heaven
Is the place where Christians die;
Souls with all their sins forgiven,
To the courts of glory fly;
Every sorrow, every burden,
Every cross they lay it down;
JESUS gives them richest guerdon
In His own immortal crown.

Here, above our BROTHER weeping,
Through our tears we seize this hope,—
He in JESUS sweetly sleeping,
Shall awake in glory up!
He has borne his cross in sorrow,
Weary pilgrim, all forlorn—
When the sun shines bright to-morrow,
'Twill reveal his sparkling crown.

Knights of Christ, your ranks are broken!
Close your front! the foe is nigh!
Shield to Shield behold the *TOKEN*
As he saw it in the sky!
BY THAT SIGN so bright, so glorious,
YE SHALL CONQUER if ye strive,
And like him, though dead, victorious
In the courts of JESUS live!

THE TEST.

I NEVER have denied—
I'm willing to be tried—
A call for sympathy from sorrowing man;
My own hard griefs impel
My heart for such to feel,
And I am willing to be tried again.

The claim, so often made,
For shelter and for aid,
I never have refused, and never can:
And though my purse was scant,
The poor did never want,
And I am willing to be tried again.

Is counsel craved, I give—
What pleasure to relieve
The doubts my neighbor's spirit that unman!
The wisdom given to me,
To him is offered free,
And I am willing to be tried again.

My brother goes astray,—
Ah, me, I know the way,
The slippery way that lures the thoughtless
man!
I run to draw him back—
I point the dangerous track,
And I am willing to be tried again.

I've suffered many a wrong,
 From evil hand and tongue—
 I've learned forgiveness from no common MAN!
 Forgiveness I've shown,
 As God to me has done,
 And I am willing to be tried again.

Each night on bended knee,
 The all-seeing EYE doth see
 My body suppliant at a THRONE DIVINE;
 And there for brothers' need,
 As for my own I plead,
 And I am willing to be tried again.

I'm dying fast and soon,—
 My life has past its noon,—
 I've had such premonitions as were plain:
 My heart was strong in faith
 That God would smile in death,
 And I am willing to be tried again.

A DEDICATION.

THE author's "History of Freemasonry in Kentucky," 1859, was dedicated to Henry Wingate, Past Grand Master of Kentucky, in the following lines:

Type of a generation dropping fast,—
 Pillar of faultless worth and dignity,
 This record of the unreturning past
 Is dedicate with loving heart to thee!

Of all the mighty Brotherhood whose toils,
 Through threescore years perpetuated here,
 Built with fond assiduity our walls,
 Thy services the Craftsmen most revere.

Long through the desert lead thou safe the way,
 We pilgrims following with faithful feet,
 A Light by night, unerring Guide by day,
 Till on the shores of Canaan we shall meet!

LINES TO LEXINGTON LODGE,

No. 310, AT BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A FIRE was kindled on the plain
 Of Lexington that gloweth yet;
 Each blood-drop from a patriot's heart
 A lasting horror did beget,
 Of tyrant's chain and despot's rule,
 With which our sorrowing world is full.

Here on your altars glows the flame
 Sacred to Truth and Charity;
 Each Craft before the SACRED NAME
 Bows low in mute sincerity;

And peace hath like a spirit shone
 Within the walls of LEXINGTON.

So mote it be till time shall end!
 May circling ages bless the Band
 That build the Mystic Temple here,
 And round the Mystic Altar stand!
 Eternity shall gild the flame
 Of LEXINGTON's thrice-honored name!

WALKING TOGETHER.

In thought, word, and deed,
 We too are agreed,
 From the same FOUNT OF KNOWLEDGE in-
 structed;
 And by the same hand
 We'll travel or stand,
 To the same Goal of triumph conducted.

Through the same open door,
 We lame, blind, and poor
 Undertook the same mystic endeavor;
 Through the same grave at last,
 When death's trial is past,
 We'll share the *forever and ever*.

Our *friends* are the same,
 Whatever their name,
 Whatever their station or nation;
 The same are our *foes*,
 Whose malice but shows
 Their hearts black with coming damnation.

We too, then, can walk,
 Sit, stand, work, or talk,
 In union make sign or give token,
 And while life remains
 With its losses and gains
 Let's see that the tie be not broken!

EXHORTATION TO CHARITY.

'Tis but an hour—our life is but a span;
 No summer rose so frail as dying man;
 Did there no memory of *our deeds* survive,
 Death were more welcome than the happiest
 life.

But the true heart shall live in mercy's deed;
 The *Record* stands where every eye can read—
 Where countless myriads on the judgment-
 morn
 Shall see *each charity* our hands have done.

What wondrous mercy doth THE MASTER give
That the true Workman in *his* Work shall live!
What wondrous power the dark grave defies—
The Temple stands although the Builder dies!

Bear me in memory then, kind Friends and true,
As one who loved the MASTER's cause and you!
Join my poor name with yours in Mystic Chain
Although we may not, cannot meet again!

And when the stroke of Death, long pending,
falls,
And I no more shall work on Temple-walls,
Wreath the ACAAUA green about my head
And give one memory to your faithful dead.

THE TEMPLE.

MANY years since, the author projected a poem which, under the title, "The Nails of the Temple," should designate the names and services of those great men of the past and present generations to whose labor and sacrifices the Masonic Institution is chiefly indebted for its present high position in this country. The stanzas following are but the opening of the design which now, it is likely, will never be resumed.

No human wisdom framed our halls,
No bodily sweat bedews our walls;
The utmost ken of mortal eye
Falls its proportions to espy;
Nor is it for a mortal's ear
Its songs at eve and morn to hear.

Our Temple crowns no earthly hill;
The Turk profanes Mount Sion still;
Siloam pours her hallowed stream
For those who spurn the sacred NAME;
Yet fixed on our unshaken base
Is seen our Temple's resting-place.

Unnumbered hearts and hopes prolong
The cadence of our votive song;
The savor of our sacrifice
Ascends and gladdens up the skies,
Where BUILDERS met from many lands
Rear up "the House not made with hands!"

We would record some fitting phrase
Of those sublime, those mystic lays;
Some names of the unnumbered Host
Else 'neath the moss of ages lost;
One episode in all those cares
Whose story marks three thousand years.

AUTHOR OF WISDOM, make us wise
To apprehend these Mysteries!

AUTHOR OF STRENGTH, the power impart
To build and cement from the heart!
AUTHOR OF BEAUTY, lend us grace
The hue to paint, the line to trace!

The stones of the foundation
In the Holy Mountain lie,
Brought from the sacred quarries
By the hand of Deity;
Each Block "the perfect angle"
Fulfills and gratifies—
It rests upon the level
Acknowledged in the skies.

Each on its broadside graven
Displays some mighty name;
'Tis daily called in Heaven
That roll of deathless fame;
All ages, lands have yielded
Their honored names to prop—
A glorious substructure—
And bear our Temple up.

In such a sacred place,
On such a solid base,
Built on the pattern of the PLAN DIVINE,
With time-defying walls
With love-o'erflowing halls,
Behold our Temple and come view our Shrine!

The mind would faint and fall,
The multitudes to tell,
Of all the Ashlars that are here inwrought;
They're culled from every clime,
Through long-revolving time,
And each bears token of the MASTER-THOUGHT.

Each bears the impress of MAN—
Such was the wondrous PLAN,
Of man in body, mind, and heart complete;
Each fills a stated place
Of Wisdom, Strength, or Grace
By the GRAND MASTER designate and meet.

THE WISE CHOICE OF SOLOMON.

In Gibeon the LORD appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, "Ask what I shall give thee."

And Solomon said, "Give Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad."

When in the dreams of night he lay,
Fancy-led through earth and air,
Whispered from the heavenly way,
The voice of promise met his ear;

Fancy ceased his pulse to thrill—
Gathered home each earnest thought—
And his very heart was still
Awhile the gracious words he caught :

"Ask me whatsoever thou wilt,
Fame, or wealth, or royal power—
Ask me, ask me, and thou shalt
Such favors have as none before!"
Silence through the midnight air—
Silence in the thoughtful breast—
What of all that's bright and fair,
Appeared to youth and hope the best?

'Twas no feeble tongue replied,
While in awe his pulses stood:—
"Wealth and riches be denied,
But give me Wisdom, voice of God!
Give me Wisdom in the sight,
Of the people thou dost know!
Give me OF THYSELF THE LIGHT,
And all the rest I will forego!"

Thus, oh, Lord, in visions fair,
When we hear Thy promise-voice,
Thus like him will we declare,
That Wisdom is our dearest choice!
Light of heaven! ah, priceless boon,
Guiding o'er the troubled way,
What is all an earthly sun,
To His celestial, chosen ray!

Wisdom hath her dwelling reared¹—
Lo, the mystic pillars seven!
Wisdom for her guests hath cared,
And meat, and bread, and wine hath given;
Turn we not, while round us cry
Tongues that speak her mystic word;
They that scorn her voice shall die,
But whoso hear are friends of God.

THE CELESTIAL RECORD.

¹ An English Mason, whose name has never been made public, donated considerable sums of money about the year 1832, and made the Western Grand Lodges his almoners for its disbursement in Masonic charities.

Written in Heaven
What he has given!
Placed on the records in letters of gold;
Read by the spirits,
Judges of merits—
Some day the name to us all will be told.

¹ Proverbs ix. 1-9.

Meantime let silence,
Free from all violence,
Drop its mute veil o'er the face of the man;
Seek not to show it—
Strive not to know it—
Go and do likewise, ye Brothers who can.

Blest was the offering;
Voices of suffering
Hushed under sympathy noble as that;
Tear-drops were trailing—
Sighs and bewailing,
And tear-drops and sorrow the orphans forget.

England, our Mother,
Toward thee each Brother
Reverently turns at this noble emprise,
"This makes the cable
Holy and stable,
Binding our Lodges forever," he cries.

THE GRATEFUL TESTIMONY.

(COMPOSED ON THE AUTHOR'S RETURN FROM
HOLY LAND, AUGUST, 1868.)

There is no guiding hand so sure as His,
Who guided me, a weary pilgrim, home;
There is no utterance so true as this:
"Go, trust in God, and you shall surely come,
Though broad your pilgrimage, across the
ocean-foam."

In all my wanderings I met no harm;
I could not go where God, our God, was not;
Though *weak*, I leaned on His Almighty arm;
Though *ignorant*, on His Infinite thought,
Which both on nature's page and in His Word
is taught.

You sent me, Craftsmen, to the Holy Land—
It was my dream from youth to manly age—
Birthplace and cradle of our mystic Band,
Whose charities adorn earth's brightest page,
Refuge of loving hearts, the Masons' heritage.

Receive now from that Orient-land the tale
Gathered for you on Lebanon's snow hills,
From Tyre's granite reefs, from sad Gebale,
From Joppa's crowded slope, from Zarthan's
rills,
And from Jerusalem, the world's great heart
that fills.

The spirit of our Craft is reigning yet
Through every hill and dale of Palestine;
Strong hands, warm hearts, great sympathies I
met,
And interchanged around the ancient Shrine,
And brought my wages thence of corn, and
oil, and wine.

I stood in silent awe beside the tomb
Where Hiram, Prince of Masons, has his
rest;
Its covering is the cerulean dome,
So fitting one with Mason-burial blest;
His sepulchre o'erlooks his Tyre on the west.

I knelt beneath the cedars old and hoar
That streak with verdure snowy Lebanon;
The mountain eagles o'er the patriarchs soar,
The thunder-clouds of summer grimly frown,
Where large and strong they stand, those
giants of renown.

I mused along the bay from whence the flotes
Went Joppa-ward, in old Masonic days;
Its waters sing, as when the Craftsmen's notes
Made the shores vocal with their hymns of
praise;
And fervent notes and true my grateful heart
did raise.

I plodded midst the heaps of sad Gebale;
Of all her glories not a trace is found,
Save here and there a relic, left to tell
The School of Mystic lore, the holy ground,
Where Hiram's matchless brows with laurel
leaves were crowned.

I climbed the hill of Joppa, at whose foot
The unceasing tide of stormy waters beats;
Though raftsmen's calls and gavel-sounds are
mute,
The generous Ruler of the port repeats
Our SACRED WORD in love, and all true Crafts-
men greets.

From Shiloh's cap I overlooked the site
Of Hiram's foundries, Zeredatha's plain;
Beyond, on Gilead's ranges swelled the fight
When Jephthah drove the invading force
amain,
And Jordan tinged her waves with unfraternal
stain.

Upon Moriah's memorable hill,
And in the Quarries 'neath the city's hum,
And midst the murmurs of Siloam's rill,
And in Aeldama's retired tomb,
My Mason-songs I chanted, fraught with grief
and gloom.

For oh, in sadness sits Jerusalem!
Queen of the earth, in widow's weeds she
lies;
Shade of historic glory, low and dim,
Thy Day-star gleams upon our eager eyes;
Oh, that from her decay loved Salem may
arise!

Now homeward come, my Mission I return
To this warm Brotherhood, dear Sons of
Light;
My Testimony stands—my work is done,
Yours be the honor, as is just and right!
Be all your jewels bright, your aprons ever
white.

Honor to those who bore this generous part,
Writing their names upon the Holy Land!
Honor to every true and loving heart
That makes Freemasonry such matchless
Band,
And may the Great I AM amongst you ever
stand!

THE PERFECT ASHLARS.

THE sunbeams, from the Eastern sky,
Flash from yon blocks, exalted high,
And on their polished fronts proclaim
The framer and the builder's fame.

Glowing beneath the fervid noon,
Yon marble dares the Southern sun,
Yet tells that wall of fervid flame,
The framer and the builder's fame.

The chastened sun, adown the West,
Speaks the same voice and sinks to rest,
No sad defect, no flaw to shame
The framer and the builder's fame.

Beneath the dewy night, the sky
Lights up ten thousand lamps on high;
Ten thousand lamps unite to name
The framer and the builder's fame.

Perfect in line, erect in square,
These Ashlars of the Craftsmen are:
They will to coming time proclaim
The framer and the builder's fame.

THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

Not useless: cold must be the heart
Can linger here in critic-mood,
And fail to recognize the good,
And look and sneer, and so depart.

Not useless: were it but to prove
What aspirations are in man;
Almost *divine* this mighty plan—
Almost an impulse from above.

Not useless: were it but to stir
The sense of awe within the breast:
What grandeur does the pile attest!
Is it a mortal's sepulchre?

Not useless : no; while life abide,
The measure of the soul, to me,
Its utmost stretch of thought shall be
My memories of the Pyramid!

THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

"A good land and a large . . . a land flowing
with milk and honey." (Deut. vi. 3, xl. 8, etc.)

O land of wondrous story, old Canaan bright
and fair,
Thou type of home celestial, where the saints
and angels are:
In heartfelt admiration we address thy hills
divine,
And gather consolation on the fields of Pales-
tine.

In all our lamentations, in the hour of deepest
ill,
When sorrow wraps the spirit as the storm-
clouds wrap the hill,
Some name comes up before us from thy bright
immortal band,
As the shadow of a great rock falls upon a
weary land.

The dew of *Hermon* falling yet, revives the
golden days;
Sweet *Sharon* lends her roses still, to win the
poet's lays;
In every vale the lily bends, while o'er them
wing the birds
Whose cheerful notes so marvelously recall the
Saviour's words.

From *Bethlehem* awake the songs of Rachel and
of Ruth,
From *Mizpah's* mountain-fastness mournful
notes of filial truth;
Magdala gives narration of the Penitent thrice-
blest,
And *Bethany* of sister-hosts who loved the
gentle Guest.

Would we retrace the pilgrimage of Jesus
Christ our Lord,
Behold His footsteps everywhere, on rocky
knoll and sward;
From Bethlehem to Golgotha, His cradle and
His tomb,
He sanctified old Canaan and accepted it His
home

He prayed upon the mountain-side, He rested
in thy grove,
He walked upon thy Galilee, when winds with
billows strove:
Thy land was full of happy homes, that loving
hearts did own,
E'en foxes and the birds of air—but Jesus
Christ had none.

Thou land of milk and honey, land of corn, and
oil, and wine,
How longs my hungry spirit to enjoy thy food
divine!
I hunger and I thirst afar, the Jordan rolls be-
tween,
I faintly see thy paradise all clothed in living
green.

My day of life declineth, and my sun is sinking
low;
I near the banks of Jordan, through whose
waters I must go:
Oh, let me wake beyond the stream, in land
celestial blest,
To be forever with the Lord in Canaan's prom-
ised rest.

THE GLORY OF LEBANON.

WRITTEN at the foot of Mount Lebanon after
witnessing a terrific thunder-storm.

O charming Mount! thy flowery sides,
Thy heights with cedars crowned,
Thy gushing springs, and painted wings,
And birds of sweetest sound!
O Lebanon! oh, roseate throne,
The Church of God shall be,
In days to come, a flowery home,
A roseate mount like thee!

O fearful Mount! thy stormy Crown,
Thy echoing tongues of flame,
Whose awful word proclaims its God,
And bids adore His name!
O Lebanon! oh, darkened throne,
The Church of God shall be,
In days to come, an anchored home,
A solid mount like thee!

O mighty Mount! thy stony gates,
Thy heights in walls secure,
Thy dizzy hills, and sheltered dales,
And guardians tried and sure!
O Lebanon! oh, guarded throne,
The Church of God shall be,
In days to come, a castled home,
A fortified mount like thee!

KABR HAIRAN.

WRITTEN April 15, 1868, at the Tomb of King Hiram.

Eastward from Tyre, where the sun
First gleams above gray Hermon's side,
They brought thee, when thy work was done,
And laid thee here in royal pride:
They brought thee with the noblest rites
The wisest of our Craft enjoined;
Before thee soared the mountain heights,
And thy loved ocean-isle behind.

The Cedars bowed their kingly tops
As Hiram, Chief of Masons, passed:
O'er Lebanon's all-snowy slopes
The eagle screamed upon the blast:
Westward the foaming sea was crowned
With snow-white sails returning home:
Their Sea-Queen glorious they found,
Where thou, their King, should no more
come.

Where in thy lifetime thou hadst reared
This Tomb, befitting one so great,
They bore thee, Monarch loved and feared,
And laid thee in thy bed of state.
They closed thee in with cunning art
And left thee to thy well-earned fame:
'Twas all the living can impart,—
A tomb, a pageant, and a name.

Loud was the wail on Zidon's hill,—
Her Sages mourned thee as their own:
Loud the lament on far Jebale
Her wisest *Son of Light* was gone:
The ships of Tyre bore the word
On every wind across the main,
And white-robed craftsmen wept their lord
And strewed the mystic leaves again.

Nor these alone;—on Zion too
A Brother joins his tears with theirs:
King Solomon, to friendship true,
The grief of Tyre fitly shares:
His matchless pen such words indites
Of true report and sacred woe,
That to this hour, Freemasons' rites
Within his wise direction go.

The centuries wore apace; and changed
The kingdom of each royal Sire:
Ephraim from Judah was estranged,
And Zidon separate from Tyre:
Then swept the deluge over all;
The Conqueror came with sword and flame,
And templed shrine and kingly hall
Are but the shadow of a name.

Yet here thy burial-place is kept,—
Still this MEMORIAL appears,
Though shadows of old time have crept
Along these stones three thousand years.
The frost and rain have gently seared;
The Orient-sun hath kindly blessed:
And earthquakes shattering have spared
Our *Kabr Hairan*, Hiram's rest.

Still warm thine eastern front the rays
That call the Craftsmen to the wall:
Here let me chisel this device,
The oldest, holiest of all!
And as the western sun goes down
To give the wearied Craft release,
His latest gleam, in smile or frown,
These time-stained ashlar's still doth kiss.

The lizard darts within thy walls,
The Arab stalks indifferent by,
Vast relics once of lordly halls
Around in mute suggestion lie:
The hyssop springs between the stones,
The daisy blossoms at the foot,
The olive its peace-lessons owns,
Best moral where all else is mute.

Stand thou, till time shall be no more,
Great type of Masonry divine!
From eastern height, from western shore,
Let Craftsmen seek this ancient shrine:
And from each pilgrim this be heard,
As from one humble voice to-day:
"Honor to Hiram,—Masons' lord,
Honor and gratitude we pay!"

THE SKELLIG LIGHT.

(OFF THE SOUTH-WESTERN COAST OF IRELAND.)

WHEN hastening eastward o'er the waste,
By ocean-breakers rudely chased,
Our eager eye seeks for the smile
That marks the dangerous *Skellig Isle*,
We joy to catch the flashing ray
That guides, unerringly, our way.

What though in momentary gloom
Night may resume her sable plume,—
What though the clouds may settle down,
And threaten ocean's stormiest frown,—
Lo! flashing far across the main,
The *Skellig Light* beams out again!

So, wandering on life's stormy sea,
Oh, Craftsmen, by God's grace, may we
The tempest-tost and weary find,
In gloomiest hour, in saddest mind,

Our *Shedding Light*, from heavenly sun,
To draw us safely, smoothly on.

Should He withdraw His smiling face,
'Tis but to try our faithfulness:
Should He our pilgrimage enshroud,
He stands behind the threatening cloud:
And though He smite us with a blow,
It is His gentle chastening too!

Craftsmen, draw nigh and learn with me
These lessons from Freemasonry!
Each implement in mystic hand
Bids us this precept understand:
*They who would serve the Master's state,
Must work in Faith, in Patience wait!*

Composed at the place where the miracle occurred of the healing of the daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman.

Led by a hand invisible,
I come at last to view the place
Where Jesus broke the power of hell,
And gave the tortured child release.

And can it be my wearied feet
Press the same earth that Jesus trod?
Oh, happy hour, oh, bliss complete,
Oh, promises fulfilled of God!

These mountains looked on Christ that day;
This fountain murmured in His ear;
The sky serene, the glassy bay,
The charming flowers—all, all were here.

How looked the Saviour? oh, to see
His face divine! Was it in grief
At human pain, and misery,
And want, and sin, and unbelief?

Beneath this tamarisk-tree I muse;
Grant me to drink the spirit in
Of that great hour, nor let me lose
One feature of the wondrous scene:

The mother clamorous with her plea,
The apostle's cold, impatient word,
Faith's trial and sure victory,
And oh, the utterance of the Lord!

Cease, murmuring fountain, cease thy flow,
And let His utterance reach my soul:
"Great is thy faith, O woman, for
Already is the child made whole!"

The chain of evil power released,
The demon's fetters broke at last;
The very crumbs of Jesus' feast
Better than all the world's repast.

No longer to restrain my tears,
Such gratitude these drops recount:
'Tis surely worth my fifty years,
This noontide at Sarepta's fount!

Sing, murmuring waters, lulling streams;
Roar, foamy breakers, on the shore:
Broken Sarepta's fleeting dreams,
The vision will return no more.

Far o'er the western sea my heart
Wanders from lone Sarepta's shrine;
I rise, and on my way depart,
Never to view these scenes again.

But *I shall meet Him!* yes, I know,
My inmost being this assures,
Where founts celestial smoothly flow,
And perfect blessedness allures.

Onward and onward moments fly,
My sands of life make haste to run;
Lord, grant me favor ere I die,
To leave no appointed task undone!

THIS was the writer's farewell on his departure, February, 1868, for the Holy Land.

MIZPEH! well named the patriarchal stone,
Once fondly reared in Gilead's mountain-pass;
Doubtless the EYE ALL-SEEING *did* look down
Upon that token of fraternal grace:
And doubtless HE who reconciled those men,
Between them *watched*, until they met again.

So, looking eastward o'er the angry sea,—
The wintry blast, inhospitably stern,—
Counting the scanty moments left to me
Till I go hence,—and haply *not* return,—
I would, oh! Brethren, rear a MIZPEH too,
Beseeching God to watch 'twixt me and you.

It was His providence that made us one,
Who otherwise "perpetual strangers" were.
He joined our hands in amity alone,
And caused our hearts each other's woes to bear:
He kindled in our souls fraternal fire,—
Befitting children of a common FIRE.

In mutual *labors* we have spent our life;
In mutual *joys* sported at labor's close;
With mutual *strength* warred against human
strife;

And soothed with mutual *charity* its woes:
So, sharing mutually what God hath given,
With common *faith* we seek a kindred *Heaven*.

Bring stones, bring stones, and build an heap
with me—

Rear up our Mizpeh, though with many tears,
Before I trust me to yon stormy sea,
Hither with memories of many years
Come round me mystic laborers once more,
With loving gifts upon this wintry shore.

Bring prayer—the Watcher in the heavens will
heed;

Bring types—significant of heavenly hope;
Bring words—in whispers only to be said:
Bring hand-grasps—strong, to lift the help-
less up;—

Bring all these reminiscences of light
That have inspired us many a wintry night.

Lay them on Mizpeh, and the names revered
Of those who've vanished from our mystic
band;—

Are we not taught, that with the faithful dead,
In Lodge celestial we shall surely stand?
Oh! crown the pile, then, with the good and
blest,
Whose memories linger, though they are at
rest.

* * * * *

Finished—and now I hope whate'er may betide,
Though wandering far toward oriental sun,
He who looked kindly on that mountain-side,
Will watch between us till my work is done.
Lord God Almighty, whence all blessings are,
Behold our Mizpeh and regard our prayer.

* * * * *

Be my defender while in foreign lands—
Ward off the shafts of calumny accurst—
My labors vindicate, while Mizpeh stands,
And hold my family in sacred trust:
Should I no more behold them fond and dear
I leave them, Brothers, to Masonic care.

Finally, Brothers, if in careless mood,
Forgetting pledges sealed on Word Divine,
I've injured any of the Brotherhood,
Impute it not, this parting hour, a sin;—
Forgive! lo. He by whom all creatures live
Grant us forgiveness—e'en as we forgive.

THE INSCRIPTIONS NEAR GEBALE.

Thoughtfully gazing on this wall,
By Egypt carved for Egypt's glory,
I strive to call before me all
The sum of this symbolic story:

It is, that in the human heart
There ever is a deathless longing
For life eternal; from death's rest
The immortal soul expects returning.

These conquerors, in blood and flame,
Wrote on earth's history their hope
To have eternity of fame!
Traveler upon these mountains, stop
And pay obeisance! 'twas a good
And worthy hope,—the same that fires
And animates your generous blood,
And to all noble deeds inspires!

PLINY FISK,

THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO THE HOLY
LAND, A BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC FIRE.

'NEATH our weeping, 'neath our weeping,
Lies the young disciple sleeping.
Jesus moved him with His story,
Promised him the heavenly glory,
While his vows of service keeping.

Earnest spirit, earnest spirit,
How he did that fire inherit!
How, to seek the lost, did wander,
Rent his home-ties all asunder,
And his martyr's crown did merit.

Oh, to see him! oh, to see him!
When the stroke of death did free him,
Burst the chains that long impeded,
Quenched the sorrows he had heeded;
Angels to his home convey him.

Blessed resting, blessed resting,
Not a jar of earth molesting;
Leaves of cypress sigh above him,
Breathe the faith that once did move him,
Green and fragrant life attesting.

FAREWELL TO JERUSALEM.

FAREWELL, Jerusalem!—thy sun bends low,
And warns me with his parting beams to go:
One more fond look;—never again to me
On Moab's summit shall his *rising* be;
Never on flowery Sharon's westward plain
His *sunset*-visage greet my eyes again;
Though other suns may lighten up my shore,
Zion, *thy sun* shall gladden me no more!

Farewell, blest city;—all thy sacred hills
Thy winding valleys, thy historic rills.

Thy sepulchres that pierce the mountain's side
 Thy fragrant gardens 'neath Siloam's side,
 With me I bear, by loving fancy's aid,
 Inscribed in images that cannot fade:
 Memory may forfeit many a precious gem,
 But never *these*, thou best Jerusalem.

Farewell, thou Mount beloved! can it be
 The gracious King in wrath abandoned thee?
 There was no remedy: such clouds of sin
 Polluted all thy courts, without, within,
 That the fierce fire of vengeance long withheld
 Kindled at last; His loving heart was steel'd:
 Then up those hills there surged such floods of
 flame,

They left thee but "a by-word and a name."

Farewell! above the skies eternal wait
 Glories transcending far thy best estate;
 There gates and walls with precious jewels
 dressed,
 And streets of gold allure the happy guest;
 There flows the river and there grows the tree—
 Water of life and endless fruits for me;
 And God hath given to the place *thy name*,
 The Holy City,—NEW JERUSALEM!

THE CHOICE OF DUKE GODFREY.

THIS redoubtable hero when crowned first
 King of Jerusalem, August, 1099, refused to
 wear a crown, averring that "King Jesus had
 worn a crown of thorns."

Not where the Saviour bore
 Thorns on His brow;
 Not where my King upon
 Cross-tree did bow;
 Not where the Prince of Life
 Sorrowed and groaned,
 Godfrey shall ever be
 Homaged and crowned.

Mine be the humbler name,
 Fitter by far,
 "Warder of Tomb Divine,
 Christ's Sepulchre!"
 Mine at its portal
 In armor to lie!
 Mine in death's ministry
 When I shall die.

Knight of Christ's Sepulchre,
 Christ's Chevalier,
 Good Sword of Jesus,
 Oh, live grandly here!

Ashes of Godfrey, there's
 No place like this,
 Crowned in Christ's glory
 And reigning in bliss!

THE EMBLEMS IN THE HOLY LAND.

NORTH, South, East, West, and everywhere,
 O'er hill and dale, in holy earth,
 The emblems of the Masons are,
 Where Masonry itself had birth.

I met them on the stony hills,
 Where olives yield the "oil of joy;"
 I marked them by the sunny rills
 Where lillies hang their petals coy;
 I found them on swift Jordan's shore;
 Upon the verge of Galilee
 I read their " quaint and curious lore,"
 Those ancient types of Masonry.

Where *vines* upon Judea's fields
 Pour forth their sweet, refreshing juice;
 Where Ephraim's *cornland* bounteous yields
 Its nourishment to human use;
 Where the tall *cedars* glad the sight
 On high and snowy Lebanon;
 And Hiram's *palm-trees*, strong and bright,
 Hold forth their branches to the sun.

The *almond* taught me all its lore;
 On Joppa's beach the *scollop-shell*
 Lit up the old historic shore
 With many a song remembered well;
 By Junia's Bay, the *broken shaft*
 Recalled the fate of "him that died;"
 And far and near the ancient craft
 Their *checkered pave* had scattered wide;
 The fair *pomegranate's* scarlet flower
 Revived me in the noontide gleam,
 Flaming through many a verdant bower
 That overhangs the murmuring stream.

In every *cave* I saw the print
 Of gavel marks and working band;
 On every *hill* the skillful dint
 Of chisel in the working hand;
 Each mighty *ashlar* bears a trace
 Indelibly inscribed, to show
 That till old time those marks efface
 Freemasons have their work to do.

The *Parian marble* meets the eye
 In ruined shrines and palaces—
 And yields its sacred purple dye,
 The *murex* of Sidonian seas:

The *salt* presents on Sodom's shore
Its test of hospitality,
As though the patriarch at his door
Stood yet, the coming guest to spy.

The *funeral lamp*, within each tomb,
Speaks grandly of the ancient faith,
And burns and lightens up the gloom
With its own doctrine, "life in death;"
The *acacia* too, in bloom outside,
Tells to the mouldering form within—
"Not always shall the dead abide;
The morn will break, the sun will shine!"

All these I saw; and by the Sea
Of Galilee, upon a stone
Of wondrous grace, appeared to me
The *signet of King Solomon*;
The gentle *dews* that on me fell
When midnight stars inspired the sky,
Told where the old historic hill
Of Hermon soared in majesty.

'Twas like a vision thus to rove
Amidst the emblems of the Art,
Which cheer the eye below, above,
And with their wisdom fill the heart.
No wonder—'twas my frequent thought
At noontide's stilly hour of ease—
No wonder Tyrian Craftsmen wrought
Inspired by emblems such as these!

THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

(LINES COMPOSED TO ACCOMPANY THIS OBJECT.)

It flourished in historic earth,
Land long and greatly sanctified;
It had its proud and noble birth
Among the hills where Hiram died:
It minds us of Masonic faith,
That knows no counterpart but death.

Though torn away from native dust,
And faded from its mother-tree,
Its leaves still whisper "sacred trust,"
They still impart love's mystery:
They blend in one all thoughts of them
"Who last were at Jerusalem."

How many graves these leaves embower
How many forms they lie above!
Mingled with tears, affection's shower,
And bursting sighs, and notes of love:
But oh! the *comfort* they have given!
A balmy zephyr, straight from Heaven

Telling of that not distant day
When parted love is joined again;
Bidding the storms of sorrow stay,
Affording antidote to pain:
Suggesting and all-powerful HAND
Will raise the dead and bid him stand.

Soon will these leaves be showered on thee—
Thy months are numbered, every one;
Soon the last solemn mystery
Above thy coffin will be done:
Once more thy requiem will be said,
Though thou, in silence, will not heed.

So live, that when these 'cacia leaves
Shall blend with thy forgotten dust,
Kind Mother-Earth, who all receives,
Will yield, unchanged, her sacred trust,
While angels lead thee to the Throne,
And God, the MASTER, claims His own.

OPENING ODE FOR ST. JOHN'S DAY,

AT MOUNT STERLING, ILL., JUNE 24, 1875.

We meet who never met before,
Who may not meet again;
Then fill the day with happy thoughts
That memory will retain.

To-day the hand in honest grasp,
To-day the tuneful voice,
Speak of the white-robed Brotherhood
Who round the earth rejoice.

To-day be Sabbath to our God;
His grace inspired this tie;
Honor to Him, the first, the last,—
God of Eternity!

The day will come, oh, blissful time,
The parted shall unite;
Be ours the hope, when life is done,
To share the long delight!

CLOSING ODE FOR ST. JOHN'S DAY,

AT MOUNT STERLING, ILL., JUNE 24, 1875.

Go now, dear friends, take fond farewell,
Bear kindly cheer to Masons' home;
The bliss of this bright morning tell
In dews of memory to bloom.

Go now, dear friends, but ne'er forget
That smiles and sunshine are of God:
He makes the joys of life complete,
And strews sweet flowers along the road.

Go then, and serve Him all your days:
Walk in His ways, obey His word:
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all His paths sweet peace afford.

Go then, and hopeful look on high,
There, where He sits on radiant Throne:
He sees the tear, He hears the sigh,
And waits to make our life His own.

TO-DAY AS THEN.

CORNER-STONE, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
PEORIA, ILL., JUNE 3, 1873.

How ever fresh and vigorous
The tie that binds these men!
Three thousand years,—and yet as strong,
And true, *to-day as then!*

The Sacred Hill, that owned the might
And skill of Hiram's men,
Rears up its summit, grey and bold,
And grand *to-day as then!*

The tears, the sighs of broken hearts,
The walls of dying men,
Appeal to sympathy as true,
And strong, *to-day as then!*

The arm Divine maintains its power,
The all-seeing Eye its ken,
As gracious and as wonderful,
And wise, *to-day as then!*

Lay deep the stone; apply the SQUARE,
The Level and the Plumb;
Happy the work and bright the day
When mystic Craftsmen come.

THE PLUMB-LINE.

INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM M. AVIS.

WHAT years are gone since last we met,
What friends beloved are dead
And frosty brow and falling eye
Confess the life that's fled:
But still our manly hearts deny
That time the soul can bow;—
Oh, 'tis good to feel in a world like this
There's something true below!

The work goes on we loved so well,
In halcyon days of youth:
And rising high, upon the eye,
Behold the walls of truth!
The work we hope will still go up
Though we in death must bow;—
For 'tis good, etc.

The 'Cacia blooms at silent graves,
The sorrowing Virgin weeps:
The arm so strong, in death is hung,
For lo, the Builder sleeps!
Yet they and we beyond the sea
Shall meet again we know;—
And 'tis good, etc.

Then raise the Mason-song once more
Who meet so soon to part:
The hands we clasped in days of yore
Combine, and heart with heart;
The MASTER lives, and at the close
Good wages will bestow;—
For 'tis good to feel in a world like this
There's something true below!

THE VISIT OF KING SOLOMON.

A TWENTY-FOURTH JUNE IDYL.

It is a common expectation through Eastern
lands, that at the close of time King Solomon
will return and inspect the condition of Free-
masonry all over the world.

"Now the sun is burning dim, and the world is
but a glim,
And the race of man is loitering to its close,"
Quoth a phantom that I saw, weird and horri-
ble with awe,
In a vision that my very marrow froze.
'Twas the phantom of the Son
Of King David, SOLOMON!

On the twenty-fourth of June, at the rising of
the moon,
In the year of Jesus, eighteen seventy-five,
I was scurrying home at night, while the starry
host was bright,
Straight and sober, yes, as any man alive;
I was hurrying home alone
When I met King SOLOMON!

All was silent save the frogs, hiccuping among
the bogs,
And the katydids a-soloing through the trees;
When this fearful thing I saw, weird and terri-
ble with awe,
Even to tell it doth my very marrow freeze
'Twas the phantom of the Son
Of King David, SOLOMON!

First, I took it for the devil; but I spied the
Mason's Gavel,
Held aloft as Masters hold it in the East;
And the phantom let it fall, as we do the Set-
ting Man,
With the clatter that the frogs their noises
ceased.

Such a *vim* have mortals none
A Grand Master SOLOMON!

On his left hand and his right were his Wardens
clothed in white,
As we see in every mystic gathering;
Each a proper Badge did wear, each displayed
the silver Square,
So I knew them,—Widow's Son and Hiram
King:

Hiram King and Widow's Son
Walking with King SOLOMON!

"Why this meeting, I invoke?" then the prince
of Masons spoke,
"I have broken, I have broken death's repose,
For the sun is burning dim, and the world is but
a glim,
And the race of man is loitering to its close."
Then a melancholy groan
Shook the friends of SOLOMON.

"Tis almost three thousand years since I left
in doubts and fears,
Your great Brotherhood beneath Moriah's
dome,
And I gave the working band as my very last
command,
Not to alter nor to falter till I come:
Now to judge them on my throne
I will sit," said SOLOMON.

"Every tower and temple grand, built by their
instructed hand;
Every dwelling that displays my mystic seal,
Soon must topple to the ground, for the end of
earth is found,
And the corner-stone its secrets must reveal:
Underneath the corner-stone
Treasure's hid," quoth SOLOMON.

"When I left the weeping Craft, weeping round
my Broken Shaft,
I adjured them, by this symbol, *to be true!*"
Then the Monarch showed a *Name*, I had bowed
before the same,
Even before the mystic Winding Stairs I knew.
"Bright as the meridian sun
Is this name," quoth SOLOMON!

"And they have been," I declared, while the
attendant Wardens stared,
"Yes, they have been faithful, earnest, and sin-
cere!
Come, Grand Master, come, and see our world-
wide Fraternity;
This St. John's night, busy, closing up the
year!"

Such a smile, all-sunny shone
On the lips of SOLOMON!

How 'twas done I cannot say, but we scurried
swift away,
And we rattled round and round the world that
night,
Where the Lodges were at work, Christian, Is-
raelite, and Turk,
Gavels sounding, Jewels gleaming, Tapers
bright:

Never Mason's round was run
Like my trip with SOLOMON!

Many a query made the King of each mystic
gathering,
Many an answer prompt and honest they re-
turned,
As the Craftsmen told of good they had done
through Brotherhood,
And the plaudits of their first Grand Master
earned:

And I noticed, one by one,
What they said to SOLOMON.

I.

But as we went, I said,—"*Both the living and
the dead,
Both the joyous and the sorrowing of our Band
Are the same to us in love, for we learn of God
above,
That we all shall meet again in Heavenly Land,
Far beyond the glowing sun,*"—
Were my words to SOLOMON.

II.

Lost in the desert, sinking down,
Faint with the "*scorching breath.*"
We found a comrade, snatched him thence,
And rescued him from death.

III.

Amidst the mournful toll,
And imagery of grief,
We bore the parted to his tomb,
And dropped the "*Acacia leaf.*"

IV.

A daring man with impious word,
Blasphemed the Name sublime

We checked the voice profane, abhorred,
And stern rebuked the crime.

V.

Grieving o'er the rule of passion,
One in tones repentant wept;
Showed we him the Lord's compassion,
And in faith the mourners slept.

VI.

Shipwrecked upon the strand,
We saw a Brother stand—
A Brother known by mystic sign and word;
We dared the dangerous wave,
Intent his life to save,
Took him to safety while the breakers roared.

VII.

Three little girls and boys,
Beside their mother's tomb:
The father dead, the homestead lost,
Youth wrapped in joyless gloom:
We led them to our own bright hearth,
And won them back to childish mirth.

VIII.

A Brother owed a sacred debt;
He kept us waiting many a year;
Would we," he asked, "the claim forget,
And lift the load so hard to bear?"
The debt to charity was paid,
And full acquittance cheerful made.

IX.

Homeless and hungry,
Naked and cold,
One to our doorway,
Listless had strolled;
"Clothing and shelter,
Fuel and food,"
Such the injunction,
Binding and good.

X.

We turned the sacred leaf and showed
God's pardoning grace:
Our sinful comrade meekly bowed,
Yielded a stubborn heart to God,
And found, when earthly way was trod,
His dwelling-place.

XI.

Stranger at our portals claiming
Benefits of covenant;
Words of antique meaning, naming
As a cover for his want.
Soon in cheer the traveler went,
Bond acknowledged, bounty lent.

XII.

In dungeon chained, unlit, unwarmed,
An erring Brother lay:
We bore him kindly sympathy,
And smoothed his hapless way.

CONCLUSION.

But the moon had left the night; in the east a
ruddy light
Had awaked the early birds to a morning strain:
And the Monarch disappeared, as my homeward
course I steered,
And I never met the Mason-King again:
But I've truly made it known
What was said to SOLOMON.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN R. THOMPSON.

PALM-LEAVES to strew o'er our dead,
Trump-notes to grace his last way,
Gems to bedeck the fair head,
Crowned for death's glory to-day:
Weep not midst triumphs like these,
Give him with joy to the tomb:
Wages of promise are his,
Soon shall he rise from its gloom.

Green live the deeds of our friend;
Sweet is his virtue's perfume;
Prayers from his soul did ascend,
Pure as the dewy-washed bloom:
Open his heart as the day,
Prompt to yield heaven its due;
Strong to give virtue the sway,
Heart warm his pity and true.

CROWN THE SACRED HILL.

INSCRIBED TO M. TRIMBLE.

CROWN the Sacred Hill!
Raise the Golden Shaft!
God doth bless the cheerful will,
Oh, Brothers of the Craft!
Long in sleep Moriah lay,
Mourned her desolation-day;
Now awake, in accents clear,
Speaks, and willing Masons hear,
To crown the Sacred Hill, etc.

Bring each mystic tool,—
Old and worn they are,
Trowel, Gavel, Line, and Rule,
And Level, Plumb, and Square.

Spirits of the ages gone,
Guide you to the corner-stone:
Strangers wait, a loving band,
Westward gazing, yearning stand,
To crown the Sacred Hill, etc.

Lo, the ruined shrine!
Ours that mighty pile;
See on every stone the sign,
We know and love it well
Though in dust the Builders lie,
Though their works in ruin sigh,
Yon device, in whispers read,
Give the lesson earnest heed,
To crown the Sacred Hill, etc.

TO THE DOUBTING.

INSCRIBED TO G. H. G. M'GREW.

THINK ye that Masons, when they tyle the door,
Excluding all unfriendly ears and eyes,—
Think ye they find no spirits hovering o'er
That bring bright blessings to their mysteries?
With Bible at the feast,
And God's Name in the East,
And prayer and vow, true hearts to bow;
Can holy ones absent themselves from these?

Think ye, when first are led our wandering feet
About the mystic altar slow and bare,
And priestly voice rehearses as is meet
Of brotherhood all precious, fond and rare,—
Think ye, in that dark hour
There comes no inward power
To bid us trust in God the Just,
And waft full orisons on wings of prayer?

Think ye the long succession that have worn
Our badges, understanding well their lore,—
Think ye when, to their resting-places gone,
They dropped the tools their fathers dropped
before,
The Level, Plumb, and Square,
So bright with moral rare,
And Gavel full of mystic rule,
That all their wisdom to the tomb they bare!

Think ye the dead, above whose face we flung
Undying leaves that symbolize our faith,—
Think ye in honored graves that mighty throng
Is silent utterly in sleep of death?
When standing round their grave,
Our weeping Craftsmen gave
In sign and word, such full accord,
With all they felt and hoped who lie beneath!

Most wrongly judge ye; ye who judge us thus;
We may not scorn the social word and smile,
For these are blessings God hath granted us,
Life's weary heat and burden to beguile:
But in our lightest thought
A thousand types are wrought,
Drawn from the Word and will of God,
That link the Heavenly to the earthly soil.

THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

TO SAMUEL HALLECK.

TYLE the door carefully, Brothers of skill,
Vigilant workers in Valley and Hill!
Cowans and Eavesdroppers ever alert,
Tyle the door carefully, DOOR OF THE HEART.
Carefully, carefully, Tyle the Door carefully,
Tyle the Door carefully, DOOR OF THE
HEART.

Guard it from Envyings, let them not in;
Malice and Whisperings, creatures of sin;
Bid all Unrighteousness sternly depart,
Brothers in holiness, TYLING THE HEART.
Holly, holly, tyle the Door holly,
Tyle the Door HOLLY, DOOR OF THE
HEART.

But should the Angels of Mercy draw nigh,
Messengers sent from the MASTER on high—
Should they come knocking with mystical art,
Joyfully open the DOOR OF THE HEART!
Joyfully, joyfully, ope the door joyfully,
Ope the Door joyfully, DOOR OF THE HEART.

Are they not present, those angels, to-night,
Laden with riches and sparkling with light?
Oh! to enjoy all the bliss they impart,
Let us in gratitude open the HEART!
Gratefully, thankfully, ope the Door thank-
fully,
Ope the Door thankfully, DOOR OF THE
HEART.

PARADING THE EMBLEMS.

You wear the SQUARE! but have you got
That thing the Square denotes?
Is there, within your inmost soul,
That principle which should control
Your actions, words, and thoughts?
The Square of Virtue,—is it there,
Oh, you that wear the Masons' Square!

You wear the COMPASS! Do you keep
 Within that circle due,
 That's circumscribed by law divine,
Excluding hatred, envy, sin,—
Including all that's true?
 The *Moral Compass* draws the line,
 And lets no evil passions in!

You wear the TROWEL! have you got
 That *mortar*, old and pure,
 Made on the *recipe* of God
 As given in His ancient Word,
 Indissoluble, sure?
 And do you spread, 'twixt man and man,
 That precious mixture as you can?

You wear the ORIENTAL G!
 Ah, Brother, have a care!
 He whose All-seeing Eye surveys
 Your inmost heart with open gaze,
 Knows well what thoughts are there!
 Let no profane, irreverent word
 Go up t' insult th' avenging God!

You wear the CROSS! it signifies
 The burdens Jesus bore,
 Who, staggering, fell, and bleeding, rose,
 And took to Golgotha the woes
 The world had borne before!
 The Cross,—oh, let it say, *Forgive*,
Father, forgive, to all that live!

Dear Brother! if you will display
 These emblems of our Art,
 Let the great *morals* that they teach
 Be deeply graven, each for each,
 Upon an honest heart!
 Then they will tell, to God and man,
 Freemasonry's all-perfect plan!

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND, 'neath the sweet sunlight,
 Blind, under the moon,
 Dark, in the starred evening,
 Dark, midst the hot noon,—
 Slow, groping and weary,
 Lost, seeking to find,—
 Oh, Fountain of Mercy,
 Pity the poor, poor blind!

CHORUS.

Hark, hark his bewailing,
 Still longing for light,
 Cry all unavailing,
 "Give, give me my sight!"

Blind, in the starred evening,
 Blind, in the cool morn,—
 Ah! none of God's creatures
 Surely were so forlorn!

Blind, 'neath the white snowflakes,
 Blind, midst the red flowers,
 Blind to the babe's smiling
 At eve's happy hours,—
 "Lamp of the dear fireside
 Shines never to me,—
 Lord, grant me this one thing,
 Only that I may see!"

CHORUS—Hark, hark his bewailing, etc.

Thus, in the thronged highway,
 Loud echoes his call,
 Stands then the Great Master,
 High over them all,—
 Hears kindly the outcast,
 Speaks grandly the word,—
 None ever so gracious
 Only our own dear Lord!

CHORUS.

"Come, darkened and weary,
 Come, groping and worn,
 Come, lay off thy raiment,
 Come, sightless, forlorn,
 Faith now is availing,
 Faith brings thee to sight,
 Cease all thy bewailing,
 Happy in grace and light!"

GOOD SHEPHERD.

As a Shepherd He will lead them;
 To green pastures they shall go;
 All His blessings, as they need them,
 On the Lambs He will bestow:
 In His bosom, when they languish,
 Precious children He will take,
 Where no blight, or sin, or anguish,
 Any sorrow can awake.

To the wells of cooling water,
 In the sultry noon of day,
 Every little son and daughter,
 With the Gentle One, shall stray;
Shepherd strong—He will defend them,
 Though the wolf be fierce and bold;
Shepherd kind—He will attend them,
 Bring them safely to the fold.

If upon the craggy mountain
 Any lambkins flee away,

Jesus, from the cooling fountain,
Will o'ertake them where they stray;
Will restore each babe, forgiven,
From the wild and stony waste,
And within the fold of Heaven,
Bring the darling home at last.

THE ZEAL OF ZACCHEUS.

As the Saviour moved along
On His path of love and light,
How the blest delighted throng
Shared His mercy and His might!
How the sick, from bondage free,
How the lame to strength restored,
How the sightless came to see!
Seeking Jesus Christ the Lord.

Only to behold that sight
Brought a blessing to the crowd:
None can see the Lord of light
But there follows a reward:
So our eyes, prepared by faith,
View Him, blest, beloved, adored,
Claim Him ours in life and death,
Seeking Jesus Christ the Lord.

THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

THROWN like the useless weed away
The wounded soul was left to die,
Cold eyes beheld the bleeding clay,
The pleading look, the languid eye:
Oh, hearts of stone, nor tears nor blood
Could move the un pitying multitude!
But one, a MESSENGER OF LOVE,
Sent by the SPIRIT from above.

And should the fortunes of my life
Bear me to scenes of mortal strife;
Should friends and fame avoid my path
Beset by horrid gloom and wrath,—
No earthly voice may give me cheer,
No hand provide a comfort here,
But one, the MESSENGER OF LOVE,
Sent by the SPIRIT from above.

CHILDREN'S GLEE.

HAPPY and free,
All the day merry;
Happy are we,
Joyful and cheery.

When the cool dew
Evening is telling,
Happy we go,
Each to his dwelling.

What a sweet bond,
Father and mother,
Circle so fond,
Sister and brother!
Happy and free,
All the day merry:
Happy are we,
Joyful and cheery.

Blessings and love
God is the Giver;
Father above,
Ever and ever.
Happy are we,
Safe in His favor,
Happy and free,
Ever and ever.

DIVINE INVITATION.

NAY, suffer the children to come,
The little ones, precious to me:
Of such is my heavenly home,
Forbid not the Saviour to see.
No music in glory more sweet,
The angels with joy give them room;
Then open the way to my feet,
And suffer the children to come.

My praises they sing in the morn,
Their Saviour's best promise they win;
Like lambs in my bosom they're borne,
I'll keep them from sorrow and sin!
Then suffer the children to come,
Bring each little soul to my knee:
Of such is my heavenly home,
Forbid not the Saviour to see.

PARENTAL ASSENT.

From the valley and hill far and near,
Where the sports of the children are heard,
Now gather the little ones here,
Bid them come to the call of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Let them come, Let them come,
With the hymns of salvation so sweet;
Let them come, Let them come,
Bring the lambs of the flock to His feet.

Not to feasting and carnal delights;
 Not to handle the spear or the sword,
 But to pardon and peace He invites,
 And His breath is the mandate of God.

It is well, blessed Lord, it is well:
 Unto Thee shall the children be given.
 In the light of Thy favor to dwell,
 And enjoy Thee at last up in Heaven.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

CHRISTIAN Pilgrims, poor and weary,
Traveling from afar,
 Road so long, and dark and dreary,
Traveling from afar.

Wounded, sore, upon life's travel,
Traveling from afar,
 Bowed beneath a load of evil,
Traveling from afar.

Toiling upward, slowly, slowly,
Traveling from afar,
 Following the Meek and Lowly,
Traveling from afar.

O'er the Cross, the Crown appeareth,
Traveling from afar,
 How the glittering glory cheereth!
Traveling from afar.

Lend us strength, O Lord and Master!
Traveling from afar,
 That our Christian race be faster,
Traveling from afar.

And beyond life's gloomy curtain,
Traveling from afar,
 May we find an entrance certain,
Traveling from afar.

MOTHERS' DESIRE.

Who stops the way before our Lord?
Suffer the little ones all to come:
 Whose voices interrupt His word?
Suffer the little ones all to come.

Why bring your babes to Jesus now?
Suffer the little ones all to come:
 The road is long and hard to go:
Suffer the little ones all to come.

Who stops the way before our Lord?
Suffer the little ones all to come:
 Whose voices interrupt His word?
Suffer the little ones all to come.

Pass on and come another day:
Suffer the little ones all to come:
 And let the children sport and play:
Suffer the little ones all to come.

The Lord of glory comes to men:
Suffer the little ones all to come:
 He bids them leave the path of sin:
Suffer the little ones all to come.

Who stops the way before our Lord?
Suffer the little ones all to come:
 Whose voices interrupt His word?
Suffer the little ones all to come.

PEOPLE'S WELCOME.

Hail the Lord of Grace!
 Hail the Prince of Peace!
 King of truth and righteousness
 His reign shall never cease.
 On the mountain lo, he comes,
 Comes to bless our waiting homes.
 Christ, the Son of God, with power,
 Claims the triumphs of this hour:

FULL CHORUS.

Then hail the Lord of Grace!
 Hail the Prince of Peace!
 King of truth and righteousness,
 His reign shall never cease!
 Through the waiting years,
 Pressed with want and woe,
 How Thy children, Lord, with tears,
 In pilgrimage did go.
 Now the King in glory comes,
 Now to bless our happy homes:
 Hallelujah for this time,
 Make a song of praise sublime:

Babe of Bethlehem,
 Lamb of innocence,
 Thou, the little children's claim,
 Oh, be their strong defense!
 Now the Son of Mary comes,
 Comes to bless our holy homes:
 Welcome Thou, with open door,
 Welcome, Son of God, with power.

MOVED TO TEARS.

WEETING! tears! oh, broken heart.
 Why from Heaven did He depart!
 All unfit to journey here,
 Where the victory brings the tear.

Weeping! on the hills alone,
 Oft his sobbing heart hath gone
 Not for rest and needed sleep,
 But to *pray*, alas! and *weep*!

Weeping! oh, the strange surprise,
 Dims the glory of the skies:
 Veil your faces, turn away,—
 Who can bear these tears to-day?

Weeping! Jesus weeping! see.
 Pearly, precious drops *for me*!
 Now we know Him as our friend,
 Now we'll serve Him to the end.

BETTER LAND.

THERE is a better land, I hope,
 A better land for me:
 There is a better land, I hope,
 Beyond the rolling sea:—
 Beyond the stormy, boisterous sea,
 The cold and icy shore;
 And oh, the hope that comforts me,
 Of dear ones gone before:
 CHORUS—Repeat the first four lines.

Could love Divine such bliss impart
 As when the infant smiled?
 Could heavenly grace inspire the heart
 And then destroy the child?
 But thou didst lift the spirit up,
 To see the angelic band!
 Oh, dark the grave to mothers' hope
 Were there no other land!
 CHORUS—There is a better land, I hope, etc.

CHILDREN'S VOICES.

THE music of our life,
 How meaningless and poor,
 If children's voices were to cease,
 And sing of Christ no more

The birds might better hush,
 The breezes find repose,
 The waters cease their murmuring,
 Than infant lips to close.

Out of the sinless heart
 The noblest songs arise;
 And children bring to lower earth
 The notes of Paradise.

Rebuke them not who join
 In singing thus His praise;
 Who early learn the Saviour's love
 Are His to endless days.

THE SWEEP OF SYMBOLISM.

IN the conception and arrangement of the pieces following, the writer has imagined himself conducting an intelligent inquirer around and through a well-ordered lodge-room, whose lights, furniture, jewels, and ornaments are complete in *number*, appropriate in *pattern*, and systematic in *arrangement*. Such a poetic expression of lodge-symbolism as this has long been called for by earnest teachers in Craft-Masonry.

The neophyte is supposed to enter at the visitor's portal, and stand, for a moment, taking in the imagery of the Lodge with comprehensive look. Then the hierophant addresses him thus:

I.

THE MICROCOSM.

"The Freemasons' Lodge is a *microcosm* of symbolic forms and colors; a chamber of imagery; a school of moral truth, developed through ancient forms."

Bright Microcosm of high celestial types,
 World of rare form and color, quaint,
 Instructive in eternal laws which bind
 "All creatures,—yield us now thy truth!"

Bear us above the sordid things of time,
 For this brief hour; and let us see *above*,
Below, *around* this secret chamber, what
 Those Sages wrote upon those mystic tombs
 That yawn in emptiness along the Nile.

II.

BLUE—The Celestial color.

The cerulean sky, nowhere so deeply blue as in the land of Hiram, affords fitting color for the Masonic Lodge.

The o'eraching sky around our busy sphere
 Looks down alike on every race of man:
 Where'er our feet may wander, there appears
 With morning blush and evening's crimsoning,
 The sober BLUE prevailing over all.
 So should a Mason's charity extend,
 To every needy soul, unchecked by clime,
 By nation unrestricted, and by tongue!
 For where the destitute, there, there is God,
 Calling us thither with an open hand,
 To do His charity upon the poor.

III.

APRON—No degeneration.

No person can become *worse* for being a Mason. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called," says one of the most philosophical writers of the sacred canon, and the injunction is made practical in Masonry.

White, purely *white*, the badge of truth,
 Type of unspotted innocence,
 The virgin *color*, lily white,
 The hue that marks the honored dead.

The Lodge Celestial, round the Throne,
The raptured choir, all robed in white,
Sing high salvation to their God!
Cleansed of all gross impurity,
We toilers in the Moral Fane,
So, humbly wear our garments, *white*.

IV.

E., W., AND S.—*North, the place of Darkness.*

In all systems of ancient rites, the Borean has been stigmatized as the quarter of "frigid cold, and cheerless dark."

Why tread in gloomy shades, when paths
Of light await our willing steps?
Lean the dark Borean to the feet
Profane—to cowans' feet profane—
To shapeless monsters of the night
That fly the glories of the noon,
Marauders of the dark;—but we,
The ways of pleasantness and paths
Of peace will seek, where Wisdom dwells,
And find her form exceeding fair.

V.

BEH-HIVE—*Industrious application.*

A society, whose motto is, "*Travel and travel*," "walk and work," sees practical suggestions to duty in the bee-hive; well said the poet, "To do nothing, is to serve the devil and transgress the law of God."

None idle here! look where you will, they all
Are active, all engaged in meet pursuit;
Not happy else. No, for the MASTER's voice
That called them first, is ringing in their ears:
Go build! go build! a brief six days of toil
I have allotted, arduous toil, but brief;
The burden and the heat ye must endure
All uncomplainingly,—such is my will,
In darksome quarry, and on toilsome mount,
And heated wall;—go build! not happy else!

VI.

HOOR-GLASS—*Flight of Time.*

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Voice of the ages, wisdom ever new,
Speaking to Masons, in simplicity,
Soon thy last end must leave the glass of time;
For while we contemplate them, they grow less,
And even now still less as yet we muse;
The Hour-Glass bids us gauge the unfinished work

That melts the eye, and sum the amount and so,
With double assiduity to toil:
Each grain recorded in Celestial scroll,
Demands of many a corresponding deed.

VII.

BOOK OF THE LAW—*The mind of God.*

As when we turn a vessel upward, during a shower of rain, the drops from heaven are caught therein, so in the written Word have been caught and retained, in the descent from heaven, the very thoughts, purposes, and will of Him who ruleth all. "The lamp which God threw from his palace down to earth to guide his wandering children home."

And can we know the mind of God!
A window to the will Supreme!
And is His purpose all exposed
To human eye, so faint and dim?
Look! opened upwards broadly lies
The Word of God,—the unerring LAW,
Threatening and promising by turns,
As Masons yield to fear or love.
Oh, be it ours to walk therein,
And at the end have sure reward!

VIII.

ALL-SEEING EYE—*Sovereign inspection.*

That we are never lost to the direct inspection of God, is a doctrine as consoling to the faithful workman as alarming to the man-servant, the idle, and the shirk.

Watch me, oh, Master, at my work,
And note my diligence of zeal!
Through the long day my handstrokes fall,
For Thou shalt have my utmost strength:
So in the midnight horror; so
In the worst terrors of the storm;
And midst the assassin's thrust, and in
The hour and article of death,
Thy vigilant EYE will surely note,
Thy HAND avert, Thy LOVE abate!

IX.

CHECKERED PAVEMENT—*Human vicissitudes.*

The lesson of human vicissitudes is too obvious to require repetition here. Uncertainty and change pervade all the affairs of men.

From purest white to deepest black;—
Despair and rapture, fear and joy,—
Misfortune's gloomy discipline,
The happy troop of good success,
Stern hue of death, sweet hue of life,
Coldness of winter, summer's heat,
Oh, who can walk from West to East,
Along this mystic floor nor feel
His deep dependence on the Hand
Invisible that guides his steps?

X.

CABLE-TOW—*Bondage of Duty.*

To the faithful laborer in the speculative Temple, the four-fold cord, which "is not easily

broken," is like the wing of the bird, which encumbers, yet uplifts; it is *strong* indeed, yet its restraints are altogether *wholesome*.

A *gentle* bond, soft as the filmy thread
That strings the dew-drops on the sunny morn,
Or gossamer that floats upon the air:
A *mighty* bond stronger than anchor-chain,
Or brazen fetters to the honest soul:
A chain of *length*, reaching as *high* as heaven,
As *deep* as to the very mountains' roots;
A chain of *strength* that holds the wayward heart
From drift and danger; admirable bond,
Who would not be constrained with such as this?

XI.

ARK—*Safety under Divine shelter.*

In all systems of ancient mythology, the Ark is a type of refuge from danger—the resort in time of impending peril.

Type of serenity, we think of thee
When lightnings flout our unprotected heads:
So, when life's storms whip our unhappy souls,
And wild temptation rages in our hearts,
We turn, oh, Masons' Lodge, we yearn for thee,
Another ARK of refuge, tried and sure,
And in thy halls serene regain our strength;
In vain the storm at thy close portals beats;
Life's discords lag without: the voice within
Is music: doors secure, and keeper strong.

XII.

GAVEL—*Obedience.*

There is no union of men so orderly as a Freemasons' Lodge. Submissiveness to rule is the *sine qua non* of the Mason. "The King's wrath," declares our first M. E. Grand Master, "is as the roaring of a lion."

As midst the incoherent clash and void
Of the new world, the voice of God rung out,
"Let there be LIGHT, and there was light!" so
falls

This gentle monitor, and all is peace!
The clangor of debate, the heated breath,
The vow forgotten, and the sharp retort,
Yield sweetly to the GAVEL's strong "Be still!"

Reason returns with quiet, and she brings
That fine *reaction* which the generous heart
Moves to confess and heal the rankling wound.

XIII.

CHARITY—*The greatest of the three.*

"Now, there abideth faith, hope, charity, these three." This was the expression made, in unusually poetic mood, by a master of the human mind: "these three, but the greatest of these is charity!"

The soul serene, impenetrably just,
Is first in CHARITY; we love to muse

On such a model; knit in strictest bonds
Of amity with spirits like disposed:
Aiming at truth for her own sake, this man
Passes beyond the golden line of Faith,
Passes beyond the precious line of Hope,
And sets his foot unmoved on CHARITY.
"A soul so softly radiant and so white.
The track it leaves seems less of fire than light."

XIV.

LILY—*Removing the Stained.*

The instinct of self-preservation compels Masons to expel from their Order the "found unworthy;" "Put away from among yourselves that wicked person," is a Divine injunction.

A wall of sorrowing hearts pervades the Lodge,
And flows and bears a volume of sad sounds:
Oh, purity defiled! oh, soiled and smirched,
"Who wert so fair! upon our Pillars twain
We hung thine emblem, gathered from the mead,
A modest flower, the LILY, virgin white,
White like the Apron, modest like the soul
That hides the left hand when the right hand
gives:

Tear the smirched LILY from its place defiled,
And cast it out, alas, with bitter tears!"

XV.

TROWEL—*Spreading peace.*

The fundamental idea of Freemasonry is *peace*: "He loveth transgression," declares the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem; "he loveth transgression that loveth strife."

Divinest privilege to trowel peace:
Strongest of cement, peace, the bond of Heaven,
Exalted on the everlasting hills:
This makes us fellow-laborers with God,
And gives us best assurance of reward.
Peace, holy calm,—it broods within the veil
Where rests the golden Ark, and in the soul
Of gentle Craftsmen, infinite delight:
No sound of axe discordant breaks the calm
In which the walls of Zion's Fane go up.

XVI.

RULE—*Unerring Truth.*

This emblem—the Rule—teaches that the paths of truth are *straight*, the portals to her temple are *strait*, "and few there be that enter therein."

What voice, oh simple RULE, hast thou to warn
And guide the willing toiler on his way?
"Better to journey with the gracious few
Who walk the path unerring, than to crowd
Along the broad, meandering paths of sin:
Better in steadfastness to fix the gaze

On Truth's fair Temple where the MASTER sits,
And so, in shortest lines attain the prize,
Than gratify the lawless, roving eye,
In crooked highways ending in despair."

XVII.

ACACIA-TREE—*Sacred Foliage.*

The Acacia, or *Shittah*, is emphatically the Freemasons' tree. The Burning Bush of Moses, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Altars of the Temple were all of Acacia. It is sacred to the most affecting tradition of the Order. The sap of this tree is the well-known *Gum Arabic*.

Thy very tears are precious, holy plant,
Dropt in sad recollections of the past:
The olden Builders knew thy merits well,
And prized, above the cedar, olive, palm,
The rare ACACIA, offspring of the wild:
His feet the prophet bared before thy Bush,
Burning, and marvelous, and unconsumed:
Thy wood enclosed the tables of the Law,
In peaceful *Sanctum* resting; and the blood
Of countless victims on thine Altar flowed.

XVIII.

EAR OF CORN—*Bounty of Nature.*

The term *Corn*, in all Biblical and Masonic passages, is to be read, *Wheat*. This product of nature in the abounding soil of Palestine is the finest in the world.

Look, traveler, what name you this, that droops
In wondrous heaviness upon the stalk?
Look, traveler, old Canaan hath no gift
That equals this, to speak its MAKER's praise!
Abounding land! how lost to early truth
When EAR OF CORN is made the test of doom!
The rapid Jordan makes impetuous course,—
The lily specks the hills where Jephthah
dwelt,—
The oleander scents the valley sweet
As in his time,—they wake the gloomy thought
Of SHIBBOLETH, the master-key of doom!

XIX.

SPANGLED ARCH—*Nocturnal splendors.*

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" In Palestine the stars shine with a brilliance unknown to more northern heavens.

Not stars alone, but windows unto heaven,—
Not lights, affixed in glittering concave,
But chandeliers hung from invisible chains
Held by angelic hands beside the Throne!
Oh spangled roof, oh feeble thought of Heaven,
How grand the night curtained so gloriously!
The watchers of Old Tyre beheld them thus,

And worshipped God: sages of Babylon
Grew old, in study of thy splendors, and
The Bard of Israel sung, from palace roof, thy
blaze!

XX.

SQUARE—*Implement of Proof.*

The emblem of morality, in Masonry, is the implement of proof. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is an injunction cheerfully accepted by the Craft.

And who is this,—grave, reverend man,—who brings
With high command THE SQUARE! whose practiced eye
Takes warily in the length and breadth and depth
Of the offered stone! how, with this implement,
He proves the angles, tests the corners each,
Sternly rejects the ashlar reprobate,
Cheerful accepts if, to his scrupulous care,
The block responds! not strange, if in the shock
Of earthquakes and the jarring elements
This wall, built up with such precision, stands!

XXI.

BROTHERLY LOVE—*The Spirit of the Craft.*

"Bear ye one another's burdens;" "Let brotherly love continue;" "Tychicus, a beloved brother."

To suffer long, and yet be kind and true:
To bear the slight and yet retain the love;
To hope, what'er betide, and still to hope
Through all the gloomy days that life may
yield,—
This is the love of Masons,—BROTHERLY LOVE:
This binds the old fraternity with brass
And iron fetters;—while such Love endures,
The rage of foes assaults our fort in vain;
The bigot's hate recoils; palsied the arm
Which strike a Brotherhood knit by such ties.

XXII.

COMPASS—*Boundary of Passion.*

The limit within which the exercise of the passions of man is allowable, is clearly marked in the use of the ancient emblem, the COMPASS.

The grace of God directs this implement:
His gracious hand so separates its limbs
As to enclose a gracious boundary:
He gives us ample scope for every bliss
Of which our nature is susceptible:
Let us then, Craftsmen, keep within the sphere
His wisdom marks, nor contravene His will:
Lust and intemperance, the greed of gain,
Anger and malice, envy, villainy,—
All these beyond the Compass' points are seen.

XXIII.

G—*Suggestiveness of Divine Presence.*

This constant reminder to all lodge-attendants, cannot fail to work happy effects in our age, so profane, that the words of the prophet Jeremiah are literally verified: "Because of swearing, the land mourneth."

As through an open window into heaven,
Through this strange symbol, golden, bright,
we look,

And muse upon celestial chamber; where
"Upon His glorious throne God sits alone,
Hath ever sat alone, and shall forever sit,
Alone, Invisible, Immortal One!"

The MASTER, o'er whose head the type impends

Names it, awestruck and reverently, *God!*
Then humbly, as the creature should, the Craft
In silent adoration, lowly, bows.

XXIV.

CLAY-GROUNDS—*Foundries of the Brassen Pillars.*

"In the plain of Jordan did the king cast them in the clay-ground between Succoth and Zarthan."

How once the furnace-fires were heated here!
Has the soft cooling of bright Jordan's dove,
And nightingale's sweet song were silenced all—

By roar of Hiram's cupolas! the scent
Of oleander-buds, so exquisite,
Lost in thick smoke and soot of molten brass!
Now all is desolate; the poisonous thorn
In matted thickets, guards the gloomy place,
And Hiram's master-pieces are a myth.

XXV.

MOON—*Nocturnal ruler.*

The meetings of lodges in hilly, woody, and unfrequented places, are arranged with reference to the changes of the moon.

Thy gentle face calls up the parted years,
Guide of the evening, Moon, the Mason's sun:
Led by thy light, the woodland paths were filled
With cheerful voice—the stilly night was moved
With feet fraternal, thronging to the lodge.
Sweet Moon, thou peered upon our mysteries,
But saw no motion but what God could bless;
Bending towards the West, thy silver light
Admonished of the midnight hour, and led
The happy Craftsmen to domestic joys.

XXVI.

NETWORK—*Interwoven Friendship.*

The world observes the union of Masons, and marvels thereat. "A friend loveth at all times,"

observes the most shrewd observer of antiquity, "and a brother is born for adversity."

This NET so strong, of thirty centuries,
That gleamed on high, in brazen imagery,
Shows an artistic knot at every joint.
Wonderful NETWORK! whose the hand that first
Taught us to tie thy fastenings intricate?
The wants, and woes, and joys, and cares of men,

So shared, so equalized—whose work is this?
None other than the Artificer's Divine!
'Tis the same Unity that reigns in heaven,
Binding the angels to the throne of God.

XXVII.

OBLONG-SQUARE—*True to Perfect Angles.*

The form of Solomon's Temple, an oblong square, with no circular projections, suggests a whole class of symbolisms in the moral architecture of Freemasons.

Blessed the man who walks not by advice
Of the ungodly, and who standeth not
In the way of sinners, nor in scorner's seat
Doth sit; but in the law of God delights,
And meditates thereon, both day and night;
He shall be like a fruitful, spreading tree,
Planted on river's brink; his fruit shall come
In season, and his leaf shall never fade:
Such are the blessings promised in our Law.
To him who duly forms the OBLONG-SQUARE

XXVIII.

PALM-TREE—*Water, Shade, Fruit, Gracefulness.*

This far-famed tree, from which the land of Hiram, *Phœnicia*, was named, has many rare qualities. At its roots is *water*; its shaft is the image of *gracefulness*; its *shade* is inexpressibly grateful to the desert-dweller; its *fruit* is the most nutritious grown in the Orient. On the doors of the Temple the palm-tree was engraved.

Thou' sealest up the sum of nature's gifts,
O graceful shaft, that send'st thy shade afar!
The Royal Sage adorned his olive-gates
With thy fair image; for it told of *food*
Delicious to the taste; and grateful *shade*
Made by thy thickened foliage, while the
sound—

No music in those Eastern lands so sweet—
Of trickling *water* echoed at thy roots:
Perfect in beauty, and with bounty full,
Thou art the chief of Masons' imagery.

XXIX.

ROUGH ASHLAR—*Unformed Character.*

"The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

What changes must this quarry-stone receive,
Ere the fair statue from its folds look out!

Shapeless, unsightly—who can tell the form
 May yet delight the eye from this rude block !
 So with the soul that comes beneath the edge
 Of moral implements; we cannot know
 What treasure's hidden in that **ASHLAR**
ROUGH,
 Until the forming, skillful stroke shall fall,
 Divesting of all superfluities,
 And leaving just the image God designed.

XXX.

FORTITUDE—Safety of Esotery.

"The coward merits no confidence, nor should he be made a Mason. Under the influence of terror, he evinces the openness of the child."

In some far oriental land, they tell
 Of one, a brave, old man, who boldly died
 His honor to maintain: rude, violent hands
 On him were laid in unexpected hour
 And secret place, and he was given to choose
 'Twixt vile dishonor and a cruel death.
He died: in **FORTITUDE** he gave his life,
 Redeeming thus the pledge made long before.
 His high example for three thousand years
 Has formed the model of true courage here.

XXXI.

FAITH—Apprehension of unseen things.

"So it was with all the mysteries of faith:
 God set them forth unveiled to the full gaze of
 man, and asked him to investigate them." Our
 faith in God rests alone in the promises con-
 tained in His Word.

Book of all Books, thou volume most profound,
 Whose very words, majestic and sublime,
 Excell all others! see, we humbly lay,
 And hopefully, undoubted **FAITH** on thee!
 These good right hands we gladly rest on thee:
 If thou art false, there is no truth on earth,
 No God, no heaven, no hell, no lasting hope.
 By **FAITH** we lightly pass beyond the grave,
 O'erleap all present evils, and enjoy,
 In fond anticipation, boundless good.

XXXII.

WATER-FORD—Remembrancer of the exploits of Jephthah.

The swiftness and deepness of the traditional
 river of Freemasonry explain the catastrophe
 of the fords: "There fell at that time, of the
 Ephraimites, forty and two thousand."

So when we end this dreary tale of life,
 And stand upon the river's edge, river of death,
 Safe passage, needful aid, good cheer are all
 Assured to him who has the needful word.
 Dark stream! we shudder at thy gulf profound;
 Bitter thy waters to sin's votary;

All that a man hath he will give t' escape
 But to the Righteous there awaits a guide,
 Strong to uphold and gentle to console,
 To him who, whispering, safely yields *the word*.

XXXIII.

ANCHOR—Clinging to assured Truth.

A true Mason may veer amidst tides and
 storms the length of his cable, but he will never
 drift.

Good anchorage our **MASTER** hath secured,—
 Strong cable, to the Mason's bark is fixed,—
 Brave **ANCHOR**, rooted firmly in the rock,—
 What wreck, what peril can befall us now?
 The storms may break,—they enter every life;
 Foes may assault,—all good men live at war;
 Time may install harshest vicissitudes,
 And threaten all the timid soul can fear,—
 Yet our good **ANCHOR** holds, will ever hold,
 And we shall make our voyage in peace at last.

XXXIV.

HERMON—Mount of Cooling Dews.

The elevation of this grand mountain, secur-
 ing a cap of snows all through the sultry months,
 makes it a regulator of the atmosphere by
 means of its cooling dews. The expression,
 "the dews of Hermon," in the opening of the
 Entered Apprentices' Lodge, is therefore an
 exquisite suggestion of *Brotherly Love*.

In sultry eve, oppressed with dust and toil,
 The burning earth conspiring with the air,
 The pilgrim waits in deep suspense the fall
 Of Hermon's dews: they come; like angel guest
 The cooling mist, down from the snowy crown,
 Brings tone and gladness, the wanderer sleeps,
 Devoutly grateful for the mountain-joy:
 So in the heat and dust of mortal strife,
 The influence of *Brotherly Love* is seen,
 Cooling and calming the o'erheated soul.

XXXV.

BROKEN COLUMN—Sudden and violent Death.

The application of this emblem is sufficiently
 trite to every Mason.

Too soon, too soon, alas! for earth and us,
 The Temple yet unfinished, he is gone:
 Weep, Craftsmen, not for him,—is not his fame
 Secure!—but for the stricken mourners left:
 Who now, on Tracing-board, shall wisely draw
 The strange device that binds the finished work.
 With the undone, making a perfect Fane
 By closing up in one, the Grand Design!
 Fallen the stroke, the inexorable blow
 Too soon, too soon, alas! for earth and us.

XXXVI.

BOAZ—*The left-hand Pillar.*

"He reared up the pillars before the Temple, and called the name of that on the left, BOAZ." The terms *right* and *left* being reckoned from the position of a person looking east, BOAZ was on the *north* side of the porch. The word *Boaz* denotes *strength*.

Not strength for slaughter, strength to desolate
And strew the earth with legions of our race;
But strength to uphold the falling, strength to
check

The erring, strength to build and not destroy:
For this our Craftsmen are confederate,—
Like net-work knotted, they're a web of
strength.

Grand PILLAR, next the heart, thy gleaming cap
Looked out in glory toward the rising sun,
Bidding our souls be strong! "BOAZ, in strength
God will establish all His promises!"

XXXVII.

SPADE—*Tillage and Interment.*

The same implement that opens the bosom
of mother-earth in the operations of the farmer,
turns up the sod for the interment of the dead.

Are graves of man indeed a hopeless night,
That has no morn beyond it, and no star,
Wherein life's music ends forevermore?
Then, whence these transformations! lo, the
root

And tiny seed cast in the self-same earth,
Escape entombment! see them burst above,
With power irresistible, and clothe
The conquered earth with leaves, and blossoms
fair!

Have comfort then, ye sons of heavenly hope,
The voice of God shall call our buried up.

XXXVIII.

CORN—*Emblem of nourishment.*

The wheat of Palestine is the heaviest and
most productive that is cultivated. It was,
therefore, one of the three conserving elements
of Solomon's Temple, chosen as a representative
of the country's best products.

We feed and worship, Author of our life,
Nourished by Thee: all through the changing
year

Thou gild'st the seasons that we may not want:
The yielding furrow Thy command obeys,
And gives its CORN to consecrate our Lodge.
Oh, bounteous source of food, this precious
grain,

Thus scattered on our altars, let it bring
Blessings of *nourishment* to after-years,
Strength'ning the generations that shall fill
These chambers, when our pilgrimage is done!

XXXIX.

WINE—*Emblem of refreshment.*

The grapes of Palestine form the heaviest
clusters of any known, and their wine is extremely
sound and wholesome. It was, therefore, one of the
three conserving elements of Solomon's Temple,
chosen as a representative of the country's best products.

We drink and worship, Author of our life,
Refreshed by Thee: all through the changing
year

Thou gild'st the seasons that we may not want;
The stony hill-side Thy command obeys,
And gives its WINE to consecrate our Lodge:
Oh, bounteous Source of good, this precious
WINE

Thus sprinkled on our altars, let it bring
Refreshment's blessings to the coming years,
Gladdening the generations that shall fill
These chambers, when our pilgrimage is done!

XI.

OIL—*Emblem of joy.*

The olive oil of Palestine is the heaviest and
purest that is made. It was, therefore, one of the
three conserving elements of Solomon's Temple,
chosen as a representative of the country's
best products.

With OIL anointed, Author of our life,
Joyful we worship; through the changing year
Thou gild'st the seasons that we may not want;
The rocky cleft Thy great command obeys,
And gives its OIL to consecrate our Lodge:
Oh, bounteous Source of good, this precious OIL
Thus dripping on our altars, let it bring
Blessings of joy to all the coming years,
Cheering the generations that shall fill
These chambers, when our pilgrimage is done!

XII.

PLUMB-LINE—*Uprightness.*

The duty of rectitude, "upright standing in
the presence of God and man," is strongly suggested
by this emblem: "Walk honestly toward
them that are without."

We cannot hear His voice or see His face,
Yet, looking up along the unerring LINE,
We see it points Him on His radiant throne:
Earth's centre is beneath the foot of God;
And they will please Him best who bear the
head

Erect, and walk uprightly on the earth:
"Twas thus with Hiram, widow's son,—he stood
Among the Builders like a polished shaft,
Along whose sides the PLUMB-LINE vainly
sought

A trace of deviation from the proof.

XLII.

POT OF INCENSE—*Overflow of gratitude.*

The ascending smoke, composed of the exquisitely compounded spices required by the Jewish ritual, afforded the best type of grateful prayer ascending from pious hearts.

"For He is good,"—went up the exultant cry
Of Israel's millions on their faces bowed:
"For He is good,"—our grateful hearts respond,
When at the morn we pray, and at the eve;
What dues we owe Him, creatures of His care!
What treasures from His liberal hand we take,
Of Corn, and Oil, and Wine! oh, at the close
May our enraptured tongues in heaven be heard
At God's right hand, in glory evermore,
Hymning forever the Creator's praise!

XLIII.

CEDAR-TREE—*Emblem of endurance.*

So enduring is the wood of the Lebanon cedar, that it is not extravagant to assert, "had not the Temple of Solomon been *burned*, its cedar beams would yet be found undecayed."

Type of endurance, child of the mountain-tops,
Companion of the eagle, born midst snows
And desolation, tree of Lebanon!—
With toil and weariness thy trunks were brought
Seaward, by Joppa, to this honored site:
Here, with the olive and acacia sweets
Wedded to the marble, gold, and precious gems,
Thy wood was consecrate in work divine:
Time spared thy glory, time and gnawing worm
But left thee victim to the foeman's torch.

XLIV.

TRUTH—*Foundation of every virtue.*

"Oh, truth, divinely sweet and fair,
The crystal springs of life are thine!
The light of years thy garments bear,
The stars of ages o'er thee shine;
Inwrought with every circling sphere
Born of a heavenly atmosphere."

And so, at last, we find the basis-stone,
The sure foundation of all virtues, TRUTH:
Through layers of materials select,
All rich, and rare, and gathered from afar,
And prized alike by angels and good men,
And hated by all those who hate the light,
We come to this the deepest and the best!
This holds them all, and well may hold them all;
For 'tis the richest gem in Crown Divine,
And sparkles brightest on the Orient Throne.

XLV.

HILL AND DALE—*Local security.*

The character of Palestine, a country of lofty hills and intervening valleys, gives point to the legend that "our ancient brethren met on the highest hills and in the lowest dales."

What caution marked the early Craft who met
In Canaan's dale, or Canaan's mountain-top!

They sought in nature their security,
And scared the eagle from his rocky crag,
And drove him screaming at their opening lays
They dazed the darkness with intruding torch,
Whispering their secrets in the chilly cave,
Teaching their lore from all intrusion free:
Thus it befalls, this ancient land is filled
With myths of wondrous meaning, dim and quaint.

XLVI.

COFFIN—*Mansion of undisturbed rest.*

There is a serenity pervades this emblem
when we view it as a type of undisturbed rest.

No cares shall meet the silent sleeper here:
No foes annoy: kind mother-earth wherein
He lies, surrounds him fostering, in her arms:
She plants fair flowers above him: storms may
beat

Her bosom, opened to the winter's rage,
He is secure.—she is his sure defence;
"Clods of the valley shall be sweet to him,
And friends shall come and with him make
abode."

Mansion of rest, the stillness and the gloom
Can bring no horrors to thy quiet home!"

XLVII.

LAMB—*Innocence.*

This idea of the lamb runs throughout Scriptural and Biblical teaching; everywhere it is reckoned the emblem of innocence.

Invested thus in garb of innocence,
Robed as the angels are who soar and sing,
We cast our yearning eyes to that far time
When on Celestial Hills our happy feet
As in the lamb-like days of youth shall stray:
Oh, freed from all defilements, freed from sin,
And from sin's sequel, children once again,
In knowledge *men*, but in transgression *babes*:
LAMB of the happy spring-time, 'twas from
thee

The SINLESS took His title,—*Lamb of God!*

XLVIII.

GLOBES—*Assurance of Tradition.*

"Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions
which ye have been taught." "Withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh not after
the tradition which ye received."

In Oriental memories there dwells
A store of truths, dropped out of history,
But precious none the less; from sire to son,
From age to age a rich inheritance,
These grains of gold have passed; in ballads
some

Are sung, when village loiterers sit down
To while the evening hour; in nurse's croon,
Above a sleeping babe, these myths are heard;
And when a fiery youth goes forth to war
His soul is kindled high with truths like these.

XLIX.

OLIVE-TREE—*Uncounted liberality.*

"Who gives what others may not see,
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the mighty sea."

The doors of King Solomon's Temple were
constructed of olive-wood, as being the most
elegant wood of the Orient.

To oldest age the OLIVE yields its wealth
In streams of oil: the oldest gives the most
And gives the best: tree of a thousand years,
Ragged and gnarled, none worthier than thou
To close the entrance of the Holy Fane:
The worshiper who bowed adoring, read
The lessons of the OLIVE;—secret grace
That gives divinely: and unstinted grace
That knows no scant of flow; and that best
grace
That flows still faster, richer to the end.

L.

HOPE—*Fixed upon God.*

The hope that Masonry teaches is *in God*.
Seeking hope elsewhere is like "seeking mel-
low grapes beneath the icy pole or blooming
roses on the cheek of death."

To life's worst labyrinth there is a clue,
A thread of silk that leads the traveler
Through losses, crosses, sicknesses, and deaths,
And gives him entrance to the central place:
'Tis HOPE, the anchor of the soul,—'tis HOPE,
Steadfast and sure, a very gift of heaven;
How could our Temple ever be complete,
So great the work, so feeble we who build,
But for this aid! the six days work so long,
The summer's heat so strong, the toil so great!

LI.

RAINBOW—*Cheerful Hope.*

The essential idea of refreshment after labor
suggests cheerful hope. "The most Holy One
requires a cheerful life." "There is joy in
heaven." "There shall be no more sorrow
nor crying." The earth shall no more be de-
stroyed by a flood.

Gorgeous in hue, a painted arch is drawn
Across the sky, late blackened and enraged;
A brilliant monitor, celestial cheer;
From the bright picture falls the voice divine,—
After the thunder's roar how soft and low!

"The earth no more shall perish by a flood."
Oh, in the quiet of the Masons' lodge
Where every emblem breathes of harmony,
How fit the iridescent Bow to span
Our spangled arch, and bring its comfort home

LII.

RELIEF—*The Divine Representative.*

In the sublime allegory of "the Judgment-
Day" the TEACHER clearly expressed the
thought that "a distressed human being is the
representative of God."

We need not rise above this mundane sphere,
We need not 'neath the briny deep descend,
To find the Deity: but on the path
Where blind Bartimeus begs, the Lord is seen;
Upon the fever-couch He lies and burns:
He hungers in the dungeon's dreary cell;
He shivers naked, cold and shelterless;
Where sorrow dwells the MASTER too abides:
Builders of "house not made with hands" look
out
At every window and behold the Lord!

HOSANNA.

Now Hosanna, Son of David,
Blessed be Thy name to-day!
Shout Hosanna in the highest,
Born to everlasting sway!
Lift your head, ye golden gate,
Jesus comes in royal state:
Shout Hosanna, shout and sing,
Jesus Christ, the Lord is King!

Blessed be the King of Judah,
Peace and glory in the sky!
In the name of God He cometh,
Here to rule eternally.
Mighty doors, your bolts unbrace,
Let the Lord of Glory pass:
Shout Hosanna, shout and sing,
Jesus Christ, the Lord is King!

Glory to the Conquering Hero:
Not with strength of warrior swords,
His the might of earth and Heaven,
KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS.
Hearts of stone your hinges move,
Open to the Lord of love;
Shout Hosanna, shout and sing,
Jesus Christ, the Lord is King!

Praise to God, the Glorious Father,
Praise to God, the Gracious Son.

Praise to God, the Loving Spirit,
God Eternal, three in one!

Powers of sin no more restrain,
God is come on earth to reign:
Shout Hosanna, shout and sing,
Jesus Christ, the Lord is King!

NOTE.—The last piece, and the pieces on pages 76, 77 and 78, and the one on 79, entitled "Children's Voices," constitute a Sacred Cantata, composed by the author, entitled "Jesus, the Friend of Children," appropriate to be given for a charitable benefit, under the auspices of a commandery of Christian Knights, and therefore inserted here. Of the large number of Sunday School songs written by Dr. Morris, few, save these, will be found in the present volume.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES:

A RECITATION.

INSCRIBED TO E. WARFIELD, M.D.

I.—EXORDIUM.

(Bible closed. Position west of the altar facing the east.)

The Landmarks of Freemasonry are graven on
God's Word:

It tells the WISDOM and the STRENGTH and
BEAUTY of the Lord;

These tapers three, in mystic form, reveal to
willing eyes

The freest, purest, grandest light of Masons'
mysteries.

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
Reveal this Law to us!

(Position north of the altar, facing the south.)

As lies the mightiest oak within the acorn's
fragile shell,

So, with the secrets of the Craft, they in this
VOLUME dwell;

King Solomon, directed here by the Omniscient
JUDGE,

Drew forth the ashlar from their place, and
built the Masons' lodge.

(Position east of the altar, and facing the west.)

This golden Law unfolds itself, mysterious, by
degrees:

As first comes sunrise, then high twelve, then
sunset gilds the trees,

So, by three grades, we see our Ladder up to
heaven ascend,

And rising stronger, clearer, holier to the very
end.

II.—THE ENTERED APPRENTICE.

(Bible open at the 133d Psalm. Through the rest of the recitation, the speaker stands west of the altar, facing the east.)

"Behold how good and pleasant 'tis,—read it on yonder page,—

For brethren in true harmony of labor to engage!

'Tis like the dew of Hermon, yea, 'tis like the holy oil,

It sweetens all life's bitterness and mitigates the toil."

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
We bless Thee for this light!

We must work in FIDELITY; no mystic thing, reposed

Under the sacred seal of faith, should ever be disclosed:

This, *this* is the foundation-stone King Solomon did lay,

And curses on the traitor's heart that would the trust betray.

We must not take the Holy NAME, the awful NAME *in vain*;

God will not hold us guiltless, if we dare that WORD profane:

But all our trust must be in Him, sole source of living faith,

From our first entrance to the lodge till we lie down in death.

III.—THE FELLOW-CRAFT.

(Bible open at the 7th chapter of Amos.)

The Master stood upon the wall, a plumb-line in his hand,

And thus in solemn warning to the working, listening Band:—

"By this unerring guide," he said, "build up your edifice,

For I will blast your labors as ye deviate from this!"

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
We bless Thee for this light!

We must preserve the Landmarks olden, that our fathers set:

Approved of God, hoary with age, they are most precious yet:

Our brothers over the river worked within their mystic bound,

And for a six days' faithfulness a full fruition found.

We must relieve the destitute, disconsolate and poor:

For 'tis our MASTER sends them to our hospitable door:

And He who giveth all things richly, to His
children's cry,
Will mark, well pleased, our readiness His
bounty to supply.

IV.—THE MASTER MASON.

(Bible open at the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes.)

Remember our Creator now, before the days
shall come
When all our senses failing, point to nature's
common doom:
While love and strength and hope conspire
life's pilgrimage to cheer,
We'll give our Master grateful praise whose
goodness is so dear.

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
We bless Thee for this light!

We must in honor shield the pure, the chaste
ones of the Craft:
Ward off the shaft of calumny, the envenomed,
horrid shaft;
Abhor deceit and subterfuge, cling closely to a
friend;
And for ourselves and others at the shrine of
mercy bend.

We must inter in everlasting hope the faithful
dead;
Above their precious forms the green and fragrant
'Cacia spread:
'Tis but a little while they sleep, in nature's
kindly trust,
And then the Master's Gavel will arouse them
from the dust.

V.—PERORATION.

(Bible closed.)

And thus a boundless mine of truth this holy
Volume lies,
As open to the faithful heart as to the inquiring
eyes:
Here are no dark recesses, but Freemasons all
may see
The Landmarks of the ancient Craft, beneath
the tapers three.

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
This Law shall be our guide!

In every place, at every hour, this constant
friend we have,
In quarry and in forest, on the mount and on
the wave;

At toll and at refreshment, in youth, manhood,
and old age,
Let's draw our inspiration from its bright and
holy page.

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
This Law shall be our guide!

Thus laboring, all our six days' burdens cheer-
fully we'll bear,
In hopes of wages ample, golden, held in prom-
ise there;

Then resting with the faithful, wait the MAS-
TER's gracious will,
The summons to the Lodge above that crowns
the Heavenly Hill.

O Wise and Good GRAND MASTER,
Forget us not in death!

THE POETRY OF ADOPTIVE
MASONRY.

INTRODUCTORY PIECES.

(THE rapid spread of Adoptive or Androgynous Masonry in the American States, entitles the subject to a place in this volume. As the author of the popular system styled "The Eastern Star," Dr. Robert Morris was called upon to compose a considerable number of odes and poems, to be used in the communication of the rite. A portion of these are given here. The five scriptural characters wrought into the system are denominated, Jephthah's Daughter (Adah), Ruth, Esther, Martha, Electa. Each of these illustrates the distinct virtue suggested in the corresponding poems.)

I.

PURE and holy resignation.
Honor high and faith undimmed,—
Gentleness in every station,
Christian lamp alight and trimmed:
Charity from fount unfailing,
Sweet forgiveness of all wrong—
These the Eastern Star is telling—
These the burden of its song.

II.

A WELCOME and a greeting now,
To gentle friends and sisters true,
Around the place where Masons bow,
And pay their homage due;
ON CHECKERED FLOOR, 'neath STARRY SKY,
Welcome, kind friends of Masonry!

To her who finds a FATHER here;
Or BROTHER's strong and trusty hand;
To her who mourns the lost and dear,
Once cherished in our band;
To her who HUSBAND's love doth own,
Greeting and welcome, every one!

Welcome the *light* our emblems shed;
 Welcome the *hopes* yon Volume gives—
 Welcome the *love* our Covenants spread,
 The *wages* each receives;
 And when is past life's tollsome week,
 Welcome the *Home* that Masons seek.

In the bonds of Mason's *duty*,
 Seek we now the Mason's *light*,
 Forms of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty
 Teach us what is good and right;
 Far be every sinful passion,
 Near be every gentle grace;
 And so at last this holy mission
 Shall reveal our *MASTER's face*.

III.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

In the hills of Mizpeh bloomed the mountain
 maid;
 Blue the skies above her where she strayed;
 As the light gaze she scaled the rocky slope,
 Adah, child of love and hope.

CHORUS.

Gone from the mountain—lost to her home—
 Called in life's beauty to the tomb:
 Wake the wild lamenting in the lonely glen,
 She will never come again.

Glad was her uprising, when with maiden mirth
 And the merry timbrel she came forth;
 But, alas! the death-march' day of utter gloom!
 'Twas the signal of her doom.

O the grand deliverance of the mountain maid!
 "Keep the vow, my father"—thus she said;
 "Shall the Mason's daughter fear for truth to
 die?"

There's a home beyond the sky!"

From the hills of Mizpeh let the story rise,—
 "Death before dishonor"—to the skies;
 While the seasons blossom on the mountain
 free,
 Adah, we will weep for thee!

IV.

SHE will not die as thief or murderer dies
 Whose fate but expiates his horrid crime;
 She will not veil her pure and loving eyes
 As fearing death, for hers is death sublime;
 Lo, with determined heart and eye she stands,
 Her face upturned toward Celestial lands!

V.

FAIREST of Souls above
 Are those who suffered here;
 They gave the sacrifice of Love
 To prove their hearts sincere.

VI.

SHE 'midst the multitude the VICTIM stands!
 Dauntless, serene, though terror palsies them!
 And she must die by her own father's hands!
 And she must die a sacrifice of shame!
 Of shame? ah, no! she flings the veil abroad,
 Once, twice, yea thrice; looks hopefully to God;
 Fixes the noonday sun with earnest eyes,
 Then crowned with innocence, the Maiden dies!

Lament for JEPHTHAH, ye who know his fate,
 Weep and lament; "Broken the beautiful rod,
 And the strong staff; Mizpeh is desolate!"
 But for sweet ADAH weep not; let the word
 Be: "Joy to the Captive, freed from earthly
 dust,

Joy for one witness more to woman's trust,
 And lasting honor, Mizpeh, be the strain
 To HER WHO DIED IN LIGHT without a stain!"

VII.

RUTH.

ENTREAT me not, dear friend, to go,
 Or leave thy cherished side;
 The Lord hath called me here, I know,
 And here I will abide.

CHORUS.

There is a place beyond the sea,
 Where sisters meet again;
 Ah! let me journey there with thee,
 And with thee still remain.

The haunts of girlhood, once so dear,
 My soul doth prize no more;
 I yearn, my Love, far off to hear
 And find the better shore.

I leave the mansions of the dead,—
 Farewell the grassy mound:
 The flowery plains we soon will tread,
 Where all the lost are found.

I'll go with thee, do not deny;
 I'll make with thee my home,
 Where'er thou diest I will die,
 And there shall be my tomb.

VIII.

PITY the widow, desolate and poor;
 Those little parcels are her only store;
 Meekly upon her breast she crosses them,
 Prophetic of the Cross of Bethlehem;
 Then looks, imploringly into the sky,
 Where sits enthroned the pitying Deity.

IX.

Among the pearls of earth
Most cherished, Constancy;
Maid of a high celestial birth,
Child of eternity!

X.

Widow, mourning for the dead,
'Midst the golden harvest mourning,
Seats the sun thy aching head?
Burns the stubble 'neath thy tread?
No kind look thy gaze returning,
These poor parcels all thy store?
Surely God will give thee more.

Stand, then, mournfully and sigh;
Raise thy hands in meek submission;
Thy Redeemer, RUTH, is nigh—
Marks thee with a gracious eye,
Knows thy lonely, sad condition:
All thou'st given Him and more,
Shall be rendered from His store.

XI.

From Moab's hills the stranger comes,
By sorrow tried, widowed by death;
She comes to Judah's goodly homes,
Led by the trusting hand of faith.

CHORUS.

Ye friends of God, a welcome lend
The fair and virtuous RUTH to-day;—
A generous heart and hand extend,
And wipe the widow's tears away.
She leaves her childhood's home, and all
That brothers, friends, and parents gave;
The flowery fields, the Dorcy Hill,
The green sod o'er her husband's grave.
She leaves the gods her people own—
Soulless and weak, they're hers no more;
Jehovah, He is God alone,
And Him her spirit will adore.
At Bethlehem's gates the stranger stands,
All friendless, poor, and wanting rest:
She waits the cheer of loving hands,
And kindred hearts that God hath blest.

XII.

ESTHER.

Must we perish, O my nation,
With the light of ages crowned!
Surely there is yet salvation
With our great Deliverer found:
Cry aloud, then, Zion's Daughter,
Send with sorrowing groans the sky;
Blunt with prayer the sword of slaughter,—
Haste, my people, ere we die!

Thou, who shone our Nation's glory,
Mark this time of deep distress;
Hear, with pitying ear, our story,
See our anguish, Lord, and bless
But if thus our sins to chasten
Thou refuse Thy children's cry,
All submissive, I will hasten
With my people, Lord, to die.

XIII.

NOBLY she stands, a Queen: the glittering band
Mark of a royal state beneath her hand:
She points the silken robe with peerless grace,
Pure as her soul and pallid as her face;
Then reaches to the Sceptre whence is drawn
The kingly pardon she has bravely won.

XIV.

TEN THOUSAND anxious thoughts
Do oft our prayers oppress;
But He who reigns in heavenly courts
Will surely hear and bless.

XV.

SEE, O King, the suppliant one,
Pale and trembling at the throne!
See the golden crown she bears,
And the silken robe she wears;
Whiter, brighter than their sheen,
Is the woman's soul within!

Mercy's golden wand extend,
While her gentle head shall bend:
Meekly o'er Thy sceptre now,
Pardon, favor, bounty show;
Naught in all Thy broad domain,
Like the woman's soul within!

XVI.

MARTHA.

YEA, I believe, although death's cloud
Enwrap my soul in gloom;
Thou art the Christ, the Son of God,
The Saviour that should come;—
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

Yea, I believe; what though the grave
Hath won my love from me;
I felt that Thou hadst power to save,
And still do trust in Thee;—
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

Yea, I believe; through ages past
Thy coming voice was heard;
The promised King hath come at last,
My Saviour and my God;—
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

Yea, I believe; Lord, let this hour
Some gracious token give!
O grant a sweet, reviving power,
That others may believe;—
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

XVII.

WILDLY her hands are joined in form of love,
As at the Saviour's feet the mourner lies;
Beseechingly she raises them above,
While showers of tear-drops blind her languid eyes;
Then looks and pleads and supplicates His aid
In words that win her brother from the dead.

XVIII.

AND altogether blest
Are those who know the LORD:
The grave will kindly yield its guest
To His restless word.

XIX.

RAISE thy hands above, sweet mourner,
Higher, higher, toward the throne!
Ah, He sees thee, hears thy story,
Hears and feels that plaintive moan.

He has wept for human sorrow,
Let thy sorrows with Him plead;
Raise thy hands in faith, and doubt not,
He hath power o'er the dead.

XX.

ELECTA.

LAND far away,—home of the blest,—
Mansion Celestial, O give her sweet rest!
With her Beloved, crowned with His crown,
Bathed in His glory, whose Cross she has borne;
No falling tongue,—no fading eye,—
No worldly scorn, or heart-rending sigh,—
Land far away, etc.

Found with the saved, she who was lost,
Raised in His likeness to dwell with His host;
Clothed all in white, spotless as snow,
Henceforth with Jesus the MASTER to go.
Ah, who would stay on this cold shore,
When she has gone to joys evermore?
Land far away, etc.

XXI.

DYING, as Jesus died, upon the tree,—
Was ever worthier sacrifice than hers?
Sacred the Cross, the nail, the thorn; for He
Who suffered has redeemed them from the
curse;
Just as she passed to blest eternity
She plead forgiveness to her murderers.

XXII.

LOVELY upon the shore
Of Jordan's stream she stands,
Who gave her life for CHRIST and bore
His witness in her hand.

XXIII.

WHEN cares press heavy on the heart,
And all is gloom around,
Where shall we fix the heavy eye
In all this mortal bound?
What emblem hath the mourner here?
What love to warm, what light to cheer?

Thine, true ELECTA, thine which tells,
Of his distress and thine!
The Cross upon whose rugged limbs
Ye both did bleed and pine!
The Cross by heavenly wisdom given
To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

XXIV.

THE SISTER'S FUNERAL.

BEAR her softly, Brothers, softly,
Slowly tread and lightly move:
Little children walk beside her,
Weeping for the one they love,
And they cannot walk so fast:
Hurry not, support her gently,—
This sad march is mother's last.

Are these raindrops, falling on us,
Tears of angels, dropt from heaven?
Well they may be; never sorrow,
Tribute more sincere, was given!
Softly, Brothers,—let them fall;
"Blest the corpse the rain rains on,"—
Angels weep o'er mother's pall.

Softly,—softly,—'tis the grave-yard,
And her husband's grave is here;
Right it was *her* grave to open,
By the man she loved so dear;
Now her widowhood is past,—
All her yearnings now are over,—
Let the lovers meet at last!

Slowly give her form interment,
Mother unto mother-earth;
Death,—thy victory was never
Over more transcendent worth.

Never one more pure than she;
Oh, how can we, Brothers, spare her,
From this world of misery?

Lightly lay the sods above her,
Hiding from her children's eyes;
Ah, those hapless sons and daughters,—
Pity them above the skies!
All this world cannot afford,
Unto them, a friend so faithful;
None so faithful *save the Lord!*

Brothers, yet a moment longer,—
Hand in hand about her grave;
She, in fullness of our virtues,
Masons' eulogy shall have:
Ere we leave this sacred heap,
Join in tender reminiscence,—
Then in silent parting, weep.

That influence that warms the earth
In spring-time, waking trunks and roots,
Moved on her spirit, giving birth
To heaven's fairest flowers and fruits;
She *bloomed* in spiritual grace,
In Christian light and love and song:
Her *fruitage* was to cheer and bless
The sorrowing, as she passed along.

Her pilgrimage was made with God,
His seal divine was on her brow;
His truth inspired her every word—
That truth which Masons chiefly know:
She moved in spiritual grace,
In Christian light, and love and song,
Her *fruitage* was to cheer and bless
The sorrowing, as she passed along.

(The next stanza is recited with esoteric accompaniments.)

Like *Adam*, she expired in light—
Like *Ruth*, adored the widow's friend—
Like *Ester*, chose the crown most bright—
Like *Martha*, did in meekness bend—
Like blest *Electa*, bore her cross
As one who scorns its weight and pain,
Laid down life's richest gifts as dross,
Believing she would rise again!

Fairest of earthly daughters, she
Among the angelic hosts doth fly:
Ten thousand forms around her be,
And all together mount the sky:
Lovely their forms: their joyous tongues
Go thrilling up to heaven's gate,
Where cherub-shouts and seraph-songs,
Their ransomed sister's spirit wait.

*Silently, silently turn away,
Patiently yield to death the way.
Hopefully leave her in the tomb,
Until her Lord shall come.*

XXV.

LOVE AND LIGHT.

WHERE lies the maid—the Mason's Daughter
Where is her tomb?
Down by the softly flowing water—
There is her long, long home.
Sounds of the flowing water breathing
Peace o'er her bed:
Vines in a tender sorrow wreathing
Bowers for the early dead.

CHORUS.

Sister, oh, farewell forever!
None are left like thee;
Weep, Brothers! o'er the dark, dark river
Fades love and light far away!

Oft when the mystic toils were ended,
True hearts among,
What joys the evening hours attended,
Blest with her matchless song!
Thence, when the midnight hour resounded
Rapt with her lay,
Each from the circle that surrounded
Parted in gloom away!

When, through the haunts of sorrow straying
At duty's call,
We, every sign of grief obey
Bore friendly aid to all;—
How with us on the holy mission
Fervent was she!
How, like a bright and blissful vision
'Twas her delight to be!

Death called the Mason's Daughter early,—
Far, far too soon:
Blight nipped the tender flower unfair.
Faded her light at noon.
Doubtless, in mercy it was given,
Mercy divine,
That in the love and light of heaven
She might forever shine.

Sing, every little bird around her,
Sing o'er her tomb!
Forms from the better world have found her
Here, where we made her home.
Grief to this sacred scene forbidden,
Vanish afar!
Only a little time she's hidden,
Christ will the maid restore.

SERIES ILLUSTRATING THE FIRST NINE DEGREES.

I.

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE.

TO WILLIAM H. KNOWLES.

Where two or three assemble round,
In work the Lord approves,
His spirit with the group is found,
For 'tis the place he loves:
Be now all hearts to friendship given,
For we, the **SONS OF LIGHT**, are *seven*.

Bring here the *Gavel* and the *Gauge*,
Those implements renowned;
And from each conscience disengage
The faults that there are found.
Be now afar each folly driven,
For we, the **SONS OF LIGHT**, are *seven*.

Display the *Law* — the volume grace
With *Compass* and with *Square*;
Illumine the *Tapers* in their place,
And all for work prepare:
We'll please our Master well this even,
For we, the **SONS OF LIGHT**, are *seven*.

Spread o'er us yon rich *Canopy*,
Set up the *Ladder* high,
That angel visitants may see,
And from their stations fly,
Where Faith, Hope, Charity have striven,
And we, the **SONS OF LIGHT**, are *seven*.

II.

THE FELLOW-CRAFT.

TO HON. JAMES M. HOWRY.

This Lodge of *Five* from Tyre came,
Their leader one of matchless fame;
All through the tolling seasons seven,
Their time upon this work was given.

This Lodge of *Five* from Joppa's shore
To Sion's hill have journeyed o'er;
The quarry's inmost crypt have traced,
Whence many a stone the wall has graced.

This Lodge of *Five* have reared the shaft
That on the eastward hails the Craft;
And well they know each mystic line
That sanctifies the great **DESIGN**.

This Lodge of *Five* with faith obey
The holy **LAW** and holy **DAY**;
They humbly bow whene'er they see
The emblem of the **DEITY**.

This Lodge of *Five*, for honest toll,
Good wages have — Corn, Wine, and Oil;
And, should a brother be in want,
They ne'er forget the covenant.

This Lodge of *Five* have nearly done
The glorious work so long begun;
They, homeward bound, right soon will see
Their **MASTER** in eternity!

III.

THE MASTER MASON.

TO A. J. WHEELER.

O Death, thy hand is weighty on the breast
Of him who lies within thy grasp;
No power can raise the captive from his rest,
When thy strong hand doth clasp!

The tears of broken spirits fall in vain;
Their sighs are wasted o'er the grave:
Thou laugh'st at to scorn the funeral strain,
For "there is none to save."

From age to age mankind hath owned thy sway,
Submissive bowed beneath thy hand;
The hoary head — the infant of a day —
The loveliest of the land.

And thou hast struck the true and faithful now,
This model of Masonic faith;
It was a cruel and a dastard blow
Thou stern, unyielding Death!

Yet, boastful Monster, we shall have release;
Thy weighty hand, relentless power,
Shall be withdrawn, and all thy mockings cease,
And all thy triumphs o'er.

The Lion of the Tribe of Judah comes —
See in the heavenly east the sign!
To rend the sepulchres, disclose the tombs,
And shut thee, Monster, in!

IV.

THE MARK MASTER.

TO HIRAM BASSETT.

God trusts to each a portion of his plan,
And doth for honest labor wages give;
Wisdom and time he granteth every man,
And will not idleness and sloth forgive:
The week is waning fast — art thou prepared,
O Laborer, for the Overseer's award?

Hast thou been waiting in the market here,
Because no man hath hired thee? rise and go!
The sun on the Meridian doth appear,
The Master calls thee to his service *now*;

Rise up, and go, wherever duty calls,
And build with fervency the Temple walls.
Behold, within the heavenly home above,
One who hath done his life-tasks faithfully;
In the dark quarries all the week he strove,
And "bore the heat and burden of the day;"
So, when life's sun passed downward to the
west,
Richest refreshment was his lot, and rest.
So shall it be with thee, O toiling one!
However hard thine earthly lot may seem;
It is not long until the set of sun,
And then the past will be a pleasing dream,
The Sabbath, to the faithful laborer given,
Is blest companionship, and rest, and heaven.

V.

THE PAST MASTER.

TO A. G. HODGES.

O! raised to Oriental chair,
With royal honors crowned,
High grace and dignity to bear,
As in the days renowned.
With firmness guide the ruling hand,
Nor Gavel fall in vain;
And kindness soften the command,
And law the vice restrain.
The open WORD delight to read —
That TRUSTLE-BOARD of heaven —
And see that every Mason heed
The deathless precepts given.
And let the Trowel truly spread
Its cement so divine,
That all the Craft be duly paid
Their corn, and oil, and wine.
The *Plumb-line*, hanging from the sky,
In the Grand Master's hand —
Be this your emblem, ever nigh,
By this to walk and stand:
Thus, grateful Craftsmen will conspire
To sing your praises true,
And honors grant you, ever higher,
Than now they offer you.

VI.

MOST EXCELLENT MASTER.

TO A. H. COPELAND.

Prostrate before the Lord,
We praise and bless His name,
That he doth condescend to own
The temple that we frame.

No winter's piercing blast,
No summer's scorching flame,
Has daunted us; and prostrate here,
We praise and bless His name.

From lofty Lebanon
These sacred cedars came;
We dedicate them to Thy cause,
And praise and bless Thy name.

Each noble block complete,
Each pure and sparkling gem,
We give to build and beautify,
And praise and bless Thy name.

With millions here below,
With heaven's own cherubim,
Prostrate before the fire and cloud,
We praise and bless Thy name.

VII.

ROYAL ARCH.

TO PETER THATCHER.

O weary hearts, so worn and desolate!
Torn from their native land, from ruined homes,
From desecrated shrines. O, hapless fate!
Better the solitude of Judah's tombs
Than all that Judah's foeman can bestow;
In the far land, where tuneless waters flow,
Along the sad Euphrates, as they sigh,
"Jerusalem!" "Jerusalem!" they cry,
"When we forget thee, city of our love,
"May He forget, whose city is above;
"And when we fail to speak thy matchless
fame,
"May He consign us to enduring shame."

O, joyful spirits, now so bright and free
Amidst the hallowed palm-trees of the west;
No more the exile's want and misery,
The tuneless waters or the homes unblest;
Remember Sion now, her ruined shrine,
And take each manly form, the work divine;
Set up the altar, let the victims bleed,
To expiate each impious word and deed;
And tell the nations, when to Sion come,
"The Lord is God; He brought His people
home!"

VIII.

ROYAL MASTER.

TO HON. PETER DAGGY.

We can predict, from day to day,
Some things will meet us on life's way;
But who, of all that draw life's breath,
Can shadow *what is after death?*

When spring awakes, we look for flowers,
And leafy boughs and genial bowers;
The flowery spring rewards our faith—
What shall we look for *after death*?

When autumn spreads its sober skies,
With open lap we wait the prize;
We catch the showering fruits beneath—
For us what fruitage *after death*?

We trace the infant through each stage
Of youth, of manhood, and of age;
Each stage confirms our previous faith—
What grade awaits him *after death*?

Such the reflections of this grade;
Such question here is freely made;
Life's secret lies *beneath, beneath*—
'Tis only yielded *after death*!

IX.

SELECT MASTER.

TO GEORGE FRANK GOULEY.

At midnight, as at noon,
The ancient worthies met;
The glances of the moon
Beheld those laborers late;
Nor, till the glancing moon was high,
Did any lay his Trowel by.

Each felt a weight of care.
A solemn charge o'erspread;
Each toiled in earnest there,
With busy hand and head;
And to the deep and faithful cave,
Those midnight craft a secret gave.

In whom the fire burns bright
At midnight as at noon,
All secrets come to light
Beneath the glancing moon:
Nor, till the glancing moon is high,
Must any lay his Trowel by.

EARNESTNESS IN FOLLOWING.

TO THE PRECIOUS MEMORY OF WILLIAM MERRICK WILSON.

Lord, why can I not follow now?
Where'er Thou goest let me go;
Of Thy dark cup, oh, grant a share,
And of Thy burdens let me bear;
Only do Thou acknowledge me,
Then, with full heart, I'll follow Thee!

Death—no, I do not fear his name;
Cross—yes, I covet all its shame;
Friends go and leave disconsolate;
Foes crush me down with cruel hate;
Only do Thou acknowledge me,
Then, with full heart, I'll follow Thee!

Jesus, I've found in Thine employ,
Still some new source of holy joy;
Pilgrim, and sad, when shall I come
Glad unto Thine eternal home!
Only do *Thou* acknowledge me,
Then, with full heart, I'll follow Thee!

THE PASTORAL IMAGE.

TO WILLIAM J. HUGHAN.

Oh, Lamb of God, oh, Lamb that once wast
slain,

We walk among the pastures of Thy land,
Thy meads and founts spread out on every
hand,

And long to see Thee feeding here again.

Thou art our Shepherd—Thou the expert, the
bold—

Thy mighty rod defends the gentle flock;
The erring Thou restrainest with Thy crook;
At eventide Thou leadest them to the fold.

At noon, Thou guidest unto cooling springs;
Sultry the blazing sun may heat the hills;
In quiet meadows, by the singing rills,
We lie refreshed, while our sweet Shepherd
sings.

And oh, beloved Pastor, lest the harms
Of the rude rocks should wound their tender
feet,

Thou, strong to save, and in Thy mercies
sweet,

Dost take our little Lambs within Thine arms?

Thou art the door, the entrance to the fold;
Through Thee we joyful pass; we know Thy
voice;

Yet *call us*, Lord! oh, how we will rejoice!
There is no hunger there, no pinching cold.

Where Thou art, all is safety, all is rest;
Harmless the ravening wolf may seek his
prey;

The robber vainly haunts the midnight way,
While we repose in safety on Thy breast.

Oh, tender One! and did our Shepherd bleed—
Bleed for *our* sorrows? when, midst galling
storm,

And blows, and sweat, and scourge, and poi-
sonous thorn,

Thou, Jesus, died — *was it for us, indeed?*

Yes, *yes, for us*: then let us follow on;

No more to lag, unwilling, on the way;

No more from thy dear person, Lord, to stray;

But close and loving, till life's day is done.

THE INVISIBLE WORKMEN.

It is the belief of the common people in the East, that the immense blocks seen in the ruined edifices at Baalbec, Gebal, Jerusalem, and elsewhere, were taken from the quarry, shaped, and set in place by the INVISIBLE ONES summoned through the influence of King Solomon's device (the five-pointed star) from the depths, and made thus to serve his irresistible will. Some of these ashlar weigh exceeding eight hundred tons.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELISHA D. COOKE.

And who are these, like shadows thin,
Heaving vast hammers without din,
Splitting in fragments huge the ledge;
Noiseless, with crowbar and with wedge,
In silence plying chisel's edge!

They bear the marks of steel and fire;
Upon each brow the impress dire
Of sin, and shame, and penalty,
As driven from the upper sky,
And doomed in God's rebuke to sigh.

THE STAR.

Where the bright acacia waving
Tells of life forever green,
Lo, yon starry-pointed graving
The emblem of Faith is seen.

CHORUS.

Star that gleamed in heavenly story,
Oh, whisper tender hope in every ray,
Shine with the light of perfect glory,
And lead to eternal day.

Lo, that Star that went before them,
Stood above the gentle guest!
Oh, for the mighty Faith that bore them
So far in the holy quest!

Guide us up among the mountains,
Where true Adah smiled at death;
Lead us down beside the fountains,
By the scene of Ruth's great faith.

Land of Persia's queen immortal,
Star of matchless wonder, show:
Thence with Martha to the portal,
As a guide to our glad feet go.

Where the rose of Sharon bloometh,
By the martyr's grave afar,
There in mighty glory cometh
So gently the Eastern Star.

OPENING ODE.

TO JOHN BENNETT.

Begin the work of praise,
The joys of song begin;
And bid the mystical rays
To enter in.

The gleaming light, the guiding light,
The light that shines afar,
It yields a radiance pure and bright,
The beautiful, beautiful star.

It tells of deathless love,
And faith and hope sublime;
It lifts the soul above
All things of time.

It makes us free to die;
Since love has conquered death
No hopeful heart need sigh
To yield its breath.

Then let the song of praise
Our evening tasks begin,
And bid the mystical rays
To enter in.

THE THREE KNOCKS.

Brother the Reverend John Newland Maffitt, in a masterly discourse upon Freemasonry, delivered at St. Louis, Mo., twenty-five years since, among various figures of surpassing elegance, describes the Omnipotent Judge calling up the "sheeted dead" from their places of sepulture on the Resurrection Day, *by the three symbolical knocks of Freemasonry*. This is in allusion to one of the oldest traditions of the

Order, more fully expressed in the lines following.

TO BROTHER KING KALAKAUA.

The Day has come:
Prophets and seers foretold it—greatest Day;
All secrets of this life to be exposed,
All prisoners and slaves to be released,
All darkness banished, and all discord healed—
Old time is ripe for this, and earth and heaven
Wait with expectant ear and eye the call.

ONE!

A sigh, as from a sleeping host, begins to stir
the air;
A voice from an awakening band whose numbers
none compare;
The earth is to its centre stirred, and on their
crumbling base,
Old monuments are toppling down, in ruin and
disgrace.

Upon the lower sky a gleam is reddening up
the East,
As if the sun, ere early morn, would to his
journey haste;
Strange faces, wondrous sweet, like those for
which our torn hearts yearn,
Peer out benignantly, from clouds that in the
radiance burn.

In Mason-lodges, here and there, where taper
light still burns,
Lo every Brother from the open page of Scripture
turns!
He turns, he looks beyond the East, beyond
the Master's chair,
And wonders at the kindling blaze that stains
the Orient there.

The Master drops his gavel now—the OMNIPOTENT
is heard;
The Tyler leaves his trust uncalled, resigns his
useless sword;
The Scribe shuts up his volume, for the pen-
man's work is done;
And all may see Eternity's great promised
morn's begun.

TWO!

Now 'neath the heaving hillocks life descends;
Now bone to bone conjoins, the sinews knit;
The coursing blood its vermeil brightness
lends;
The heart in rapture hastes again to beat;

Death and the worm are vanquished, and the
grave,
Stripped of its horrors, seemeth but a bed
Where tired ones come and sweet repositings
have,
And rise and go when eastern skies are red.

The Master joins his Craftsmen, and they lock
Their trusty hands in friendship's farewell
chain;
As deeming, while they stand upon the brink
Of fate, that *Brethren faithful should remain*;
Nearer and nearer yet they gather in,
And one, a gray-haired veteran, holds up
A green sprig gathered from an aged pine,
Worn as memorial of Masons' hope.

What comfort now, that emblem of their faith!
They pass it round, they press it to each lip;
Its sacred hue has often mocked at death,
And lent new meaning to the Masons' grip.
Nearer and nearer yet, till foot to foot,
And breast to breast, the moral builders
stand,
While roar the unfettered elements without,
And shudderings disturb the solid land.

Now on the left there starts from out the wall
A shadowy hand; with occult character;
In light ineffable it fills the hall,
Flashing till human vision scarce can bear.
It writes—and well the joyful group can read:
"You did it to the poor, and the distressed;
"Heaven's records show the generous word
and deed—
"Enter, ye faithful, to the promised Rest!"

THREE!

The drama ends—the dead cast off their
shrouds,
And, all erect, in solemn awe await
The Message; earth in every ear attends,
And heaven is hushed while the Grand Master
speaks.

'Tis not for man to look within the skies;
Let pen prophetic all these words record:
"I saw the dead, both small and great, arise
"And stand before the Judgment seat of
God:—

"I saw the grave deliver up its dead;
"I saw, amazed, the once remorseless sea,
"The very dust the winged winds had spread,
"Collect and render up, all tenderly:—

"I heard one say, within the golden gate,
 "The happy, happy dead, forever blest,
 "Who died in Jesus—for their works do wait
 "And follow them to their eternal rest:—

"I heard one say, Depart, ye accursed, far
 "From Love Divine, and Light, and Heaven,
 depart;
 "The sick, the poor, the friendless prisoner,
 "Plead in my name, but vainly, to your
 heart;—

"I heard a multitude in sweetest frame,
 "Singing and harping to the All-Gracious
 God,
 "Who *is*, and *was*, and *will be* aye, the same,
 "And never fails to man his plighted word!"

And reading this from the inspired hand,
 May we not humbly hope, we Masons Free,
 That when before the Overseer we stand,
 He will recall our deeds of charity?

Is it not written, from the widow's eye
 We've wiped sad tears—the fatherless have
 smiled—
 The homeless through our doors passed joy-
 ously—
 The hungry soul has been refreshed and filled?

We feel death's influence nearing day by day;
 In mother earth our hands must soon be
 stilled;
 The evening shades to us seem cold and gray;
 The night dews fall, our aching limbs are
 chilled.

Then let us hope, and hoping, labor yet,
 Till the dread SIGNAL fall, and we shall rise;
 Ample our Wages, and Divinely set,
 In rest and peace and bliss beyond the skies!

TAKING THE LITTLE ONE HOME TO DIE.

In the depot at Indianapolis, Ind., the writer
 observed a friend bearing the coffin of a child.
 Upon inquiry it proved that the afflicted parents
 were taking their precious dust to an old fam-
 ily burying-ground, that they might "lay it
 among its kindred."

Taking the little one home to rest,
 Child of love, child of mirth;
 Taking her from her mother's breast,
 To give unto mother earth;

Sad the journey, weeping friends,
 Heavy grief your steps attends;
 Oh, it is hard this beautiful day,
 To carry the babe away.

Giving the little one up to death,
 Child of grace, child of light;
 Trusting to him in perfect faith
 Who doeth all things right.
 Weep, but not in hopeless grief,
 Christ will give a sweet relief;
 Oh, it is well in earthly pain,
 To know we shall meet again.

INVITATION TO THE ORIENT.

TO J. J. MASON.

Come, view the hills upon whose slopes
 The announcing angels sung the strain
 Of peace on earth, whose sacred hopes
 From age to age do yet remain.

Come hear the Kedron's murmuring plaint;
 Come weep by Rachel's early grave;
 Come where Gomorrah's sulphurous taint
 Displays God's justice 'neath the wave.]

Come see where Judah's Prince was slain;
 Come see where the Redeemer died;
 No place in Nature's broad domain,
 So dear, so blest, so sanctified.

The rose of Sharon, blooming still,
 Invites you to this ancient shore;
 The brow of Hermon's snowy hill
 Looms grandly as in days of yore.

The Jordan rushes to the sea
 As when the Baptist boldly stood;
 And Nebo towers as loftily
 As when the prophet went to God.

Each scene the tender heart reveres,
 Doth in a rich attraction stand,
 And voices of unnumbered years
 Invite us to the Holy Land.

HOW COLD WOULD BE THE TOMB.

TO CHARLES C. BONNETT, LL.D.

How cold would be the tomb,
 How desolate its gloom,
 Were there no faithful tears to fall above!

Oh, who could bear to die,
Did not we know some sigh
Will move fond spirits in memorial-love.

The gentle Jesus wept
Above his friend, who slept
Where sister-hands had laid him; and His tear
Has hallowed every grief,
And yielded sweet relief,
And spread hope's brightest radiance round the bier.

The story told to-night
Of *Adam*, brave and bright,
And *Ruth* and *Esther*, gone to deathless home,
Proves how for love we burn,
And how our spirits yearn
To have some flower-wreaths laid upon our tomb.

There's little here below
But misery and woe;
But in yon realm there waits us an abode
"Of many mansions" framed,
THE LODGE ETERNAL named,
Its Master Builder, and its Master—God!

This sweet, sad story, fraught
With grand and noble thought,
Points us unerring to that Lodge afar;
It guides the wandering eye,
As when, in days gone by,
Wise men were guided by the EASTERN STAR.

So let us read the tale,
And con its lessons well,
That we lose not the victory they won;
But laboring in faith,
Inherit after death,
Eternal honor and the heavenly Crown.

THE CULLING OF THE QUARRY.

A Poem in Four Parts.

I.

CULLING THE ASHLAR.

TO JOHN F. BURRELL.

The Master to the Quarry came:
The glittering square bespoke his rank;
An aged man—Phœnicia's swarthy race
Claimed him of birth; his Apron deftly turned,
Told of the mystic Ladder up whose rounds
He had by faithful vigilance ascended.

His thoughtful eye scanned all the busy scene;
A thousand hammers ringing,
Ten thousand Craftsmen bringing
The Ashlars from their native bed
Where they had lain, deep hidden, since crea-
tion,
To be inspected, trimmed, and shaped by rule,
And rendered worthy of the SACRED FANE.

Ah, faithful laborers! no hand was stayed—
Yet sometimes upward glanced an eye,
Hoping to see the sun pause in the South;
And sometimes stayed an ear to catch the sound
So longed-for, that would mark Refreshment-
Hour.

The Master's Gavel signaled a command;
Then every hand was stayed, and every ear
Opened to learn his will and pleasure.

"Craftsmen, ho,
A Block, a perfect Stone, an Ashlar true,
To grace the Temple-wall!"
Quickly the word
Passed through the quarries and the WARDEN
brought
An ASHLAR, laid it at the MASTER's feet,
And waited silently his bidding: long
And earnestly the venerable man
Gazed on the polished stone,
As if to penetrate it to the core.
He sternly tried the angles, gauged the sides,
With measured steps *thrice round it walked*,
Then at low breath, as in a muse, he said:—
"This is such work as our GRAND MASTER
loves!
The ages will not see this crumble;
The morning rays, peeping o'er Olivet,
Will give it wondrous beauty, and the moon
Will kiss its pearly face with daintiest beams;
Bear it, Apprentices, away, away
Up to the TEMPLE!" Then loudly sung
The bearers, as they journeyed Zion-ward:

An Ashlar for the wall!
Sing praise, ye Masons all!
Give honor to the bright and perfect stone;
A polished block and true,
Right worthy of the view
Of the CELESTIAL MASTER from his Throne.

The gnawing tooth of time,
The lightning flash sublime,
The penetrating frost, shall have no power,
Nor earthquake's mightiest shock,
To harm this chosen rock;—
Of Wisdom, Strength and Beauty 'tis the dower.

We bear it proudly home—
Ye Masters, lo, we come!
Prepare the cement for this chosen block:
Have by your Trowels bright,
And lay the Ashlar right,
In loving company with kindred rock.

Thus may the walls ascend,
And nearer, nearer tend
Unto that high Celestial Canopy,
Where, toil and travel ceased,
Beyond the gleaming East,
The UNIVERSAL BUILDER we may see!

II.

CULLING THE PERFECT SQUARE.

TO M. H. RICE.

Again unto the Quarry came
The Master; for Phenician hands had reared
The Temple walls; the cedar beams beneath
The lofty roof high span the sacred spot;
And golden spires reflect the early rays
Flashing from Moab's hills.

For seven years
These zealous Builders had bestowed their
strength,
While Wisdom planned and beauty graced their
work.
For seven years, debarred the joys of home,
Strangers and pilgrims; weeks sped wearily,
And Sabbath hours dragged cheerless; seven
years
To wrest the unwilling blocks from cryptic bed,
To fell the groaning cedars on their heights,
To guide the flutes across the stormy wave,
And bow the back beneath oppressive loads.

Such, oh ye moral Builders, who do ply
Your easy tasks on cushioned seats, such was
The apprenticeship of men in olden time!
What wonder Hiram's works do live forever?

The Master's Gavel signaled a command;
Then every hand was stayed, and every ear
Opened to learn his will and pleasure.

"Craftsmen, ho,
A Square, a perfect Square, of firmest stone,
To grace the checkered pavement."
Swift the word
Was passed from Warden unto Warden, through
The lodges of the Fellow-Crafts, and soon
Twelve stalwart men brought up a marble block
And proudly laid it at the Master's feet.

It was a milk-white stone, whose polished face
Reflected all the scene—the scaffolding,
The hammers, swung by brawny arms, the pick,
The keen-edged chisel, and that aged Man,
Whose glittering square bespoke his rank.

Within

Its glassy depths he peered, as though to read
The future; had a prescience then been given,
What mourning through the ages had been
spared!

Then had the Acacia's glory ne'er been shorn,
Nor Craftsmen ever blushed their fellows' sin!
He sternly tried the angles, gauged the sides,
With measured steps thrice 'round and 'round
it walked;

Then in commanding tones he said:
"Bear it, Apprentices, away, away,
Up to the TEMPLE!" Then loudly sung
The bearers as they journeyed Zionward:

Through the northern Gate we bear,
Joyfully the Perfect Square;
Craftsmen clear the way,
While the Checkered Pave we lay.

Where the Father stayed the knife
O'er the darling of his life,*
Be this marble laid,
Where the Avenger's Sword was stayed.†

O'er this consecrated stone
As a thousand years shall run
Their appointed ways,
Prophets, Kings and Priests shall trace.

Here the victims' blood shall flow
For a heritage of woe;
Here in latest time,
One shall stand with power sublime.

Let the sunshine and the air
Warm and grace the Perfect Square;
Craftsmen, clear the way,
While the Checkered Pave we lay.

III.

CULLING THE COLUMN.

TO D. H. McDONALD.

The Master to the Quarry came;
The Temple walls are up, the Pavement laid,
The enclosing Courts spread broadly round,
The gilded Pinnacles displayed,
And Kedron's brook in song beneath
Murmurs the Temple's praise.

* Genesis xxii, 10-13. † 2 Sam. xxiv, 16.

The Master comes, but not alone;
Beside him walks his King;
Monarch of wave-girt Tyre's Isle;
The *Sea-King*, whose broad sails
Whiten a hundred coasts;
The *Mason-King* whose wondrous skill has
reared

The palaces renowned of the world's kings.

With bended knee and downcast eye
The Quarrymen in worship pause,
The echoes dying into silence.

The Master's Gavel then implies command,
And every form erect, and every eye
Intent, the laborers wait to hear
Once more his will and pleasure.

"Craftsmen, ho!

A Block, a Stone of value—
One of ten thousand! search the quarries
through;

'Tis for a Column, beautiful and true?
Search in the depths where light
Has never penetrated;

Look for an Ashlar in whose heart is found
A figure polished, elegant and round,
Left on Creation's morn to serve
And glorify the Temple of the Lord!
Look North, look South, look East, look West,
Take no refreshment, have no rest;
Somewhere within the mine exists this stone,
Seek it and find it ere the sun goes down!"

Quick and successful was the quest:
Deep in the caverns had a veteran seen
That very morning such an Ashlar;
Answering the might of nine score stalwart
arms

It came to light, and lo a perfect Block!
Divested of excrescence soon it stood,
As the Creator made it,
Beautiful, strong and good.

The Master scanned it. Seven times around
The glorious shaft he journeyed;
With steady hand and eye applied
The line, the compass, and the unerring Square.
Then to the musing King he solemn said:
"This, Sire, will stand the ravages of time;
The gnawing tooth of frost will vainly bite
To roughen its glossy face, nor till the foe-
men's wrath
Shall tread down Zion will it be o'erthrown!"

Smiling the King responded; then the arms
Of brawny Craftsmen swung the heavy shaft

Aloft, and bore it at good speed
Up to the Temple; singing as they went
A fitting chorus:

Room for the polished Shaft!
Give way ye Mason-craft—
A fitting site for nature's gem prepare;
Give it an eastern base,
That it may earliest grace
The Orient sun upon his golden car,

Room for the Column bright,
Rescued from Nature's night,
Snatched from the cavern's loneliness and
gloom;
And let it signal here,
Through many and many a year,
To call the wandering worshippers all home.

Room for the Pillar true:
How grandly on the view,
How like a speaking truth our treasure stands!
Never till time shall end
From rectitude to bend,
But ever pointing to the heavenly lands.

Alas, that we decay
And die from day to day,
While things inanimate thus grandly live!
Room for the polished Shaft!
Give way ye Mason-Craft,
And fitting site for Nature's treasure give.

IV.

CULLING THE CAP-STONE.

TO H. M. HOSMER.

The Master to the Quarry came once more,
Two Mason-kings attending—one of Tyre,
Pillar of strength through all the seven years'
toil,
Whose fourscore thousands had the sacred
Mount
With unexampled glory crowned;
And one, great David's greater progeny,
The wise, the matchless Solomon,
The world-renowned, favorite of God and man,
For whom these thousands and this mystic plan.

Proudly between, the aged Master walked,
And all who saw the Architect declared:
"This is his triumph-day, his crowning-day,
To-day he seeks the cap-stone!"

It was so—
Block upon block the walls had risen up,
North, South, East, West, the roof enclosing in,

And each in ghostly silence to its place:
Pillars and porch colossal faced the East;
The Checkered Pavement showed its mystic
face.

Rich curtains veiled the portals of the Fane;
The glittering rays of diamonds displayed
Device of cherubim and Judah's palm
Graven on every wall;—the work was done;
Moriah from her deepest base to crown,
Was hidden 'neath this monument of God.

On bended knees the Quarrymen are grouped
Around the three Grand Masters, quick to hear
The final order: down—once, twice and thrice,
The Gavel falls upon a neighboring stone
And every ear intent, they cheerful wait
To hear his will and pleasure.

“Craftsmen, ho!
A stone of matchless worth!
From deepest crypt bring forth the block to
light,
A COPE-STONE broad and beautiful and bright;
Ye veterans seek it, ye can best attest
What prize of Nature crowns our Temple best!”

'Twas found, 'twas wrought, and in an after day,
(He whom they loved had passed from life away)
The exulting thousands looked aloft and saw
His SIGNET on the cope-stone; then they sung:

Hail favorite of the skies,
Hail Sovereign great and wise,
Whose God hath answered thee in smoke and
flame—
This day THE SCRIBE hath penned
A record that shall lend
Thee and thy works to everlasting fame!

Hail, Hiram, buldler-king—
The cedars thou didst bring
In princely state from snowy Lebanon,
Shall speak thy royal bloom
In beauty and perfume,
While vernal leaf shall catch the kindling sun!

Hail thou departed one,
The loving widow's son,
In life beloved and best beloved in death—
This Temple, through all time,
Shall speak in notes sublime
Thy *skill* unequalled and unshaken *fate*!

Hail to the finished Fane!
All hail, again, again—
Thy form magnificent our eye doth see,

'Midst streaming fire and cloud
That vainly would enshroud
Its glories from the Omniscient Deity!

Hail the MARK MASTERS' SIGN!
How from those letters shine
The mystic meaning that inspires the heart;
They speak of laboring days,
Of blessed rest and peace—
They prompt us each to choose the better part!

Jerusalem, farewell!
Fond memories shall tell
How we have builded, how fraternized here;
The might of Israel's God
Spread o'er thy hills abroad
To crown thee with all glory, year by year!

Hail now our long-hoped home!
Land of our birth, we come;
Ah yearned-for, prayed-for, long and ardently!
Upon thy children now
A mother's gifts bestow,
In life a blessing and in death a sigh!

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

TO PROF. OSSIAN E. DODGE.

The funniest thing I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason!

Her husband, Tom Byrde, is a Mason true,
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is Tyler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summons due,
And she wanted to be a Mason too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde!

She followed round, this ridiculous wife,
And nabbed him and teased him half out of his
life;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.
And first, to disguise her from bonnet and
shoon,
This ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech—ah! forgive me, I meant panta-
loon,
And miraculously did they fit her!

The Lodge was at work on the Master's degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G;
High soared the pillars J and B;

The officers sat like Solomon wise;
 The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;
 The goat roamed wildly through the room;
 The candidate begged them to let him go home;
 The devil himself stood up in the east,
 As bold as an Alderman at a feast,
 When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight!
 Can it be that Masons take delight
 In spending thus the hours of night?
 Ah! could their wives and daughters know
 The unutterable things they say and do,
 Their feminine hearts would burst with wo!
 But this is not all my story:—

Those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
 The candidate howling like everything,
 And thus in tones of death they sing:
 (The candidate's name was Morey)
 "Blood to drink, and bones to crack,
 Skulls to smash, and lives to take,
 Hearts to crush, and souls to burn—
 Give old Morey another turn,
 And make him grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
 Unable to utter a single word,
 She staggered and fell in the nearest chair,
 On the left of the Junior Warden there;
 And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
 That the chair was made of human bones.

Of human bones! On grinning skulls
 That ghastly throne of horror rolls,
 Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore;
 Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore.
 His scalp across the top was flung
 His teeth around the arms were strung;
 Never in all romance was known
 Such uses made of human bones.

There came a pause—a pair of paws
 Reached through the floor, up sliding doors,
 And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
 How can I without tears relate
 The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
 She saw him sink in fiery hole,
 She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"
 While roars of fiendish laughter rolled,
 And drowned the yells of Morey.
 "Blood to drink," etc. etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no more:
 She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
 'Midst all the diabolical roar.
 What then, you ask me, did befall

Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
 She dreamed she had been in a Mason's hall.

HAPPY TO MEET, SORRY TO PART, HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN.

A Masonic Carol.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THAT PRINCE
 OF GOOD FELLOWS, THOMAS BIRD HARRIS,
 GRAND SECRETARY OF CANADA.

(Deceased 1874.)

Happy to meet the sparkling eye,
 The sinewy hand, the joyful tongue;
 Happy to meet where never a sigh
 Nor a cold word chills fraternal song:
 Happy around the altar's base!
 Happy beneath the all-seeing Eye!
 Telling the glories of that place,
 The happier Lodges beyond the sky.

CHORUS.

Happy to meet, sorry to part,
 Happy to meet again, again;
 Happy to meet, sorry to part,
 Happy to meet again.

Sorry to part, for who can tell,
 As time goes by and changes come,
 If those we have met and cherished so well,
 Shall gather again in the Mason's home?
 Sorry to part we lingering stand;
 Sorry to part these loiterings prove;
 But whisper the word along your Band:
 "Meeting again in the Lodges above!"

Happy to meet, etc.

Happy to meet again, again;
 Oh, hasten the joyful moment soon,
 When happily met King Hiram's men
 Shall measure again the Mason's tune!
 Strong men may bow, the hair grow white,
 Mourners may go about the street;
 But carol we will as we've sung to-night,
 Happy again, again to meet!

Happy to meet, etc.

LINES WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY RECITATIONS.

TO CHAUNCEY M. HATCH.

Come then, ye Masons wise,
 Come with sound ears and eyes,
 Join me in spirit, and with hand in hand.

Cross the broad waters o'er,
Old Canaan to explore,
And make *our Crusade* to the Holy Land!

Honor to him who fills the East,
For Wisdom's rule revered;
Honor to him who fills the West,
For Help and Strength endeared;
Honor to him who fills the South,
Model of Beauty, Grace and Truth.

Oh, glorious task! to dig in sacred soil,
'Neath ruined towers and temples where the
hands
Of nine score thousand craftsmen wrought in
toll
Sublime! Oh, to rehearse our Master's dread
command

Amidst those scenes inspired! oh, to join
Around those altars loving hand and heart!
In all this Lodge terrestrial there's no shrine
Like that where first was wrought Masonic
Art.

What is the Mason's speech?
How does the Master teach
The undying thoughts that we call *Masonry*?
Mysterious dialect
Where sharpened souls detect
The inmost secrets of the mystic tie!

'Tis no mere local tongue
Informs our world-wide throng;
No! 'tis the hand, the lip, the face, the eye!
These make the unerring voice
That bids our souls rejoice,
When hand in hand we form the mystic tie.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

TO HON. JOHN SCOTT.

Consider how the lilies grow,
Perfume shedding, widely spreading,
How the scarlet blossoms blow!
Broad in Galilee their fame,
For Jesus called them by their name.

Consider how the lilies thrive,
Beauteous ever, tolling never,
Only need to smile and live:
Father has them in his care,
And makes the scarlet blossoms fair.

Consider what the lilies say:
"All is given us from heaven,
"Father keeps us every day!

"He who makes the lilies grow,
"Oh, will He not provide for you?"

Consider how the lilies die—
Loved and cherished, lost and perished.
We are for eternity!
He who gives the floweret bloom,
Ah, *He* will snatch us from the tomb!

SONG OF THE CEDARS.

The Cemetery of the Cedars, within view of
the author's dwelling, is that referred to in the
following lines.

TO HON. J. Q. A. FELLOWS.

Come where the broad cedars waving
All nature's changes are braving,
Mourners, come wander with me:
Here while the sore heart is weeping,
Loved ones are tenderly sleeping,
Blest where no waking can be,
Under the *broad* cedar tree.

Pause by the grave of a brother,
Sigh at the tomb of a mother,
Gone o'er the dark troubled sea;
Pause where the rose-bud is broken;
Look, it is infancy's token!
Oh, for that smiling and glee
Under the *green* cedar tree.

Do you remember our yearning,
When, from this graveyard returning,
All life's sweet visions did flee!
Yet from that dark night of sorrow
Rose God's own glorious morrow;
Hope sprung to you and to me,
Under the *blest* cedar tree.

Yield then no longer to sighing;
Hope springs eternal, undying,
Green as the foliage we see:
Far over death's gloomy river,
Blest with our loved ones forever;
Blest where no parting shall be,
Under life's *fruit-yielding* tree.

THE TRUE CORNER-STONE.

TO CORNELIUS MOORE.

What is the Masons' corner-stone?
Does the mysterious temple rest
On earthly ground—from east to west,
From north to south—and *this alone*?

What is the Masons' corner-stone?
Is it to toil for fame and pelf,
To magnify our petty self,
And love our friends — and *this alone*?

No, no; the masons' corner-stone —
A deeper, stronger, nobler base,
Which time and foe cannot displace —
Is FAITH IN GOD — and *this alone*!

'Tis this which makes the mystic tie
Loving and true, divinely good,
A grand united brotherhood,
Cemented 'neath the All-seeing Eye.

'Tis this which gives the sweetest tone
To Masons' melodies; the gleam
To loving eyes; the brightest gem
That sparkles in the Masons' crown.

'Tis this which makes the Masons' grip
A chain indissolubly strong;
It banishes all fraud, and wrong,
And coldness, from our fellowship.

Oh, corner-stone divine, divine!
Oh, FAITH IN GOD! it buoys us up,
And gives to darkest hours a hope,
And makes the heart a holy shrine.

Brothers, be this your corner-stone;
Build every wish and hope on this;
Of present joy, of future bliss,
On earth, in heaven — and *this alone*.

THE OLD TYLER.

The presentation of a beautiful set of Gavel
to the Grand Lodge of Iowa by THEODORE
SCHREINER, for many years the Grand Tyler,
was the occasion of this poem.

It was a happy thought
To have these gavel wrought
By the old Tyler, for the honored Craft;
Though placed without the door
To make the Lodge secure,
You know him as a bright and polished shaft.

How many a year he's stood,
Old Schreiner, brave and good,
And guarded you while secret works went on!
How many a brother's dead,
Since first his honored head
Was seen amongst you in the early June!

Can you forget him? No:
His *earthly form* may go,
His kindly smile be hidden in the sod;
But when those gavel ring,
Fond memories they will bring
Of the old Tyler gone to rest with God.

Then let those gavel sound
At every annual round,
And when you hear them, think of him that gave;
'Tis but a fleeting day,
And then the Craft will say —
"The Lodge has joined their Tyler in the grave!"

A knock will yet be heard,
The sheeted dead be stirred,
With all that *are* and *have been* we shall rise:
Oh, may each brother come
Thus summoned from his tomb,
And share eternal glory in the skies!

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

Each cooling dove and sighing bough
That makes the eve so blest to me,
Has something far diviner now —
It bears me back to Galilee.

CHORUS.

Oh, Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
Oh, Galilee, blue Galilee,
Come sing thy song again to me.

Each flowery glen and mossy dell
Where happy birds in song agree,
Thro' sunny morn the praises tell
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.
Oh, Galilee, etc.

And when I read the thrilling lore
Of Him who walked upon the sea;
I long, oh, how I long once more
To follow Him in Galilee.
Oh, Galilee, etc.

SOME BETTER THING FOR US.

"God having prepared some better thing for
us." — Heb. xi, 40.

O, sweet are the songs of spring,
Its tinted flowers are fair,
When beauty floats on painted wing,
And perfume fills the air;

But lovely as they are,
And large the hand that gave,
Some better thing he doth prepare
For us beyond the grave.

CHORUS.

Some better thing for us
Our Father hath in store,
Some better thing for us,
That we may love him more.

O, sweet is the love of youth,
The pure young spirits given,
In perfect innocence and truth;
The very bloom of heaven;
But, precious as they are,
And kind the hand that gave,
Some better thing he doth prepare
For us beyond the grave.

Some better thing, etc.

No eye hath beheld that place,
No ear hath heard the sound:
We may not know its blessedness,
While here on earthly ground;
But soon our chains will fall,
To brighter worlds we go;
And Christ, the Giver, all in all,
Some better thing bestow.
Some better thing, etc.

TWENTY-ONE.

The day the first edition of this book appeared (September 17, 1864,) was memorable as the twenty-first birthday of the author's oldest son, John A. Morris. These lines, written upon that day, are dedicated to him.

Bright is thy natal morn,
Hopeful and bright, dear son,
Whose entrance upon manhood's road we sing;
This autumn-time is fraught
With richest blessings, brought
By angel hands, from the CELESTIAL KING.

May this auspicious day,
And all this bright array
Of Autumn's loveliness, beloved son,
A faithful presage be
Of good designed for thee,
On manhood's pathway thou hast now begun.

And in thy days of gloom—
And such will surely come—
Days of the cheerless cloud, and wintry blast—

May bright and sunny hope
The darksome veil lift up,
Buoying thy spirits till the trial's passed.

Go forth on manhood's road,
Strong in the faith of God,
With father's, mother's prayers for your success.
And when your life is done,
Through CHRIST may you have won
Eternal refuge in the Land of Peace!

PERISHING ON THE RISE.

This *extravaganza* was written in ridicule of the tendency of the times to stiffen up Lodge work, and turn the Worshipful Master into a mere *martinet*.

TO HIS PRIZED FRIEND, REV. ROBERT MEMURDY,
D.D., LL.D.

Old Jephtha Hoys had drilled his boys
With gavel, plumb and square, sir,
Till every craft a perfect shaft
Stood perpendicular, sir.
Each Friday night 'twas his delight
To call them to the hall, sir,
And catechise the willing boys
Till each could "cut and call," sir.

One evening late it was his fate,
In leaning back his chair, sir,
The window glass right through to pass,
And push the thing too far, sir;
In fact, he fled, heels over head,
Clear down unto the ground, sir;
With mighty noise old Jephtha Hoys
A broken neck had found, sir.

The neighbors there, with tender care,
Prepared him for the tomb, sir,
And on the way, a long array
Went out with grief and gloom, sir.
Yet many said, with whispering dread,
"No Mason here is seen, sir!"
Strange to declare, not one was there
To cast the mystic green, sir!

I'll tell you where those Masons were—
Prepare for much surprise, sir;
When Jephtha Hoys foretook his boys
He left them *on the rise*, sir!
The brethren stood straight as they could
Till he should bid them sit, sir;
And as he's gone with no return,
Why there they're standing yet, sir.

The Tyler bore, outside the door,
The pangs of cold and thirst, sir;
The Wardens twain do still remain,
And will till they are dust, sir!
The Deacons stand with rod in hand,
Not one will budge the least, sir;
And, strange to own, each skeleton
Is facing to the East, sir.

Then be my task humbly to ask
Each Master this to read, sir,
And beg and pray to them that they
The moral well may heed, sir.
When calling up the mystic group
To stand and catechise, sir,
Think of those boys of Jephtha Hays,
Who perished on the rise, sir.

TWELVE, HIGH TWELVE.

TO ROB. MORRIS, JR.

Now we hail the Junior Warden,
Lo, his column crowns the South!
Drop the heavy tools of labor,
Give the time to song and mirth.
TWELVE, HIGH TWELVE, the hour is sounding,
Noonday sun is in the sky;
Come, the Social Lodge surrounding,
Filled with sympathy and joy.

CORN, that feeds the soul in fatness,
OIL, in radiant truth to shine,
WINE that sparkles in love-promptings,—
Come, ye weary ones and dine!
TWELVE, HIGH TWELVE, the hour is sounding
Noonday sun is in the sky;
Come, the Social Lodge surrounding,
Filled with sympathy and joy.

How the Social Fire enkindles
These true souls on every side!
Could we ask for higher wages
Than OUR MASTER doth provide?
TWELVE, HIGH TWELVE, the hour is sounding,
Noonday sun is in the sky;
Come, the Social Lodge surrounding,
Filled with sympathy and joy.

Lord Jehovah bless our meeting,
Thou this time of joy hath given!
'Tis for Thee we toil and labor,
Own our workmanship in heaven!
When HIGH TWELVE by death is sounded,
And eternal rest shall come,
Grant us bountiful refreshment
In thine Upper Lodge at home!

THE WORKING TOOLS.

TO REUBEN MICHEL.

Let us be true,—each Working Tool
The Master places in our care
Imparts a stern but wholesome rule,
To all who work and journey here;
The Architect Divine has used
The Plumb, the Level and the Square.

Let us be wise; the Level, see!
How certain is the doom of man!
So humble should Freemasons be
Who work within this narrow span;
No room for pride and vanity —
Let wisdom rule our every plan.

Let us be just; behold the Square!
Its pattern deviates no part
From that which, in the Master's care,
Tries all the angles of the heart.
O sacred implement divine,—
Blest emblem of Masonic art!

Let us be true; the unerring Plumb,
Dropped from the unseen Master's hand,
Rich-fraught with truthfulness has come,
To bid us rightly walk and stand;
That the All-seeing Eye of God
May bless us from the heavenly land.

Dear friend, whose generous heart I know,
Whose virtues shine so far abroad,—
Long may you linger here below,
To share what friendship may afford!
Long may the Level, Plumb and Square,
Speak forth by you the works of God.

MASONIC REFLECTIONS IN A MILITARY PRISON.

TO CHARLES CARROLL POMEROY.

Pining in the prison-cell,
Those we cherished long and well;
Brothers of the mystic light
In the dungeon's gloom to-night;
Brothers of the perfect square,
On the damp ground, cold and bare,
Far from home, and hope removed,
Brothers fondly, truly loved.

Prisoners, as they sadly muse,
Do they ever think of us?
Do the memories of the tie
Woven strong by Masonry,

Enter in the dungeon's gloom
Bearing thoughts of Masons' *home*,
Masons' song, and Masons' light?
Is it so with them to-night?

We can almost hear the sigh
And the groan of the reply;
Listen to the dungeon's voice:
"Memories of mystic joys,
"Sweet illusions of my cell,
"Emblems prized and pondered well,
"Words of sweetest, sunniest cheer,
"Signs expressing truth so dear!"

While we *pray*, then be our prayer
Pervent for the prisoner;
While we *sing*, let every note
Name the absent, not forgot;
While refreshment-hours we join,
To their memory give the wine;
And the toast of all the best
Be, "Our captives, soon released!"

THE MASONIC LESSON OF THE CORNER-STONE.

TO CHRISTOPHER G. FOX.

THE thought embodied in these lines is one of the most charming fancies in Masonic symbolism; for the use of the *trowel* is admittedly the best work of the best Masons, and the Lodge that exists in peace and harmony is the model Lodge. To disturb this harmony by substituting clamor, censure and harsh judgment for the mild voices of peace, is what is implied in the following lines, under the idea of *robbing* the corner stone!

Here is a legend that our fathers told
When Mason-tolls were done, and round the board

The Craftsmen sat harmonious, in the glow
Of Brotherly Love. I heard it long ago
From lips now silent; and by this Corner-stone
I fain would tell it as 'twas told to me.

'Tis said that Solomon, in the vast array
Of nine-score thousand workmen who came up
From Lebanon's foot, to build the temple,
found

Discord and strife, contentions harsh and sharp,
Even to murder; hands that wielded best
The peaceful Trowel, black with human gore;
Aprons, worn to protect them from the soil,
Bloody with horrid stain; and in their speech
Instead of gentle memories of home,

And children's prattle and sweet mother-love,
Dire curses, threats, the very speech of Hell,—
Such base *matérials* came up from Tyre.

KING SOLOMON all humbly took the case to
God,
And in deep visions of the night the Voice
DIVINE came to his soul in sweet response.
From the great PEACE-LOGE, where the patri-
archs sit,
Wisdom descended, and his soul was glad.
The WISEST gave our wisest such a warmth
Of LIGHT celestial that the fire has burned,
Steady, undimmed, lo, these three thousand
years.

'Twas this. I was but young in Masonry.
When first I heard it; and 'twas told to me
By one of four-score, long since gone to Heaven:
And he did testify unto its truth;
And now, I add the experience of my life
To its strict verity, and it was this:—

The MONARCH bade prepare a Corner-stone,
Vastly more large than this, than ten of this;
I saw it in my visit to the place—
A monstrous ASHLAR, bevelled on the edge,
Phœnician emblem, standing plumb and firm
Within the mountain; standing, as you say,
Respected sir, "trusty, deep laid and true!"
And on the under side of this large stone,
KING SOLOMON gave orders to scoop out
A *Cavity*, as you have done with this;
And when with mighty enginery, the Block
Was raised, as yours, dear sir, just now was
done,

He placed, with his own hands, within the
Crypt,
What think you? newspapers? and current
coins?

And names of honored men? No, no, he placed
All those damned *vices*, that discolored so
The spirits of his workmen, *hairs*, all
That stained their Aprons, fouled their Trowels,
cursed

The air of Palestine with notes of Hell!
These things by his great power, KING SOLOMON
took

From out the hearts of that Freemason-band,
Placed them within the Crypt and ordered
quick,

The mighty stone let down, and closed them
there,

And stamped his Mystic Seal upon the stone!
And there they lie intact, unto this hour!

Henceforth *the Work* all peacefully went on:
The giant-stones were laid within the walls
Without the sound of ax or iron tool.
Pure Brotherly Love sublimely reigned, and so
The Temple of KING SOLOMON was built!

Honored and well-beloved Grand Master! see
This mighty Order you so justly rule,
For thirty centuries has given respect
To SOLOMON'S SEAL! his Corner-stone abides
Right where he planted it, the strange contents
Festering dishonored in their dark repose.
Oh, may they *never* rise to plague the Craft!
No blood is on our Aprons, on our Tools
No trace of human gore; upon our tongues
No unfraternal epithets; thank God!
Thank God! And to the latest day of earth,
When the last trump shall call the blest above,
May PEACE, sweet PEACE, celestial PEACE, abide
In Masons' lodges and in Masons' souls.

FREEMASONS IN THE GRAVE- YARD.

TO GEORGE W. BARTLETT.

And now we'll sing our parting—give ear, ye
Masons true,
And may the thoughts of this sweet hour abide
with me and you;
Freemasons have a loving tie, in grace and
mercy given,
It reaches *through the graveyard* and through
the gates of Heaven.

We may not meet in Lodge again, while work-
ing here below,
Our paths of life divergent spread as here and
there we go;
But surely when our work is done the STRONG
GRIP will be given,
To draw us *through the graveyard* and through
the gates of Heaven.

Freemasons in the graveyard,
The Craftsmen in the graveyard,
Our Brethren in the graveyard,
We never will forget.

WHY HAVE THEY LEFT US?

THEY went out from us, because they were
not of us; for if they had been of us, they
would no doubt have continued with us; but

they went out that they might be made mani-
fest that they were not all of us.—1 JOHN, II. 19.

TO REV. CHARLES GRISWOLD.

Why have they left us? did we not impart
Through Mason's ceremonials, noble thought?
Is there one doctrine, dear to generous heart,
We have not, somewhere, in our system
wrought?

Faith, Hope in God, a childlike Reverence,
High brotherly Trust, a very strong defense,—
And patriotic Zeal, and love for Art,—
Such are the lines we printed on their heart.

Why have they left us? did they not receive
Within our tyled retreats, a holy thing?
Walls, floor, and ceiling, all combined to weave
The pattern woven by Judea's king;
Bright types of truth immortal, old and quaint,
Things rare and common in strange union
blent;

The Square, the Trowel, objects near and far,
The quivering Leaflet and the Orient Star.

Why have they left us? in yon hallowed graves
Are there not buried friends for whom they
mourn?

How can they look where yonder willow waves
Nor long for those who've passed death's
solemn bourne?

We laid them there with mystic signals, given
All earnestly, connecting earth with heaven;
We'll join them there when the great WORK
shall come,
And with them *rise* when bursts th' enclos-
ing tomb.

Why have they left us? do they feel secure
That trials and afflictions will not come?
Can they suppose that earthly things endure,
That anything is *sure*, this side the tomb?
Health, Wealth, Prosperity are but a span,
That mocks with transient bliss, deluded
man;

When Sorrow shades us, oh, how good to bend
Our steps toward the Lodge where friend
meets friend!

Then let the *good* return and go with us;
Their vacant seats wait to be occupied;
Our shattered ranks have long bewailed their
loss—

Worse the deserter than the faithful dead!
Return,—go with us in our generous toll;
Return,—sleep with us in our hallowed soil;
And when the well-pleased Master calls his own,
Stand by our side before the great White
Throne!

THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.

TO REV. JOHN SHEVILLE, A. M.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed (forbidding any person praying for thirty days, except to King Darius), he went into his house, his windows being open in his chamber *towards Jerusalem*: he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.—DANIEL, vi. 10.

If thy people sin against thee, and thou deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives into the land of the enemy, yet if they shall bethink themselves and repent, and make supplication unto thee, and *pray unto thee*, toward the city which thou hast chosen; then hear thou their prayer in heaven, thy dwelling place, and maintain their cause and forgive thy people.—1 KINGS, viii. 46.

As from the *Orient* the sun
Proclaimed his golden race begun,
And earth awoke in light and song,
Calling to toil the busy throng.
Upon his house-top, all abroad,
The exiled Hebrew plead with God,
And Zionward he breathed his prayer,
For Zion was his *morning* care:
"Hear the voice of supplication;
Save our sinful captive nation;
Lead us back to Zion's hill;
Lord! thou hast the power and will!"

As in the *South*, the solar light
Mounted to his meridian height,
And man to cooling shelter fled
Shunning the fiery beams o'erhead;
Upon his house-top, all abroad,
The exiled Hebrew plead with God;
And Zionward he made his prayer,
For Zion was his *noontide* care:
"Hear the voice of supplication;
Save our sinful captive nation;
Lead us back to Zion's hill;
Lord! thou hast the power and will!"

As in the *West* the sun withdrew
Midst zephyrs bland and healing dew,
While weary laborers homeward bent
On evening cheer and sleep intent;
Upon the house-top, all abroad,
The exiled Hebrew plead with God;
And Zionward he made his prayer,
For Zion was his *evening* care:
"Hear the voice of supplication;
Save our sinful, captive nation;
Lead us back to Zion's hill;
Lord! thou hast the power and will!"

If thus the exile bent his knee,
Fearless of spite and tyranny,
Shall Masons shrink to give their praise,
Through peaceful nights and happy days?
No, no, in Lodge, at home, abroad,
Let Masons boldly plead with God,
And Zionward address their prayer,
Heaven is their Zion, God is there:
"Hear the voice of supplication;
Save our proud and sinful nation;
Lead us all to Zion's hill;
Lord! thou hast the power and will!"

MUSIC AND MASONRY.

Lines Suggested by an Elegant and Appropriate Vignette.

TO PROF. H. D. PALMER.

LAMATH took unto him two wives, Adah and Zillah. Adah bare *Jubal*, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. Zillah bare *Tubal Cain*, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.—GEN. iv. 19-22.

Music and Masonry! whose hand hath wrought
This page with bright and cunning emblems
fraught!

I wot 'tis worthy an inspired thought.

Tuneful and wise! such was the Craft in days
When Masonry first hailed the public gaze—
Six days to *labor*, and the seventh to *praise*.

The *Harp* upon the brazen *column* hung:
One brother's hand the heavy hammer swung;
One with melodious chords the lyre strung.

Laboring and singing went the Masons then,
The skillfulest voices with the wisest men
And *Solomon* to write a fitting strain.

Their chisels clinked to music! gavel fell
In rhythm Masons knew and cherish well,
And still from age to age in whispers tell.

They sang a death-song 'neath Judea's sky,
Around the man who taught them how to die,
And gain from death the greatest victory.

When temple-tolls were done, and 'neath the
shroud

Jehovah came to approve, in fire and cloud,
How swelled their songs from tuneful hearts
and loud.

* * * * *
I see your meaning! on the *right* the plumb,
The *left*, the immortal notes of Home, Sweet
Home,

Above, the volume whence all orders come.

Mozart our winding stairway did ascend.
Handel to Masons' praise his influence lend,
Auber and Balfe around our altars bend.

Sprinkled with radiant stars, this pictured page,
May it a thousand thousand hearts engage,
And every strife and evil thought assuage.

Oh, when *our work* is done in such accord,
And each lies sleeping 'neath the hallowed sod;
May we all sing before the throne of God.

THE EAR OF CORN.

THE Masonic emblem of THE EAR OF CORN, though rarely commented upon by our writers, is, in fact, one of the most expressive of all the designs upon our Trestle-Board. It is generic, embodying all those symbols that refer to refreshment, rest, holidays, and the slumbers of the grave. In every Lodge, the Ear of Corn should constitute one of those conspicuous objects, which, like the LETTER G, by attracting the eye, instruct the mind. Its place is over the Station of the Junior Warden.

TO JOHN C. JOHNSTONE.

Of the water-fall 'tis born,
In the nodding fields of corn,
Blest type of Masons' love and plenty;
And the hymn of our delight
Shall be this symbol bright,
Singing the type of love and plenty.

CHORUS.—The emblem of plenty,
The rich, GOLDEN EAR,
Gift of a Father of grace ever dear,—
Oh, the hymn of our delight,
Shall be of this emblem bright,
Singing the type of love and plenty.

Of the bliss of earth it tells—
Every blessing in it dwells—
Sunshine is on its treasure golden;
And the cooling drops of morn
Have bedewed the nodding CORN—
Ripe in the field of treasure golden.

In the nodding EAR OF CORN,
Finds the spirit, weary-worn,
Hopes, hopes of better days in heaven,
When the harvest toil is done,
And the feasting is begun—
Joy, joy the Sabbath-day of heaven!

Let the golden symbol be
Where the tolling Crafts may see
Tolling, and never quite despairing;

Of the water-fall 'tis born
In the nodding fields of Corn
Ripe for the soul in its despairing.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

TO CHARLES C. BONNER, LL. D.

THE Masonic membership is composed of two very unequal, yet homogeneous portions. One part consists of the comparatively small number who work in the Lodges of this life—build up the Temple of the Soul, and moralize upon emblems that can never fully satisfy the craving spirit; the other, of the innumerable host who throng the Celestial Lodge above, wearing robes of the same color as ours, and worshipping the same Deity, but purified, perfected, relieved of earthly burdens, stains and sins, and able to look face to face upon God. The following Hymn is supposed to be addressed by the laboring Few to the rejoicing Many.

We sing of those who've gone,
The friends to memory nearest,
Who left our Lodge forlorn
When youthful hopes were dearest;
We drop our voices low,
And tears in silence flow—
They're gone, they're gone, we know,
To the quiet place of death,
To the silent Lodge beneath,
Where the green sprigs ever bloom
In the low, low tomb . . .
Rest sweetly there!
So mote it be!

Each mystic grace they had
Our faithful souls have yielded;
The types that made them glad,
Our hearts on them are builded:
The Level, Plumb and Square,—
Th' Acacia, green and fair,
We dropped it gently there
In the quiet place of death,
In the silent Lodge beneath,
Where the green sprigs ever bloom,
In the low, low tomb . . .
Rest sweetly there!
So mote it be!

We deem not they are lost,
To FAITH and HOPE no craven,
But, with the white-robed host
Who look in LOVE to heaven,
We raise our voices high,
And call them to the sky,
Who here in darkness lie:

"From the quiet place of death,
From the silent Lodge beneath,
Where the green sprigs ever bloom —
From the low, low tomb,
Rise, Brother, rise!"
So mote it be!

THE SELF-EXAMINATION.

TO REV. THOMAS R. AUSTIN.

When placed before the throne,
Beyond the Orient sun,
Where the SUPREME GRAND MASTER sits as
judge,
What record shall we show,
Of all our works below,
We who have labored in the earthly lodge?

Through life's hard travel come,—
It was our earthly doom,—
Through sin and sorrow suffering many a
wrong.

When bowed in death at last,
And 'neath the trumpet's blast,
We've risen, with th' innumerable throng;—

What answer shall we make?
Oh, brothers, for His sake,
Who died on Calvary to redeem us all,
Let's ponder while we may,
The questions of that day,
And have the answer ready for the call!

And this our answer be:—
"We strove to follow THEE,
In teaching truth and lessening human woe:
And scanty though our deed,
We ask thee, Lord, to heed
Not what *we've done*, but what *we tried* to do."

Brothers, how brief is time!
But there's a world sublime,
Eternal, blest, ineffably sincere;
And in this mystic place,
We can with surety trace,
His gracious purpose who hath placed us here.

Then pledge anew each heart,
Ye, of the Royal Art,
To labor strongly and in truth to love;
And with the closing week,
Our eager hands will take
The royal wages waiting us above!

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF A LODGE.

TO GEORGE H. FLEMING.

Two-score and ten revolving years
Full charged with labors, sighs and tears,
The Craft have brought
Their tools, and wrought
Upon this temple old and vast,
A legend of the mighty Past!
Now Brothers, joyfully appear,
And celebrate our FIFTIETH YEAR!

One half the century is spent,
But where the faithful ones who lent
Voice, heart, and hand,
A zealous Band,
To set aloft their Pillars twain
And dedicate the Holy Fane?
Not one is spared us to appear
And celebrate our FIFTIETH YEAR!

They sleep beneath the Acacia green;
Their graves, in solemn ranks are seen;
And at the head,
'Tis joy to read
The emblems full of hope and trust,
Which give a glory to their dust;
But yet, their names and lives are here
To celebrate our FIFTIETH YEAR!

What change has swept across this land
Since first their Gavel gave command!
It is our boast,
The countless host
Of Crafts, the living and the dead,
Where then a wilderness was spread;
In serried ranks our lines appear,
To celebrate our FIFTIETH YEAR!

Unchanged while all the world grows old,
We joy the ancient faith to hold,
Through centuries still
The task fulfill
That God entrusts to man below,
Freemasonry no change shall know!
Strike hands in this, ye Crafts, appear
And celebrate our FIFTIETH YEAR!

And when the century shall end
And over us th' Acacia bend,
The Craft will come
Within this home,
And speak our names with grateful thrill
The loved, the unforgotten still:
In such belief, dear friends, appear,
And celebrate our FIFTIETH YEAR!

BID THEM COME IN.

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID H. THOMSON.

Bid them come in—the loving, the beloved—
They whose fidelity we've fondly proved;
Throw wide the doors, ye sentinels alert—
Admit them, they're the *Tylers of the heart!*
Conduct them through our imagery, and tell
The lessons that those emblems teach so well.

Open yon *Book*—it is divinely good,
For in it are best types of womanhood:
Heroic *Adah*—golden *Ruth* are there—
Truest in sorrow, noblest in despair—
And *Esther*, *Queen*—and *Martha* crowned in
faith—

And brave *Electa*, glorious in death:
It is our First Great Light, whose rays inspire
The soul of woman with celestial fire.

Show them the Orient whose *Sacred Name*
Bespeaks God's presence unto us and them;
The ripened *Sheaf*, the fruitful South above,
Yields its best nourishment for those we love;
Display the *Square*,—of all beneath the sky
Woman can best resolve its mystery:
The *Level*,—on our passage to the tomb,
No voice like hers dispels the thickening gloom;
The *Plumb*—her walk is virtue's ways sublime,
And the best model of the passing time;
The *Trowel*—she delights to calm and please,
Smooth our asperities and teach us peace;
Show them these ancient mystic monitors,
They testify the jewels that she wears.

Now point the Imagery that grace on high
The *Brasen Pillars* in their majesty;
The ripe Pomegranate's shell, the Lily's leaf,
The Net whose meshes such fond couplets
weave;

Her delicate taste will best combine the thought
Of Plenty, Peace and Unity unwrought:

Thus the whole lodge, from furthest West to
East,
Will yield its treasures to our gentle guest.

Now lead them forth unto the abode
Where Masons labor in the works of God;
Go to the desolate home, the darkened door,
The scanty table of God's sorrowing poor;
Behold the sick, groaning on beds of pain;
List to the orphans, lonely they complain;
See the pinched face of poverty; go in
Where haunt the fiends, intemperance and sin;
Observe the midnight candle, by whose light
The widow toils for bread through half the
night;

See, rioting in sinful ways, the youth,
Lost to all discipline and lost to truth;
See the unburied dead; who wait to gain
The last sad rites that man bestows on man,
See the whole earth in crime and sorrow hid,
And drop the pitying tear as Jesus did.
Now let them learn what Masons teach and do,
The spirit and the limit of our vow;
To soothe the sorrowing, dry up the tear,
Visit the sick, attend the sable bier,
Rear up the desolate in virtue's way,
Check the intemperate who go astray;
Make God's name honored through his volume
bright,
And guide men out of darkness into light.

So all our purposes they'll understand,
And give us loving voice, and heart, and hand.

THE CROWN OF THORN.

TO SERAPION MURAD.

Oh Crown of thorn, by Jesus worn,
Bedewed with Heavenly gore;
If mine the pain be mine the gain
To wear as Jesus wore.

Oh Crown of thorn, by Jesus worn,
The badge divine, 'tis given;
And may it prove by Jesus' love
A Crown of life in Heaven.

Oh Crown of thorn, His flesh was torn,
His blood suffused for me;
The sin was mine, the grace divine,
For oh, it set me free.

Oh Crown of thorn, when breaks the morn
That Christ shall come again,
Above the host that love him most
This token will be seen.

Oh Crown of thorn, imposed in scorn
And cruel mock and jeer,
Upon my brow I lay it now,
And while I live will wear.

OH, PITY, LORD.

TO HENRY PALMER.

Oh, pity, Lord, the *Widow*, hear her cry!
Lonely her household-lamp burns thro' the
night,
He, who possessed her heart's young sympathy,

No longer lives, her portion and delight:
She looks from earth, raises her heart on
high,—

Pity, Oh Lord, *the Widow*, hear her cry!

Oh, pity, Lord, *the Orphan*, hapless Child!
Father and mother mourning, view her tears;
Abandoned, lost upon earth's dreary wild,
What can relieve her anguish, what her fears?
Walking with Thee, the just, the unde-
filed,—

Pity, Oh Lord, *the Orphan*, hapless Child!

Oh, pity, Lord, *the Lonely*! through the street
Of crowded life, no friendly face she sees:
Turn *Thy* face to her graciously, and greet

Her, Oh, blest Father, with the words of
peace:

With Thee, companion, solitude is sweet;
Oh, pity, Lord, *the Lonely* through the street.

Oh, pity, Lord, *Thine Own*: each hath a care;
And we do lean in fondest trust on Thee!
Infinite mercy thou canst justly spare,

For Jesus died and rose, our souls to free:

Father of Jesus, answer now our prayer.

Oh, Lord, on Thee we lean, each hath a
care!

THE MASTER COMETH.

A TRADITION among Oriental Masons affirms
that the mighty *Suleiman Ben-Daoud* (Solo-
mon, son of David), the Founder and Chief of
Freemasonry, who deceased B. C. 975, and was
buried upon Mount Sion, at Jerusalem, *will*
return again to this earth in the last days,
and inspect the work of the world-wide Brother-
hood which he founded. Then he will pass
upon the perjured and unfaithful. Then he
will restore to the worthy the secrets forfeited
by rebellious Craftsmen during the erection of
his Temple upon Moriah.

TO JAMES G. SAVAGE.

When the GREAT MASTER comes to view his
own,

Reclaim his Gavel, and resume his Throne;

When through the Temple-chambers rings the
word

That Hiram and his willing Builders heard;

What will he find? in all this Brotherhood,
Where thousands stand, where myriads have
stood,

What will he find?

By many a grave, the acacia-boughs beneath
He will detect the tokens of our faith;

The shining marble, and the humble stone,
There the dead Mason's trust in triumph won:
The pointed Star, the Compass, Line and
Square,

The acacia-sprig, combine in glory there;
These will he find!

By many a happy fireside, he'll see,
And bless the fruits of Masons' charity:
The orphan's tear to merry laughter turned;
The widow's heart its cheerfulness has learned;
Blest households, round which groups of angels
stand,

And guard unceasingly the cherished band;
These will he find!

In many a Lodge, our Master's guest will find
The generous hand, large heart and cultured
mind,

Engaged in toil, not upon walls of stone,
But squaring hearts for heavenly walls alone;
Builders of house-eternal, mystic Craft,
Whose work is worthy, Ashlar, Keystone, Shaft;
These will he find!

Of every tongue, on earth's extended bound,
In every land our Brotherhood is found:
Rising to labor with the awakening East,
Sinking to *slumber* with the darkening West;
Leading our sons as we ourselves were led;
Lying in honored graves, our quiet dead;
These will he find!

Brothers! if here to-night our Chief were
found,—

If now, at yonder door, were heard the sound,—
If, in the East; in Oriental hue,
Grand Master Solomon should meet the view,—
What welcomes, loud and loyal, should he
have?

Absent and mourned so long in Sion's grave?
Would it were so; would it were mine to say,
"Behold, O King, thy Brethren! Day by day,
Through countless years, our sires breathed up
the flame

Of love fraternal for thy honored name!
And we, obedient sons, have fanned the light.
And done the labor as we do to-night."

"Look round thee, Master! is there aught
amiss?

Whence this mysterious image, this and this?
Who cast yon pillar with consummate cap?
Suggests this mournful emblem what mishap?
Look overhead! what golden arc is there,
Before which strong men bow as if in prayer?

What page is that, that lends unerring rays
To Mason groups who kneel and, reverent,
gaze."

* * * * *
Brothers, we may not see him, but we'll bind
The tie he gave us with unfailing mind;
His lessons, fraught with wisdom, we'll revere,
And keep his secrets with unwearied care;
The poor and sorrowing over land and sea,
To willing ears shall make their piteous plea;
The Holy Name we'll reverence and trust,
High over all, the Gracious and the Just;
And when death's Gavel falls and we must go,
This epitaph shall speak the general woe:—

"Honored and blest, his heart was given
To feel for sorrow and to aid;
On earth he made the unhappy glad,
His coming gave a joy to heaven!"

BEING DEAD, YET LIVING.

TO H. G. REYNOLDS.

Long, long ago, the man of Bethany—
He whom the Saviour loved—in sickness fell,
Died and was buried. Yet he lives again;
He "being dead yet lives," to die no more.

Toiling and sorrowing, bending 'neath the yoke
Of age—gray hairs, dimmed eyes, enfeebled
limbs—

What is there left, old friend, for me and thee?
Where are the joys of youth? where is the
scorn

With which we mocked misfortune? where the
hope

That beamed from every sky and lured us on?

Gone, gone, all gone! the winter binds us now,
And in this life there's no returning spring!
Soon with our fathers thou and I must sleep;
And round our graves the busy world will surge,
Forgetting that we ever died or lived.

"Yet being dead we live!" if ever once
In genial mood we dropped the generous word
Or penned the loving precept; if in prayer
We sought the common Father and besought
His aid to save the sorely tempted soul;
If from a scanty hoard we drew a mite
To help the poor and sorrowing, then, dear
friend,

We have not lived in vain; we being dead,
Shall live forever in the life of God.

Be comforted; 'tis but a little while,
And the dark river that arrests our path
Shall roll behind us while we walk the fields
And climb the Mount Celestial: for we know
In whom we have believed, and rest secure.
Be comforted; rejoice in hope; farewell.

A RESPONSE OF GRATITUDE.

TO HIRAM W. HUBBARD.

Long may your lodge-fires burn!
Workmen in mystic labors, kind and good!
And many a year return
To shed new lustre on your Brotherhood:
You, who the call of mercy heard and heeded,
And gave with cheerfulness as it was needed.

Men may your work defame,
And call your deeds the offspring of the night;
How often scorn and shame
Have stricken those in virtuous doings bright!
The Lord of all bore to his home of bliss,
In hands and feet and side the proofs of this.

But doubt ye not, dear friends,
There surely waits for you a FULL REWARD:
The Lord will give amends
At the great PAY-DAY, for thus saith the
LORD,—

"Because ye did it to the least, so free,
Come to my throne, ye did it unto me!"

A lasting blessing rest
Upon your labors prospering more and more:
God's largest gifts and best
Fill to the brim your basket and your store:
Till from hard service, summoned by His voice,
You shall in LODGE CELESTIAL all rejoice!

THE LAST DEBT OF NATURE.

TO WILLIAM B. HUBBARD.

When nature has paid her last debt,
And earth claims her lendings again,
When soul has no more a regret,
And body no longer a pain;
Above the dark grave as we bend
And cast the cold turf o'er his head,
We feel that this is not *our friend*,
It is not *our brother*, that's dead.

We feel there is something that lives;
The dust could but cover its dust;

Fond memory faithful retrieves
The treasure we placed in her trust;
She rescues our friend from the gloom
That nature flings over his rest;
She draws him with strength from the tomb,
And makes him eternally blest.

He lives in each comforting word
Once whispered in misery's ear;
He lives in each bounty conferred,
That lightened a sigh or a tear.
He lives in those counsels so wise,
That point to the heavenly track,
A wisdom that comes from the skies
To guide all its votaries back.

His spirit still meets with us where,
In mystic seclusion we group;
Our emblems forever will bear
The perfect impress of his hope:
His column is broken in twain,
Yet none will our brother forget,
Though earth claims her lendings again,
And nature has paid her last debt.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

TO CHARLES E. MEYER.

Thanks, Brothers, thanks — a noble prize,
The promptings of impulses high,—
Upon this Altar of your sacrifice
High-heaped doth lie!
Warnings of honest, manly toil,
Winnings from your exuberant soil,
All consecrate with willing hand
To shed new light upon the Holy Land.

Thanks, Brother, thanks! the fame of this
Shall sound throughout the Orient
Where'er Freemasons' work their mysteries
In homage bent.
This flag on many a sacred hill
The tale to every wind shall tell:
And echo gratefully prolong
Thro' holy caves my thankful song.

Aided by this, I cheerful go
To do the work that God ordains:
My life and fate are in his hands, I know,—
O'er all he reigns:
He'll guide me safely on my way
Perfect my labors, day by day,
Nor leave me till my race is run
And the appointed work is done.

Praying and tolling, I depart
Far eastward, over land and sea:
But let me ask each kind, fraternal heart
To pray for me.
Yes, when within the Lodge you come,
The dear, delightful Mason's home,
One faithful, fervent prayer bestow
On him, who'll never cease to pray for you.
Farewell,—farewell,—farewell,—farewell:
My heart and voice would say adieu:
May the GRAND MASTER in great power dwell
With you, and you:
Bright glow the Lodge-fires kindled here;
Love to your home groups, fond and dear:
Prosperity your lives attend,
And each at last heaven's ladder safe ascend.

THE REDDENING IN THE EAST.

TO SAMUEL J. PRENTISS.

Hopeful we look for the long-promised dawn-
ing,
Yearn for the light and the songs of the morn-
ing;
See how the shades pass! the day is begun;
God soon will smile on the Land of the Sun.
Let the harp, let the trumpet make haste and
rejoice;
Stand, O ye people, and join every voice!
Wake, holy mountains! sing, tuneful foun-
tains!
God soon will smile on the Land of the Sun!
God frowned on Judah—His mercies with-
holding,—
Darkness He sent, all her glories enfolding,—
Blasting and blight on her meadows came
down,
Olive and vine wilted under His frown:
But the curse is removed, the light is restored
Stand, O ye people, give praise to the Lord!

TO THE SECRETARY.

TO JOHN DOVE.

Make thou the record *duly*,—
Our Mason-life is there:
Make thou the record *truly*,
With close and anxious care:
The labors on the busy stage,—
At every step,—from age to age!

Make thou the record *plainly*,—
 How oft does error lurk !
 Herein our children mainly
 Will read their father's work :
 Herein will trace with joy or gloom
 Our pathway to the closing tomb.

Make thou the record *kindly*,—
 Omit the cruel words ;
 The Mason-spirit blindly
 A gentle shroud affords :
 Oh, let thy record grandly prove
Freemasonry's a thing of love.

Make thou the record *swiftly*,—
 Time's scythe is sweeping fast :
 Our life dissolving deftly
 Will soon, ah, soon be past :
 And may a Generous Eye o'erlook
 Our record in the Heavenly Book !

THE STRAIT AND NARROW WAY.

TO D. BURNHAM TRACEY.

We Masons walk along a road
 Narrow and rugged, strait and rough,
 But way-marks are laid down by God,
 Whose discipline and rules afford
 Guidance upon the road enough.

At every step we're called to warn
 Some halting, erring, fainting friend ;
 Some pilgrim from the road will turn
 In paths forbidden — slow to learn
 What sufferings such sins attend.

The poisonous cup allures the most,—
 Alas, what havoc has it made !
 What noble hearts therein are lost !
 But few retrace of all the host
 Who in this dangerous path have strayed.

The lust of flesh,—the speech profane,—
 The tattling tongue,—the thievish hand,—
 The greed that craves unholy gain,—
 And Sabbath-breach and murder-stain,—
 Alas, the errings of our band !

At every step we're called to aid
 The fallen of misfortune's host ;
 The sick, in withering bondage laid,—
 The mourner, sorrowing by his dead,—
 The aged, destitute and lost.

Each way-mark set by Hand Divine
 Yet points unerring to the end,—

And we who seek life's crown to win
 Must shun the glittering lures of Sin,
 And the sure voice of God attend.

Our MASTER thus we'll represent ;
 He walked in innocence life's road ;
 To humbleness strange beauty lent,
 In deeds of ceaseless mercy bent,
 And gave to man the grace of God !
 Departing to His Lodge above
 Thus to our willing hearts he said—
 Your faith by deeds of mercy prove,
 Live in full exercise of love,
 And I will take you from the dead

THE BLISSFUL MEETING.

REFERRING to the meeting between Martha
 and Jesus in the pleasant little wady below
 Bethlehem.

TO D. G. BURE.

Where should she go, if not to Him ?
 Her home was cold and desolate,
 For there the sorrowing Mary sate.
 Her eyes with ceaseless weeping dim.

She went and met Him ; met her Lord,—
 As up the rocky slope He came,
 His pardoning spirit will not blame
 The faithful girl, her halting word.

In fond rebuke, she kneeling said,—
 " Master, we sent Thee timely word,
 Thou wert our own, our saving Lord,—
 Thou didst not come and he is dead ! "

Life flows in Jesus ; soon her grief
 Was past, her brother raised from death ;
 To us who meet the Lord in faith,
 His presence is eternal life.

THE DEATH OF KING HIRAM ; AND HOW IT CAME TO SOLOMON.

TO THEODORE S. PARVIN.

TRADITIONS embodying the remarkable
 friendship that existed between King Solo-
 mon and King Hiram abound in the East.
 The tie that connected those neighboring po-
 tentates of Israel and Phœnicia was intimate
 and enduring beyond the custom of kings.
 After the completion of the celebrated Temple
 on Mount Moriah, the Royal Brothers used
 often to visit each other at their respective
 capitals, *Jerusalem* and *Tyre*, to exchange
 friendly sentiments. Embassies were contin-

nally passing. Costly presents were given and received. Bonds of amity were established between the two nations, which required the events of five centuries to weaken and destroy.

The death and obsequies of King Hiram were accompanied by incidents extremely curious. It being announced to King Solomon that his venerable friend was in the last extremity, he ordered chosen men placed as sentinels upon every prominent peak in the interval of one hundred miles that separates Jerusalem from Tyre. These were provided with signal-flags and torches, so that the news of the calamity came to Solomon in the brief space of *thirteen seconds*; and thus he was enabled to join, in due time, the obsequies of King Hiram.

'Twas told me by a Troubadour,¹ a singer of Jebail,²

Part prose, part song, on thrumming strings, this Oriental tale:

The bard had learned it from his sires with whom, with some arrears,

This story of King Solomon had lived three thousand years.

Around us the Fallaheen³ sat, with flashing eyes and teeth,

And swore by Allah it was true, upon an Arab's faith!

I wrote it then and there, lest time the Legend should efface,

And bring it accurately here, our interview to grace.

"Be not afraid of sudden fear!" thus Solomon did write;

"Thou shalt lie down in glorious rest, nor dread eternal night.

Sound wisdom and discretion all thy busy life have blest,

And God is now thy confidence and thy eternal rest."

For was not Hiram dying, was there not a wall of dread

Moving along the Tyrian shores, the palm-trees overhead?

Therefore the Royal Comforter his words of parting said.

¹ Traveling singers, resembling the troubadours of the Middle Ages, abound in the East. Seating themselves in the corner of a coffee shop, in the center of a crowd of natives, or walking through the villages, they ply their art and sing, to the accompaniment of a rude guitar, the legends of the olden time.

² This is the ancient Gebal of the Freemasons, the place from whence the *Ghibliemites* or Stone-squarers of Solomon were derived. The word is now pronounced as in the text. Jebail is twenty-five miles north of Beyrout.

³ The Fallaheen are the *villages* Arabs, in distinction from the Bedaween or *desert* Arabs.

Then thrums my bard the strings;

His slave the coffee brings;

Each Fellah draws upon his pipe the while:

Till with my pencil swift

I catch the gusty drift,

And wait another portion to beguile.

On every mountain peak between Jerusalem and Tyre,

A sentinel was set alert, supplied with flag and fire,

Each facing to the Northward, where the dying monarch lay,

Prepared to pass the intelligence, who knows, by night or day;

And "Death to him that slumbers," the relentless Captains say!

The King on Sion waited, 'midst a bright and gallant throng,

Five thousand steeds begirt beneath five thousand horsemen strong;

Ten-score and seven chariots, in gold and silk arrayed,

And twice twelve thousand footmen, armed with Hebrew spear and blade.

Oh, who, of all the sons of earth, in grace and glory can

Compete in royal pageantry with *Malak Sulayman*?

Tyeeb, Tyeeb,⁴ aloud

Screams forth the enraptured crowd;

The bard thrums all his strings in ecstasies;

While round the Hakeem⁵ stand

The wild and motley band,

And watch his pencil as it deftly flies.

Was it a meteor darting down from lofty Lebanon?

Was it the fox-fire of the marsh that lures the traveler on?

Or meant that little flash to say, *The Royal race is run*?

The sentinel by Scandaroon⁶ a faithful vigil bore,

And with quick torch the message sent, *King Hiram is no more!*

⁴ This is the Arabic equivalent of the expression "King Solomon."

⁵ *Tyeeb* means good, excellent, first-rate.

⁶ *Hakeem* is the Arabic for Doctor. The author was styled Melican Hakeem, or the American Doctor.

⁷ The mountain-pass, ten miles south of Tyre. The word means *Alexander*, and the opening of the military road there is attributed to that monarch.

While one loud lamentation mocked the surges
on the shore.

The sentinel at *Nazareth*¹ took up the fatal
word;
The sentinel on *Carmel*² saw, and passed it to
his lord;
A flash on *Ebal*³ followed, and high *Gerizim*⁴
replied,
And *Bethel*⁵ told to *Sion* of the Monarch who
had died!

Oh, was there ever wisdom like the wisdom of
the plan
By which, in *thirteen seconds*, came the news to
Suleyman?
Oh, was there ever King like him, who, over
earth and hell,⁶
Could make his power felt, and yet be loved so
long and well?
Now let my strings be vocal, and resound in
every chord
The praises of great SULEYMAN, the matchless
Hebrew Lord!

At this, th' excited wretch
Was wrought to such a pitch,
He sprang aloft and led a fiendish dance:
The Arabs joined apace,
And for a little space
It seemed my Legend would no more advance.
They circled round and round,
They spurned the very ground,
They danced lascivious measures at my feet,
Till, weary, faint and sore,
The bard returned once more,
And thus his ancient story did complete:

As Bethel told to Sion of the Monarch who
had died,
The body-guards of Solomon were buckled for
the ride,

¹ The high mountain behind Nazareth is in sight of that, above Scandaroon.

² Mount Carmel is in plain view of the mountain near Nazareth.

³ I am not quite positive that Mount Ebal is in sight of Mount Carmel, but such is my impression.

⁴ Mount Gerizim is but half a mile south of Ebal.

⁵ The high ground near Bethel was equally in view of Gerizim on the north and of a sentinel standing on the towers of Jerusalem on the south.

⁶ All Oriental traditions credit King Solomon with power over demons, and they attribute the getting out and removal of the enormous ashlars, yet seen around Mount Moriah and elsewhere, to the aid of supernatural hands.

Five thousand shining cavaliers, in military
pride;
Ten-score and seven chariots, in silk and gold
arrayed,
And twice twelve thousand footmen, armed
with Hebrew spear and blade.
The horses neighed, the lances flashed beneath
the starry dome,
And the procession answered to the message
that had come.

Up *Scopus*⁷ rode they, as *Low Twelve* struck
the attentive ear;
Up *Ebal*, when on *Gilead* the sunrise did ap-
pear;
By nine at *Nazareth* they drank, that thirsty
morn of June,
And through the portals of old *Tyre* they en-
tered at *High Noon*!

Oh, was there ever such a ride, since horseman-
ship began?
And was there ever as our guest so great and
good a man?
And who of all the sons of earth so liberal and
free
As this our *Hakeem*, who will give good *Back-
sheesh* unto me!

The Legend thus was done:
The begging then begun.
My ears were deafened with the horrid yell:
I fled the crowd aghast,—
But ere I went to rest
Wrote down the narrative which now I tell.

THE LEVEL.

COMPOSED August 24, 1864, to be sung at a
meeting in Buffalo, N. Y.

TO AMBROSE W. WILSON.

We love to hear the *Gavel*, to see the silver
Square,
But the moral of the *Level* is best beyond com-
pare,—
Is best beyond compare. for it guides us to the
West,
Where the shades of evening cover the islands
of the blest.

When the weary day has parted and starry
lights appear,
We miss the faithful-hearted, the brother-forms
so dear,—

⁷ Scopus is the peak one-half mile north of
Jerusalem,

The brother-forms so dear, of all the world the best,
But the *Level* points their mansions in the islands of the blest.

And we again shall meet them within the sunset-band,
And face to face shall greet the Unforgotten Band,—

The Unforgotten Band, whose emblem is the best,
The *Level*, for it points us to the islands of the blest.

A WEEK'S JOURNEY.

In 1887 the writer enjoyed a week's ramble in Parke county, Indiana, with Dr. James Crooks, A.M., and suggests in the following lines the pleasant memories thereof.

Now 'tis past, our journey run,
All the week's delights are done;
Every pleasing task is o'er,
And our songs will ring no more;
But their memory we will keep
Till in death we calmly sleep.

How the pleasant hours come back!
O'er the hills again we track;
Scan the bounteous golden grain;
Cross the cooling streams again;
Join our voices through the wood;
Wake the shady solitude.

Every loving word and kind
Comes again upon the mind;
Every cheerful jest will be
Pleasant food for memory:
Every truth sublime will last
Till our earthly day is past.

Surely He who made us friends
All our future steps attends,—
Keeps for us a golden crown,
When we lay our life cross down,
And by heavenly streams will cheer
Those who loved each other here.

AT LAST.

TO JOHN ADAMS ALLEN, LL.D.

At last—all things come round at last:
Long years and strange events have passed,
And some are dead we hoped to greet,
Since first these friends proposed to meet:

Blow, stormy winds, your utmost blast,
For here good fellows meet, *at last!*

Tied closely from the world without,—
Inspired by faith unmixed with doubt,—
We bare our hearts to friendship's eye,
And every mortal care defy:
Drop, murky clouds, the sky o'ercast,
For here good fellows meet, *at last!*

With glowing precepts old and dear;—
With songs to move fraternal tear,—
And story quaint, and witty flow,
Our night shall sweetly, swiftly go:
Roar, angry stream, thou volume vast,
For here good fellows meet, *at last!*

And when the parting prayer is given,
Which scales the inner walls of heaven,—
When silent hand-grasps speak the grace
No language ever can express,
We'll hope, though happy night be past,
Within the veil to meet, *at last!*

— LINES TO ST. JOHN'S LODGE, NEWARK, N. J.

UPON addressing their members, June 17,
1872, after an interval of eighteen years.

TO DANIEL BRUEN.

Where are the Craft who gathered round and gave
Me welcome in St. John's? where are the dames
Who graced our circle? where the good right hands
That struck in mine and made the Mystic Tie
Of eighteen years ago?

Have they all gone?
I only left? or only here and there
An aged man tottering to his long home?
Sole trunk of all the goodly forest trees?

Alas for life, that when we need them most,
When winter's chill comes creeping round our hearts,
And eye and ear grow dim, friends fly away!
The coffin-lids close over them, and the grass
Springs from their graves, and we are left alone!

At last life's powers fail; the silver cord
Is loosed; the wheel of life and golden bowl
Are broken; the sunny days return no more;
There comes through every avenue the token
That death is knocking at the door:

The grinders cease; the eyes grow dim;
 Gray hairs are blossoming above;
 The ear no more can catch the happy hymn,
 The heart no more can kindle up with love;
 The ruffian death his work completes;
 The mourners go about the streets,
 Our souls with sympathy to move;
 Beneath the green sprigs we entomb
 The life and joy of the Mason's home.

What then? Is there for all his toil
 Through life's long weary week
 No corn and wine and oil?
 Ye sighless hovering spirits, speak;
 Has our Grand Master a reward
 For those who sleep beneath the sod?
 I tell you yes! and when the wick
 Of life's poor candle all is spent,
 And the body goes to banishment,
 The soul—the soul—the white-robed soul—
 Its earthly dross offthrowing finds its goal.
 The pillar finds its place in heaven high,
 To stand in honor to Eternity!

THE MANIAC SISTER.

It is reported that during the Civil War a Mason, returning from the Lodge, was way-laid by guerrillas at his own gate, and hung upon one of the trees that sheltered his own dwelling. His wife at once lost her reason. Her infant died. And while she lingered for a few months she was observed always on the evening of new moon to simulate the nursing of the infant, and to talk as though its father would soon "come home from Lodge."

TO WILLIAM MANBY.

It was a nursing mother singing low,
 Singing as though her baby crowned her
 knee;
 The sobbing winds of winter murmur so,
 But nature has no sight so sad as she;
 For oh, her little one lies in the earth,
 Its murdered father by the baby's side,
 And she who gave the tender floweret birth,
 Sings crazy lullabies since baby died.

She thinks her husband to the Lodge has gone;
 At gavel's fall, with smiling, she will meet;
 And she will wait, if need be, till the morn
 To greet with baby his returning feet;
 And sighing,—oh, heart-broken one so sad!
 And rocking, mother-like, as if to sleep,
 Her plaintive lullabies are ceaseless made,
 Which whose heareth let him turn and weep.

She saw him murdered,—heard the murderous
 shout;

Saw him with gasping horror swing and die
 Then went from that poor girl her reason out,
 Her mind with Jamie's soul made haste to fly:
 Her baby died,—'twas well, we felt it so,
 And laid the blighted bud in peace away;
 We dared above it bright green sprigs to strew:
 We'll meet it on the Resurrection-Day.

Why should she live?—this world is not her
 home;

Her babe and lover wait beyond the sky;
 Her heart and hopes already in the tomb,
 Better, far better, the poor girl should die:
 Not long to wait,—her gentle cheek is pale;
 Her lullabies grow fainter day by day;—
 Hark, hark! I hear the loving Masons tell,
 "Our much-tried sister soon will pass away."

WELCOME TO THE VISITING BROTHER.

TO H. J. GOODRICH.

KING SOLOMON, in his Dedication Prayer, that effort unparalleled in pathos, scope and religious trust, invoked a blessing upon the stranger who should visit the Temple. "Concerning the stranger," he said, "who is come from a far country far Thy great name's sake, if they come and pray in this house, then hear Thou from the heavens, and do all that the stranger calleth to Thee for." 2 CHRON. vi. 33. And this suggests that spirit of welcome which, in every Lodge of Masons, designates the officer one of whose principal duties shall be "to welcome and accommodate visiting brethren."

Oh welcome him from distant land
 Who comes to bear his part:
 Give him the grasp of generous hand,
 The warmth of trusting heart.

He sees the emblems on your walls,
 And reads their light divine;
 Yon *hieroglyphic bright* recalls
 His Master's Name and *thine*.

Full well he knows the words you breathe,
 Those sentiments of love,
 And he can stand in form beneath
 The All-Seeing Eye above.

Then welcome him from distant land,
 No more a stranger now;
 Give him the grasp of generous hand,
 A Mason's welcome show.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

TO REV. JOHN LEACH.

For Jesus' sake,—for oh, a weary road
O'er hill and valley Jesus trod for me;
My gentle Shepherd, with the love of God,
In mercy sought and found and set me free.
I was a prisoner in the thrall of sin,
I was a wanderer on the mountain bleak,
And since my Saviour now hath brought me in
I'll guide and pity such *for Jesus' sake*.

For Jesus' sake,—for oh, He died for me!
It was *my sin* that drove Him to the tomb;
In ghastly horror, on the accursed tree
He bore them all while Heaven was draped
with gloom;

I cannot keep my tears—they fall like rain
While thinking how that loving heart did
break;

And since He has removed sin's gallings chain
I'll consecrate my life *for Jesus' sake*.

For Jesus' sake,—for oh, in whisperings low
His Holy Spirit tells me—I am His!
My spirit bounds to meet Him, and we go
In sweet communion to the Land of Bliss!
Come weal, come woe—it matters not to me:
Fast speeds the hour when angel-wings I'll
take.

One with the saints in glory I shall be—
Lift high your gates, ye Heavens, *for Jesus'*
sake.

YEARNINGS FOR THE ORIENT.

Written in 1867.

TO PROF. E. A. GUILBERT, M.D., A.M.

Before I go to death's dark shore
To meet the friends who've gone before,
I must survey that sacred earth
In which Freemasonry had birth.

I cannot lay this body down,
Until from snowy Lebanon,
I trace the footsteps of that band,
Whose art ennobles every land.

I long to climb that Sacred Hill,
Once crowned with unexampled skill,
Where Hiram planned and Hiram wrought
Perfection of Masonic thought.

To sleep where wearied Jacob slept,
To glean where Ruth, the widow wept;

To kneel at Lazarus' rocky tomb—
These are the charges I assume.

To stand by Jordan's rushing flood,
That once in meek submission stood;
To watch the stars' mysterious gleam,
Upon the plains of Bethlehem;

To scale the walls of Joppa's height,
And hear those solemn sounds by night,
Which from the waves below he hears
Who contemplates three thousand years;

To walk o'er Zeredatha's plain;
At Sinai's base to list in vain
For that long-silenced voice, that broke
The stillness when Jehovah spoke;

To search the quarries deep and vast,—
Dark caverns of the buried past,
Whence block and pillar fitly came—
This is the privilege I claim.

Since all those strangers passed away
Who hailed the Dedication Day,
No Mason's foot in search has trod
The Shore, the Plain, the Mount of God.

My foot shall tread them; and *my eye*,
Though dim, those landmarks shall espy,
Which from our father's lips we took,
Or gathered from God's holy book.

Around Moriah's walls I'll go;
Each sure foundation stone I'll know;
And not a relic shall elude
My search through Zion's solitude.

Then home returned, I will rehearse
To you, in faithful prose and verse,
My journeyings through the Holy Land,
Where worked the first Masonic band.

THE GRAND, GRAND DAYS OF OLD.

TO WILLIAM B. LANGRIDGE.

Ye blithe and happy few
Ye true, ye merry, merry men,
Come, now, I'll sing to you
A good old mystic strain:
When the Rules,
And the Tools,
Made men free and bold:
And the Masons were like brothers—
They were not like any others
In the Grand, Grand Days of Old!

How broad, how high towards heaven
 Their Temple nobly, nobly soared!
 And there 'twas grandly given—
 The PRESENCE OF THE LORD:
 For His fire,
 On each spire,
 Did the craft behold:
 When the Masons were like brothers—
 They were not like any others
 In the Grand, Grand Days of Old!

The tears of kings and craft,
 Like drops of heavy, heavy dew,
 Fell on our Beauteous Shaft
 That crime had rent in two:

And the dirge
 Of the surge,
 Like a deep bell tolled:
 And the Masons were like brothers—
 They were not like any others
 In the Grand, Grand Days of Old!

They bore our Master then,
 With still and broken, broken heart:
 No skill like his again
 Shall bless the Royal Art:
 For His lamp,
 Through death's damp
 Cannot light our mould:
 Though the Masons were like brothers—
 They were not like any others
 In the Grand, Grand Days of Old!

But shall we not revive
 Those good, those happy, happy days?
 Our MASTER bids us strive,
 And all our toll repays.
 We can trust—
 He is just,
 And will not withhold:
 While the Masons act like brothers—
 And be not like any others,
 As in Grand, Grand Days of Old!

MOURNFULLY LAY THE DEAD ONE HERE.

TO SALEM TOWN, L.L.D.

Mournfully lay the dead one here,
 And silently gather nigh;
 Lovingly yield your tribute-tear
 His dirge a tender sigh;
 Our chain is broke, and life can ne'er,
 This fondest link supply;—
 Mournfully lay the dead one here,
 And silently gather nigh.

Ever his face was set to go
 Toward Jerusalem;
 Ever he walked and lived as though
 He saw its golden beam;
 That place whose emblem was so dear,
 Is now his home on high;
 Mournfully lay the dead one here,
 And lovingly gather nigh.

THINKING OF JESUS.

*Reflections upon the Life and Work of our Lord
 Jesus Christ, while Exploring
 the Holy Land.*

THAT which we have seen with our eyes, and
 our hands have handled declare we
 unto you.—1 JOHN I. 1-3.

TO J. THOMAS BUDD.

I.

BETHLEHEM: THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH.

I thought of Jesus on the Hill

Of BETHLEHEM, fair BETHLEHEM:¹

The Shepherds watching through the
 night,—²

The angelic songsters clothed in
 light,—³

The promised CHILD,⁴ so humbly born:⁵
 For pilgrimage of toll and scorn:—⁶

¹ ——— *fair Bethlehem.*

The city of Bethlehem, five miles south of
 Jerusalem, is charmingly situated upon an
 eastern spur of the ridge that composes the
 land of Palestine. It is 2,700 feet above the
 Mediterranean, and 4,100 feet above the Dead
 Sea. It covers the hill, terraced on every side
 from the valleys, and is thus embowered in
 groves of mulberry, fig and olive trees, and
 grape-vines producing marvellous clusters.

² *The Shepherds watching through the night.*

There were shepherds abiding in the field,
 keeping watch over their flocks by night.—
 LUKE II. 8.

³ *The angelic Songsters, clothed in light.*

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon
 them, and the glory of the Lord shone round
 about them. And there was with the angel a
 multitude of the heavenly host praising God.—
 LUKE II. 9-13.

⁴ *The promised child.*

Behold, a virgin shall bear a Son, and shall
 call his name IMMANUEL.—ISAIAH VII. 14.

⁵ ——— *So humbly born.*

She wrapped him in swaddling-clothes and
 laid him in a manger, because there was no
 room for them in the inn.—LUKE II. 7.

⁶ *For pilgrimage of toll and scorn.*

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks
 to them that plucked off the hair, hid not my
 face from shame and spitting.—ISAIAH L. 6.
 "He went about doing good."

Then, as I thought of them,
This Voice from BETHLEHEM I heard,—
The HILL is Holy to our new-born Lord!

II.

NAZARETH: THE HOME OF HIS YOUTH.

I thought of Jesus in the Vale
Of NAZARETH, sweet NAZARETH:⁷
His Name is murmured in its Fount,—
His praises sweep along its Mount,—⁹
His youthful feet have trodden there,—¹⁰
His earliest thoughts distilled in prayer:¹¹
Then, as I bowed in faith,
This Voice from NAZARETH I heard,—
The Vale is Holy to our youthful Lord!

III.

JORDAN: THE SCENE OF HIS BAPTISM.

I thought of Jesus in the rush
Of JORDAN'S waters, cool and good:¹²
How cheering was that noon-tide
draught!
Never such healthful cup I'd quaffed:¹³

⁷ *His Name is murmured in its Fount.*

The fountain which supplies the people of Nazareth with water is one-half mile east of the city. Thither the mother of Jesus must have gone daily with water-jar on shoulder, and the prattling boy by her side, as the mothers of Nazareth are yet seen to do, morning and evening.

⁹ *His praises sweep along its mount.*

Above the city of Nazareth, on the west, is the overhanging mountain described in Luke iv. 29. The view from its top is one of the broadest and most interesting in all Holy Land, and as such must often have been scanned by the eye of the Divine Nazarine.

¹⁰ *His youthful feet have trodden there.*

From the day of his learning to walk, to his departure upon his Divine mission at the manly age of thirty, Jesus made his daily labors and journeys in and around Nazareth.

¹¹ *His earliest thoughts distilled in prayer.*

As we read in Luke ii. 52, that Jesus, at Nazareth, grew "in favor with God," and as he was emphatically a man of prayer during his ministry, often withdrawing in solitude for that purpose, we may safely conclude that his mind was absorbed in this sacred abstraction, even from early youth.

¹² *Of Jordan's waters, cool and good.*

The water of this swift-flowing river is much cooler than the atmosphere in the hot valley through which it flows, and being pure and wholesome, it is extremely grateful to man and beast. All the wild beasts and birds of the Jordan valley throng to these waters as to the banquet God has prepared for them.

¹³ *Never such healthful cup I'd quaffed.*

The writer had gone down from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, bathed there, tarried there for some hours, and then traversed the burning plain six miles before he reached the Jordan,

So CHRIST, whose presence blest its wave,¹⁴
Health and refreshing Coolness gave:¹⁵

Then, as well-cheered I stood,
This Voice from JORDAN'S wave I heard,—
The Stream is Holy to our baptized Lord!

IV.

GALLILEE: THE CENTER OF HIS LABORS.

I thought of JESUS by the Sea
Of GALLILEE, blue GALLILEE:¹⁶
His Sermon blessed its peaceful shore,—¹⁷
He stilled its Tempest by His power,—¹⁸
His mightiest deeds He wrought,¹⁹ and drew
From fishermen there His Chosen Few;²⁰

and this made his first draught of its cooling waters so delicious and refreshing that "the good cheer of Jordan" will abide in his memory so long as life shall last.

¹⁴ *So Christ, whose presence blest its wave.*

Then cometh Jesus to Jordan to be baptized.—MATTHEW III. 13. Jesus was baptized of John in Jordan.—MARK I. 9.

¹⁵ *Health and refreshing coolness gave.*

All the happiness of the body as well as the spirit is primarily due to Jesus, CREATOR of all things. This fact is realized with peculiar force by the traveler following up the traces of the Divine feet.

¹⁶ — *Blue Gallilee.*

The purity of the atmosphere in Palestine giving a deep cerulean hue to every object, is peculiarly observable around the Sea of Gallilee, as it lies in the bottom of a deep basin of basaltic mountains. All travelers remark "How blue is this charming lake!"

¹⁷ *His sermon blessed its peaceful shore.*

The "Sermon on the Mount" was delivered, it is believed, upon the hills that overhang the Sea of Gallilee on the west. In that clear atmosphere, the sound of his voice would readily reach the sea-shore, and mingle with the singing tones of the waters as they ripple on the sand.

¹⁸ *He stilled its tempest by his power.*

He rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.—MATTHEW VIII. 26. The Sea of Gallilee is subject to sudden storms like that described in the miracle.

¹⁹ *His mightiest deeds he wrought.*

Some twenty out of thirty-five of the recorded miracles of Jesus, including the cleansing the leper, restoring the blind to sight and raising the dead, were performed around and in the vicinity of the Sea of Gallilee.

²⁰ — *drew*

From fishermen there, His chosen few.

Jesus walking by the Sea of Gallilee saw Peter and Andrew, fishers, and James and John, in a ship mending their nets, and he called them. MATTHEW IV. 18-21. It is thought that all the Apostles, save perhaps Judas Is-

Then, as I bowed the Knee,
This Voice from GALLILEE I heard,—
The Sea is Holy to our laboring Lord!

V.

GETHESEMANE: THE GARDEN OF HIS AGONY.

I thought of JESUS, in that Grove
Of Agony, GETHESEMANE: ²¹
Its hoary leaves around me sighed,
Its dew-drops wept: ²² my spirit vied
With nature's grief, till I forgot
All time, all space, in that sad spot: ²³
Then, as my thoughts came free,
This, from GETHESEMANE I heard,—
The Grove is Holy to our Sorrowing Lord!

VI.

JERUSALEM: THE CITY OF HIS DEATH.

I thought of JESUS, as I walked
A pilgrim through JERUSALEM: ²⁴
What memories does its history trace!
His living love; ²⁵ His dying grace; ²⁶

carlot, were residents of the vicinity of Capernaum.

²¹ — *that Grove*
Of agony, Gethsemane.

The present enclosure of Gethsemane, a scanty half acre, is marked by the presence of eight large olive-trees, to which were applied by the writer of this poem the names of eight pious song-writers of America.

²² *Its dew-drops wept.*

The writer visited the Garden of Gethsemane at the close of the day, as the cool olive-leaves began to condense from the super-heated atmosphere the refreshing dews of evening.

²³ — *I forgot*

All time, all space in that sad spot.
Cold must be the heart that can meditate under the trees of Gethsemane without tears. The writer reading there "of the agony" and "the sweat," as recorded in Luke xxii. was fain to yield to an uncontrollable gush of emotion.

²⁴ — *I walked*

A pilgrim through Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is, of all the cities upon earth the nucleus of pilgrimage. The Jews crowd there as to the capital city of their fathers; the Mohammedans visit Jerusalem in multitudes, as to a noted place in the history of their own law-giver; and Christians "walk about Zion," as to the place of "the death and rising again" of the Son of man. Mount Moriah, the site of the Jewish temple is equally holy to each.

²⁵ *His living love.*

Jesus having loved his own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.—JOHN xiii. 1.

²⁶ — *His dying grace.*

Then said Jesus, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.—LUKE xxiii. 34. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.—JOHN xv. 13.

The bread; ²⁷ the wine; ²⁸ the coming doom; ²⁹
The Scourge; ³⁰ the Crown; ³¹ the Cross; ³² the tomb; ³³

Then, in the Paschal hymn,
This, from JERUSALEM I heard,—
City, most Holy to our dying Lord!

VII.

OLIVET: THE MOUNT OF HIS ASCENSION.

I thought of JESUS, on the Mount
Of OLIVET, grey OLIVET: ³⁴
'Twas there He led His weeping band,
Within their group they saw Him stand, ³⁵
His parting promises were given, ³⁶
He blest them, ³⁷ rose and went to Heaven: ³⁸

²⁷ *The bread.* —

He took bread, and gave thanks and brake it, and gave unto them.—LUKE xxii. 19.

²⁸ — *the wine* —

He took the cup and gave it to them and they all drank of it.—MARK xiv. 23.

²⁹ — *the coming doom.*

Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world.—JOHN xiii. 1.

³⁰ *The Scourge* —

He scourged Jesus.—MATTHEW xxvii. 26. Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged him.—JOHN xix. 1.

³¹ — *the Crown* —

The soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it on his head.—JOHN xix. 2.

³² — *the Cross* —

He bearing his Cross went forth.—JOHN xix. 17.

³³ — *the tomb.*

Joseph laid him in a sepulcher.—MARK xv. 46. A new sepulcher wherein was never man yet laid.—JOHN xix. 41.

³⁴ — *grey Olivet.*

The character of the stone which composes the country around Jerusalem is calcareous, producing a thick, caustic and greyish dirt. The general impression made upon the traveler's mind is greyishness.

³⁵ *Within their group they saw Him stand.*

No painter has succeeded in embodying this event. The King about to exchange His earthly for His heavenly throne; the waiting Disciples accompanying Him to the very confines of His promised possession; the solitary place; the awful expectation standing out upon the countenances of His own:—the idea is too grand for mortal pencil.

³⁶ *His parting promises were given.*

Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you.—LUKE xxiv. 49. This Jesus shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go.—Acts i. 11.

³⁷ *He blest them* —

He lifted up his hands and blessed them.—LUKE xxiv. 50.

³⁸ — *rose, and went to Heaven.*

While he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.—LUKE xxiv.

Then, as I turned my feet,
This Voice from OLIVET I heard,—
The Mount is Holy to our Ascended
Lord!

VIII.

THE FIRST SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN TESTIMONIES.

Thus Holy Land on every side
Tells of the ONE, the CRUCIFIED!
Its *Hill-tops*, sacred witness bear,
That HE, the Homeless, slumbered there;⁵¹
Its *Plains*, His footsteps still imprint,
Who o'er their thirsty pathways went:⁵²
Its *Waters*, His blest image trace,
That once reflected JESUS' face:⁵³
Its *Stars*, on heaven's broad pages write
That JESUS prayed beneath their light:⁵⁴
Its *Flowers* in grace and perfume, tell
That their CREATOR loved them well:⁵⁵
And e'en its *Thorn-tree* bears His Name
Whose Platted Crown was woven of them.⁵⁶

51. He was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God.—MARK XVI. 19. He was taken up and a cloud received him out of their sight.—ACTS I. 9.

52. *That He, the Homeless, slumbered there.*
Jesus said, Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.—LUKE IX. 58.

53. *Who, o'er their thirsty pathways, went.*
Jesus wearied with his journey sat on the well and said, Give me to drink.—JOHN IV. 6, 7. The Holy Land is emphatically a "thirsty land" to travelers, who require frequent draughts of water at every stage of their journey.

54. *That once reflected Jesus' face.*
In visiting the fount of Ain Kanterah at Sarepta, where Jesus healed the daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman, the writer was moved by this thought: "could the unconscious fountain speak, it would describe the lineaments of the Son of Man." And he there wrote this stanza:

"How looked the Saviour! Oh to see
His face divine! was it in grief
At human pain, and misery,
And want, and sin, and unbelief?"

55. *How Jesus prayed beneath their light.*
He went up into a mountain to pray.—MATTHEW XIV. 23. MARK VI. 46. He continued all night in prayer to God.—LUKE VI. 12.

56. *That their Creator loved them well.*
Consider the lilies of the field.—MATTHEW VI. 28.

56. *And e'en its Thorn-tree bears His Name*
Whose platted Crown was woven of them.
The Spiny tree from which the twigs were taken that formed "the Platted Crown," were unquestionably those of the Nabk (*Zisypus spina-christi*) or "Thorn of Christ." It grows in the valleys round Jerusalem and abundantly in the Jordan valley, and is a vegetable production of portentous character.

IX.

THE FINAL SUMMARY OF TESTIMONIES.

Its *Breezes* sigh;⁵⁷ its *Tempests* roar;⁵⁸
Its wild *Waves* break along the shore;⁵⁷
Its *Fruitage* ripens in the Sun:⁵⁹
Its *Song-Birds* tell the day begun:⁶⁰
Its *Hills* in snowy grandeur rise;⁶⁰
Its *Storm-Clouds* vex the peaceful skies:⁶¹
In every sight the Christian's eye,
Something of Jesus will esp!y!⁶²
In every sound the Christian's ear,
Something of JESUS CHRIST will hear!⁶³

57. *Its breezes sigh.*—

The morning and evening breezes in the hill-country are regular, and in the sultry season peculiarly grateful and wholesome. As they come surging up the mountain slopes they seem to sigh of the waves they have just left.

58. *Its tempests roar.*

The writer encountering a terrible storm of hail and rain in Lebanon, near the Nahr-el-Keib near Beyrout, was deeply impressed by the splendid imagery in which the Psalmist describes this elementary strife.

57. *Its wild waves break along the shore.*

The coast-line of Palestine undergoes steady abrasion from the heavy rollers that move in upon it with irresistible power from the broad expanse of the Mediterranean. Many wrecks meet the eye along the beach.

59. *Its fruitage ripens in the sun.*

The immense variety and abundance of Holy Land fruits have been the marvel of all ages. This kind of fruit constitutes much of the living of the natives.

60. *Its Song-birds tell the day begun.*

A burst of nightingales (*bulbulis*), doves, and many other varieties of Song-birds hails the approach of day, particularly along the water-streams.

60. *Its hills in snowy grandeur rise.*

Hermon, 10,000 feet high, and Sunnin, even a little more elevated, exhibit snowy caps all through the season of summer.

61. *Its storm-clouds vex the peaceful skies.*

As intimated in Note 46, the strife of elements at certain seasons is indescribably grand, especially through the mountain region of Lebanon.

62. *In every sight, the Christian's eye,
Something of Jesus will esp!y,*

The traveler who reads "the coming Messiah" through all the narratives and predictions of the Old Testament will discover that every visible object is made use of by the Holy Spirit as an emblem to suggest the character or mission of the COMING ONE.

63. *In every sound the Christian's ear
Something of Jesus Christ will hear.*

The Messianic imagery embraces as well the sounds of nature as its sights. The very birds give tongue to HIM who framed them and intrusted them with the sweetest notes in the scale of earthly music.

One testimony all afford,—
THE LAND IS HOLY UNTO JESUS CHRIST OUR
LORD!⁶⁴

TOM BIGGS' BOTTOM DOLLAR.

TO THOMAS H. BENTON, JR.

He tapped his bottom dollar, Joe,
When that poor barefoot child
Came moaning through the drifted snow,
With cold and hunger wild;
Tom Biggs himself is old and poor,
And has a cough, you know,
But when he saw that wretched girl,
He tapped his bottom dollar, Joe—
Tom tapped his bottom dollar!

I don't believe he'll miss it, Joe,
In that last, solemn rest
To which he's hurrying so fast,—
He's shaky at the best;
I rather think the records there
That very coin will show,
And God himself will keep the count
Of Biggs' bottom dollar, Joe—
Tom Biggs' bottom dollar!

NOT BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Not brought to light! when, ere your call
At Masons' portals, you had given
All pledges that an honest soul
Can give to earth or give to heaven.

Not brought to light! that word you spoke,
By man, by heavenly things adored,
The silence of the Lodge you broke,
And loud averred, "I trust in God."

Not brought to light! wher journeying round,
Within the range of ever eye,
Whole and unspotted you were found
Fit for the ranks of Maccabry.

⁶⁴ *One testimony all afford,—
The Land is holy unto Jesus Christ our Lord.*

This is the only conclusion that renders the Land of the Bible a worthy place of pilgrimage. All others degrade it to the class of ordinary resorts. Unmitigated despotism, supplementing the waste and horror of protracted war, leaves nothing else to the country save glorious memories and its power to illustrate "the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ."

Not brought to light! when from that Book,
That written Law by us adored,
Your dazzled glance its light betook
To yonder type that speaks of God.

Then shame on them, "the sons of Night,"
Thus blindly stumbling on their way,
Mistaking every ancient Rite
For childish jest or senseless play.

Shame on "the blind to lead the blind:"
Oh for an hour of Him who drove
From temple-courts the crowd that sinned,
And taught the law of Light and Love!

THAT VAPOR, LIFE.

TO THE VETERAN J. W. CLAYTON.

Life is a *vapor*, how brief is its stay,
Vanishing, vanishing, passing away;
Life is a *flower* that springs in the morn,
Fading, Oh fading, no more to return;
Life is an *arrow*, how swift is its flight,
Life is the *rose-tint* that fades into night;
Lord, may our lives in Thy service be given,
Fading on earth but immortal in heaven.

Teach us the worth of the vanishing time,
Make every life, in its purpose, sublime;
Virtue and innocence, charity's dower,
Merciful Father, bestow us with power;
Patient and strong to endure to the end,
Hopeful and faithful and true to each friend;
Lord, may our lives in Thy service be given,
Fading on earth but immortal in heaven.

COMING HOME TO DIE.

The war-worn soldier leaves
The camp where comrades lie;
Alas, his cheeks, how deathly pale!
Alas, his limbs, they bend and fail!
He's coming home to die!
The last tattoo yet lingers on his ear,
The last command the dying brave shall hear.

The heavy, mournful look,—
The melancholy eye:
He's thinking of his comrades now,
Who went with him a year ago,
Who went with him to die:
Their joyful shouts yet linger on his ear,
Their songs and revelings he seems to hear.

Meet him with cheering words—

Hands full of sympathy:

Throw wide your doors in welcoming;

Let woman's love her graces fling

Around him ere he die:

He dies for woman's love and woman's faith;

Her honor lives in that brave patriot's death.

Now go with trumpets forth,

Let drum and life reply:

Join, oh, ye patriots, round the grave

Of him, the generous and the brave,

Who homeward came to die:

The last tattoo has beat upon his ear,

The last command the fallen brave shall hear.

SALUTATION TO E. T. ROGERS,

H. B. M. Consul at Damascus.

(April, 1868.)

How sweet is friendship in a foreign land!

How warm the pressure of fraternal hand,

When every other voice upon the ear

Falls cold and meaningless, or insincere!

Dear Friend, I swear your hospitable creed

Embodies all that Mason's heart can heed:

The courtesy, unwearied kindness, love—

The ruling principle in things above—

A genial manner, grateful to the soul,

And dignity of mien, to grace the whole.

Is this the work of Masonry? why then

Honor to Masonry, we'll shout again!

But no: 'tis the Great Master-BUILDER's Craft,

Intent on shaping one exquisite shaft.

God makes the good man; ours the humbler
part,

To endorse the work, and polish it with Art.

Around thee let me, with prophetic eye,

A band of Moral Architects espy—

Warm with thy fervor, in thy wisdom wise,

Seeking through Masonry a goodly prize:

Bounteous in charities, in honor true,

Yielding to man and God the guerdon due;

Brave in the truth as to each one 'tis shown,

And bold with justice, fearing God alone.

Thus circled, honored, blest by old and young,

Thy years shall pass as one continued song;

The Temple, rising 'neath thy Master-care,

Golden inscriptions in thy praise shall bear.

Christian and Moslem, blent in one by thee,

Shall show the world how Masons can agree;

And influenced by thy wise and timely thought,
Blood-fends and hatreds shall be all forgot.

Then shall this epitaph as thine be given:

"Faithful and true, *his wages* are in heaven."

SALUTATION TO H. E. MOHAMMED RESCHID,

Pasha General of Syria.

(April, 1868.)

When God, propitious to his people's cry,

Directing to this suffering world his eye,

Would bless the earth with his most gracious
boon,

He bends benignly from the Heavenly Throne,

And sends a Ruler from his presence down.

He takes the pattern best approved in heaven,

One to whose *mind* the wisest views are given,

Unto whose *heart* the law of truth is dear,

Who gives to vice a frown, to grief a tear,

And cherishes for all God's love sincere.

Happy the people whom God treateth so!

Happiest of all inhabitants below;

To them the teeming year incessant goes;

Greenness springs forth where yet no fountain
flows;

And desert lands do "blossom as the rose."

So hath God blest this people in His love,

Hath granted them a Ruler from above,

Stern in integrity, in spirit pure,

Bounteous in charities, in justice sure,

His shadow in benignity and power.

May God prolong thy days! this ancient land

Needeth thy loving care and ruling hand;

God give thee "wisdom to contrive" the best,

And "strength to execute" each wise behest,

And "Beauty" in the radiance of the Blest!

SALAAM ALEIKAM.

This is the common expression in Holy Land.

It signifies, "Peace be with you."

Once, when a sorrowing group was met

To weep their lord and master slain,

While every eye with tears was wet

And every tongue made sad refrain;

Jesus Himself among them stood,

And "peace be with you," said the Lord.

Now may your humble craftsman say
Those words, so sweet, so sanctified!
Yes, for no other words portray
The sacred bonds around him tied;
Hear then the message, as I call
Salaam aleikam, one and all!

Salaam aleikam, peace to you
Whose Square adorns and marks the East:
Though brightest honors are your due
Peace in the Lodge you prize the best!
Oh, let that Gavel never cease
Out of confusion to bring peace!

Salaam aleikam, peace to you
Whose Level glitters in the West;
Your task at evening's close, you know,
When weary craftsmen go to rest,—
To give each laborer release,
His wages pay, and part in peace!

Salaam aleikam, peace to you
Whose Plumb denotes the glowing South,
Where pleasure spreads her rosy hue,
And social joy combines with truth;
The bond of Temperance ne'er release,
But make Refreshment yield to Peace.

Salaam aleikam, peace to all
Good friends and true, around the Lodge,
Whatever fortune may befall,
Be this the sentence of the judge,—
"In love and peace to pass away
And sleep beneath the Acacia spray!"

And when life's imagery shall fall,
And closing eyes and ears no more
Tell of the friends we loved so well,
And in our hearts their memories wake,
May the Great Master from His throne
Say, "Peace be with you every one!"

COME, VIEW THE HOLY LAND.

Come, view the Holy Land, indeed!
Come, see the place where Jesus lay!
The rock, the tree, the flower, the seed
Are all there as they were that day
When heartless thousands heard him pray,
When pitiless thousands saw him bleed.

Behold, this is the Holy Land!
From Jordan's wave these pure drops come;
This shell, that glittered on the strand,
Bears witness with its ocean foam,
And this from its high mountain home,
That all the words of Jesus stand.

Now read the Gospel of these things,—
On this poor stone perhaps Christ trod!
And so a Monitor it brings
Our clay-bound spirits nearer God,
Because it represents the sod
Whence his humanity took wings.

With fervent tongue each little thing
Its words of testimony says:
You, who Christ's truths are gathering,
These tokens from His land address,
For tree, mount, river chant his praise,
And "they that dwell in dust do sing."

THE OLD TYLER.

TO GRAND TYLER FRANKS.

God bless the Old Tyler! how long he has
trudged,
Through sunshine and storm, with his "sum-
monses due!"
No pain nor fatigue the Old Tyler has grudged
To serve the great Order, Freemasons, and
you.

God bless the Old Tyler! how oft he has led
The funeral procession from Lodge door to
grave!
How grandly his weapon has guarded the dead
To their last quiet home where the Acacia
boughs wave.

God bless the Old Tyler! how oft he has
knocked,
When, vigilant, strangers craved welcome
and rest!
How widely your portals, though guarded and
locked,
Have swung to the signal the Tyler knows
best!

There's a Lodge where the door is *not* guarded
nor tyled,
There's a Land without graves, without
mourners or sin,
There's a Master most gracious, paternal and
mild,
And he waits the Old Tyler, and bids him
come in!

And there the Ol Tyler, *no longer outside*.—
No longer with weapon of war in his hand.—
A glorified spirit, shall grandly abide
And close by the MASTER, high honored,
shall stand.

THE FATHER TO HIS FAMILY.

At Minneapolis, Minn., July 20, 1871.

I hail you, Boys, with swelling heart,
I praise the Hand Divine
That leads us now so long apart
To meet in Lodge again:
And by His Name, so high and bright,
His Word so pure and grand,
I greet my Children here to-night
With Father-heart and hand.

I think of those now sleeping low,
Who met me here before; —
The Acacia blooms above them now,
They walk the unseen shore;
I reckon up the hours so fast,
When I too must depart,
And greet you, Children, for the last,
With Father-hand and heart.

I ponder o'er the promised joys,
Reserved for us above;
They kindle up our spirits, boys,
In gratitude and love;
These Emblems speak in accents sure
Of that Celestial Land;
I greet you, Children, yet once more
With Father-heart and hand.

Dear Boys, to you our work belongs, —
My hands too old have grown:
And you must sing the good old songs
When Father Rob has gone.
God bless you, make you strong and true,
Lift high the noble Art,
I greet you, Children, you, and you,
With Father-hand and heart.

CHEERFULNESS.

TO HON. THOMAS TODD.

Oh, not a gloomy look to-night,
To cloud the pleasant faces here;
Our tapers burn, our walls are bright
With emblematic cheer;
Be every look a sunny smile,
And let it speak of happier days,
When Mason-songs did sweetly fill
The Temple that we raise.

Oh, not a cruel word to-night,
To mar the harmony that fills
And sanctifies this dear retreat,
And every discord stills;

Be every word a note of love,
From that seraphic chorus heard
In the celestial Lodge above,
Whose Master is the Lord.

Oh, not a painful thought to-night
Of war: are not we in God's hand?
Let's humbly follow in the light
He gives the Mystic Band;
Be every thought a ray divine,
Prophetic of the days to come,
When holy peace shall smile again
On each dear Mason's home.

Not often do we meet as now,
Nor shall we all be here again;
To-morrow each his path must go —
To some a path of pain.
Then let to-night be doubly bright;
And when Low XII shall bid us part,
Its memories we will not forget
While life-blood warms the heart.

A FRAGRANT MEMORY.

OF SALEM TOWN, LL.D.

To the far-distant shore, the utter past,
He was our link; he brought us all the good
There was in old-time things, and made them
good

By his example! Now our bark has slipped
Its moorings, and we try the unknown sea,
Assured that when the haven of peace is found,
Where'er it be, we shall regain our lost!

Oh, truest man, one in a thousand men!
Oh, generous heart! Oh, trusty, faithful heart!
How in our hearts indelibly is drawn
The record of thy virtues, many and pure,
Twin record with the register in heaven,
Whose penman is, oh joy, the Omniscient God!
He made our Brother, made him of the clay,
So sacred henceforth to virtue and to us!

THE COLOR-GUARD.

TO GENERAL VEITCH.

Hurrah, the noble color-guard,
How grandly they are led!
Though many fall by steel and ball,
Right gallantly they tread!
Hurrah, the eagle points the way,
And never be it said,
That living soldier fought to-day,
Less bravely than the dead.

Hurrah, through storms of shot and shell,
The colors proudly fly,
Each soldier marks their progress well,
And follows, though he die;
The dead behind, the foe before,
Above the pitying sky,
And hark, o'er all the cannon's roar,
Hurrah,—'tis victory!

The colors that so proudly flew,
Are blackened now and torn;
The color-guard, alas, how few
Of all who stood the morn!
But yet, hurrah, the foeman fly,
The bloody day is won,
And other gallant forms supply
Their place whose deeds are done!

PSALM CXXXIII.

TO EDWARD JEWELL.

How pleasant is the scene,
Where Masons kindly dwell!
Where mystic tapers burn serene
And hymns fraternal swell.

How good the searching word
That from the East descends!
It speaks the unerring Law of God
And richest grace attends.

How strong the Mason-tie,—
It holds the willing band;
'Tis wove in golden unity
By God's mysterious hand.

How sacred is the place!
Behold He dwelleth here!
His dews descend in nightly grace
Our loving Craft to cheer.

THE GRAND HAILING SIGN.

TO WILLIAM B. BOWEN.

Shipwrecked, nigh drowned, alone upon the
sands,
Chilled with the flood and with the frosty air,
Hungry and wounded, lo, a Mason stands,
And looks despairingly on nature there.

Her coldest frown the face of nature wears;
She offers to the shipwrecked but a grave!
No fruits, sustaining life, the forest bears,
No cheering flowers, nor yet a sheltering cave.

The brake impenetrable closes round;
Thence the dense clouds of stinging insects
come,
Maddening with venom every cruel wound,
Vexing the spirit with their ceaseless hum.

No hope, no hope! the soul within him dies;
He seeks a sepulture within the sands,
Once more unto his mother's breast he flies,
And scoops a self-made grave with bleeding
hands.

The river moans in solemn strains his dirge;
The unfeeling birds upon the tree-tops sing,
Or in the distant skies their pinions urge,
Southward to regions of perpetual spring.

He bids farewell to life; its joys so sweet;
Children and mother,—happy, happy home,—
But yesterday, ran out his steps to greet,
And bless his coming who no more shall come.

He bids farewell, and seals it with a prayer;
That lonely beach resounded with the word:
"Keep them, All Gracious, in thy tender care,
Thou art the widow's, Thou the orphan's
God."

Then downward lying on earth's kindly lap,
He draws the sand as a thick blanket o'er,
And strives in dreamless quietude to sleep,
Vexed by life's fears and hungerings no
more.

But hark, O joy: the voice, the voice of man!
Springing with heart elastic from his bed,
Life's strong desires in him revive again,
And hopes that seemed but now forever fled.

A gallant boat doth down the river come,
A hundred men upon its margin crowd;
Surely among the many there are some
Who know the Mystic Sign the Holy Word!

He makes the Signal and the Signal-Cry;
The pitying crowds his frantic gestures see;
The echoing shores his solemn words swept by,
"O, God, is there no help, no help for me?"

Alas, no help! 'tis thus that traitors work;
Ay, even so full many a gallant boat,
Decoyed by pirates, as they grimly lurk,
Has met the brand, or the destructive shot.

Yearning to stop and save him, how they gaze!
Some answering who know not what they do,
Some weep, some turn away in sheer amaze,
And so the vessel vanishes from view.

All then is death and solitude again:
Months pass; a wary hunter hurrying by,
Sees on the beach the sad decay of man,
And gives a grave for kind humanity.

And in the silence of the winter night,
A voice from that poor skeleton is heard:
"The heart of man is smitten with a blight,
There is no help but in the pitying God!"

SALEM.

TO D. H. WHEELER.

Salem, peaceful city, blest,
Where the Ark of God did rest,—
Where the voice of prayer ascended,
With the silver trumpets blended,—
Where the incense daily given
Rose and reached the courts of heaven,—
Peaceful city, home of love,
Type of better things above!

Here be peace, like that bestowed,
Salem, here from Israel's God!
Here the voice of daily prayer,
Sweetest music on the air,
From each angel hither come,—
Fill the chambers of our home;
Here be felt Jehovah's power,
Shielding in the dangerous hour!

Salem, in thy Lodge be love,
While the Orient Sun shall move!
May all strife and discord fall,
As the fogs his rays dispell
May the fruitage of the soul,
Ripen 'neath his warm control!
And to all be heavenly grace,
Salem, seat of love and peace!

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF SOLO- MON.

TO ALEX. G. ABELL.

Ay, master of the true,
Urge on those hearts to do
A better testimony to the ONE,
Who gave, all laws above,
The conquering law of Love,
And sealed it with the gracious name of JOHN.

Ay, hail his natal morn!
Fear not the winter's scorn,
The storm-god will move leniently above;

Bring wife and child to hear
The word we so revere,
The key-word of all Masons' music, LOVE.

Ay, round the Altar now,
Let each one humbly Vow
Humbly but firmly as beseems the wise,
That all that gracious Law
Which John in vision saw,
Shall be the essence of your mysteries!

Ay, thus will life afford
Its comfort and reward,
Its strengthening corn, its oil, its cheering
wine,
And so to latest day,
Will coming craftsmen say,
"They loved each other with the LOVE DIVINE!"

THE TROWEL.

TO W. F. INNIS.

The Perfect Ashlars, duly set.
Within the walls need mortar yet—
A Cement mixed with ancient skill,
And tempered at the Builder's will;
With this each crevice is concealed—
Each flaw and crack securely sealed,—
And all the blocks within their place
United in one perfect mass!

For this *the Trowel's* use is given,
It makes the work secure and even;
Secure, that storms may not displace,
Even, that beauty's lines may grace;
It is the proof of *Mason's* art
Rightly to do the Trowel's part!
The rest is all reduced to rule,
But this must come from God's own school!

We build the "House not made with hands:"
Our Master, from Celestial lands,
Points out the plan, the blocks, the place,
And bids us build in strength and grace,
From quarries' store we choose the rock,
We shape and smooth the perfect block,
And placing it upon the wall,
Humbly the Master's blessing call.

But there is yet a work undone,—
To fix the true and polished stone!
The Master's blessings will not fall
Upon a loose, disjointed wall;
Exposed to ravages of time,
It cannot have the mark sublime
That age and honor did bestow
Upon the FANE on Zion's brow.

Brothers, true Builders of the soul,
Would you become one perfect whole,
That all the blasts which time can move
Shall only strengthen you in love?
Would you, as Life's swift sands shall run,
Build up the Temple here begun,
That death's worst onset it may brave,
And you, eternal wages have?

Then fix in love's cement the heart!
Study and act the Trowel's part!
Strive, in the compass' span to live,
And mutual concessions give!
Daily your prayers and alms bestow,
As yonder Light doth clearly show,
And walking by the Plummets just,
In God your hope, in God your trust!

TO THE GENTLE SEX.

TO O. H. IRISH.

To win the love of women to our cause,
The love of mother, sister, daughter, wife,—
To gain her admiration of our laws,—
This were the greatest triumph of our life;
For this "we well may work and well agree;"
No emblem on our Trestle-Board so rife,
But would the brighter shine could we but see,
On woman's breast its rays, that fount of
purity.

Ladies, the hearts of Masons are sincere;
For you and yours we cheerful meet and toll;
We plan in mystic gloom and silence here,
That which doth make the widow's heart to
smile;
That which the mourner's sorrow doth beguile;
That which brings bounty to the fatherless,
And rescues innocence from plottings vile:
Your God and ours these charities doth bless,
Then lend your brightest smiles Freemasonry
to grace.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

TO CHRISTOPHER DIEHL.

Faithful to the trust imposed,
Holding, in an honest heart,
Secrets to the true disclosed,
Laws from which we ne'er depart —
Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a Crown of Life.

Active as the Master was
In all deeds of charity;
Sowing as the farmer sows,
Freely o'er the fruitful lea —
Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a Crown of Life.

Chaste and pure in virtue's way,
Spotless as the lamb-skin worn
By the mystical array,
Pure as dewdrops of the morn —
Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a Crown of Life.

Honest with a neighbor's store;
Wronging none, o'erreaching none;
Timely warning him before
Danger falls and hope is gone —
Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a Crown of Life.

Bearing up an earthly Cross,
Patient, humble, meek and true;
Taking cheerfully the loss,
Gratefully the wages due —
Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a Crown of Life.

Soon the Sabbath will appear,
End of sorrow, pain and wrong;
Only six days' labor here;
Can ye not endure so long?
Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a Crown of Life.

THE PUBLIC GRAND HONORS.

TO J. FENNETT BLACKSHEAR.

I.

Bear on your souls, dear friends, the blest de-
parted;
Engrave on memory his beloved name;
Gone to his wages, gone, the faithful-hearted,
Write on heart-tablets his deserved fame;
His spotless truth, his boundless charity,
His trust in God, his love for Masonry.

II.

Look to the lodge-floor where he now is walk-
ing!
Angel and spirit, he is clothed in white;
Hark, of what mysteries he now is talking;
Too bright, too dazzling for our mortal sight;
There his undying nature has its rest,
In the communion of the good and blest.

III.

Honor the grave, honor the open earth,
Honor the body that we give to clay;
'Twas an immortal structure from its birth,
And it shall have its resurrection day:
Tenderly give to mother earth the prize,
And let her keep it till God bid it rise.

THE EXORDIUM.

TO DE WITT C. DAWKINS.

Here is a story of the grand old time,
A tale of virtues tender, yet sublime,
Inscribed on sacred page to give us faith
In woman's constancy in life and death.
Here in God's Book the bright narration see,
And five brave hearts make up the history!

Adah, great Jephthah's daughter, soul of truth;
Ruth, flower of Moab, humble, pious Ruth;
Esther, the crowned, the worthiest of a crown;
Martha, His friend whom saints and angels
own;
Electa, strong the martyr's cross to bear,—
These are the heroines of the EASTERN STAR!

Fairest among ten thousand deathless names,
How altogether lovely do they glow!
Time's annals yield no brighter, nobler themes,
No purer hearts the ranks immortal show.
Come then, oh sisters, sister-virtues trace
And light anew from them your lamps of
grace.

LANGUAGE OF FREEMASONRY.

TO WINSLOW LEWIS, M.D.

Hark, 'tis the voice of the long-parted years!
An hundred generations, joining tongues
From every land to swell the choral song,
While angels bear it to the throne of God.

Where'er the patient dead lie waiting for
The Resurrection-trump, their very graves
Are vocal with thy imagery divine,
That speaks the language of Freemasonry.

The living, loving groups, in mystic round,
Whisper those words their fathers knew and
loved;
While kindled eye and burning heart confess
That time but strengthens thee, Freemasonry.

Hark, 'tis the voice from vanished years, deep-
toned
Like some cathedral-chant, sounding the depths
Of human feeling, and awakening all,
In one grand chorus to the God of love.

Hear it, ye nations! still the clash of arms!
The blood-flow stanch! no longer brothers'
hands
'Gainst brothers' hearts be raised! but heed
the voice
That speaks the Common Father of us all.

THE SHORTENING CHAIN.

Written in 1868.

TO WILLIAM J. MILLARD.

War's hand has sorely tried our Brotherhood;
They sleep on every hard-fought battle-plain:
They who around our Altars loving stood,
Shall never stand by Mason's side again.
The sinewy grip's relaxed, the tongue is mute,
Death's heavy fetters hang upon the foot.

The Chain is shortening, where they once were
found;
Close in, close up! the Gavel calls in vain;
The song has lost, ah, many a well-known
sound—

Brothers, the louder sing the mystic strain!
Though we and all our works shall pass away,
Freemasonry must never know decay!

Thank God, and yet again thank God, a few
Of the old love-warmed Brotherhood abide!
A few whose charitable hands will do
Whate'er their hearts may prompt of gener-
ous deed.

For such as I have found on life's hard road,
I humbly, and yet gratefully, thank God!

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

TO WILLIAM N. HOWE.

The Word of God, the rule of faith to Masons
true and free,
Sublimely says, "The greatest grace in man is
Charity,"
To feel the sympathetic glow for souls in sor-
row driven
And lend relief, 'tis this that brings the Mason
nearest heaven.

This broad-spread land, the Empire State, foremost in every art,
 Hath lately shown in Charity the largest Mason-heart;
 A Brother from a distant land came empty to their door,
 And lo, the generous Brotherhood threw open wide their store.
 All honor, praise, respect to them, the noblest in the land,
 And honor their Grand Master, right worthy of command;
 And honor over all, to Him, the Sovereign King of Heaven,
 Forever blest, who hearts to give and hands to give, hath given.

THE EASTERN STAR.

TO SAMUEL HALLOCK.

The Eastern Star that first arose,
 And moved to where the Infant lay,
 Though faint its beams, has since illumed
 The heathen world with perfect day;
 And still, to all beneath the sun,
 Its glorious light is moving on.

No hollier name for Mason-Lodge,
 No worthier thought than *Eastern Star*!
 And may the knowledge here diffused
 Be spread o'er land and sea afar!
 May each reflect the sacred ray
 That moved to where the Infant lay!

Each perfect thought, each precept sure,
 That makes our Craft almost Divine,
 From the blest Altar rising here
 In light and joy forever shine!
 And in the world of bliss afar
 Each Craftsman find the Eastern Star!

CONCORD.

TO R. DE LOS PULFORD.

The song is set, the sweet accord
 Of tuneful note to tuneful word—
 The Master and his men:
 Thus do the Mystic brothers form
 With hand and heart and bosom warm,
 The rich, fraternal strain.

NOT FAR FROM ME.

TO E. B. C. PORTER.

Not far from me, not far from me,
 When first on checkered floor,
 I bow in humble trust the knee,
 My Maker to adore:
 I bow, and fervently declare,
 That God is all my portion there.

Not far from me, not far from me.
 In Middle Chamber led,
 I pass the mystic portals three,
 And up the stairway tread:
 I pass before the MARK divine,
 Whose light is Masonry's and mine.

Not far from me, not far from me,
 In holiest place betrayed,
 When human hopes all fade or flee,
 And there is none to aid:
 And there is none to hear my cry,
 But Thou, all-pitying Deity.

Not far from me, not far from me,
 These mystic labors done,
 My body 'neath the deathless tree,
 My soul before the Throne;
 Oh God, through blest eternity,
 Be mine a place *not far from Thee*.

THE SIX MEN OF MICHIGAN.

TO WM. M. CUNNINGHAM.

It was six men of Michigan,
 To profit much inclined,
 Who went and joined the Masons' Lodge,
 Though each of them was blind,
 That each by nishyashyon
 Might help to raise the wind.

The first went through with perfect ease,
 But when he came to light
 And saw the Compass and the Square
 Were made of silver bright,
 "Good hevings," cried the stingy wretch,
 "How goodly is the sight!"

The second, as he went around,
 Heard Simon Calkins laugh,
 And having been a Son of Malt,
 He thought the whole was chaff:
 So laughed himself until he looked,
 For all the world, a calf.

The third, enamored by the chune
The organist did play,
Paid no attention to the prayer
The Reverend did pray;
But many a fortnit arterwards,
Could whissel *Nelly Gray*.

The fourth poked out his foot, and felt,
In circumam—, the stove:
"That is the gridiron, I bet;
'Tis sizzin hot, by Jove!
I wonder will they make me squat
Them scorching bars above!"

The fifth, when asked his cash to fork,
And so perpetuate
The interesting fact that then
He was inishuate,
Growled, "Why, I thought I'd paid enough;
They said the thing was straight!"

The sixth, who was a lad of sense—
Like me, my Broth—, and you—
Did just exact as he was told;
And when the work was through,
He said, "Your system is the best
The world has ever knew!"

So when these men of Michigan
Met and compared their notes,
One says, "When I'm in politics,
This thing will give me votes!"
Another says, "Their music is
The sweetest thing that floats!"

The third, "Ah, but the Sons of Malt
Gin me a heap more fun!"

The fourth, "They swindled me!" the fifth,
I felt the gridiron!"

But of the whole, *to see the thing,*
There wasn't *only one!*

THE HEIMSKRINGLA.

(Swedish for *Home-circle*.)

TO J. O. W. BAILEY.

Heimskringla, world-circle,
The sacred, the vast,—
The present and future
Enlinked with the past,—
Great girdle fraternal
That bindeth the earth.
Whose strands are all spirits
Of virtue and worth,—

Thy name is Freemasonry, cherished and blest,
And thy Light from the East ever tends to the
West.

THE VETERAN MASTER.

TO JOHN B. FRAVEL.

Worn, but not weary; staunch and true,
Again the Master's Gavel bear,
And standing in the Eastern gate
Display the bright and mystic Square.

Worn, but not weary; therefore years
Have marked your brow with lines of care,
Yet beats your heart as warm's the day
When first you wore the mystic Square.

Worn, but not weary; when at last
The slumbers of the dead you share,
May you be happy in His love
Who wears in *Heaven* the mystic Square.

AN OFFERING OF LOVE.

TO WILLIAM HACKER.

To you and yours, dear friend, a line;
We sufferers from cold fortune's blast
Are not deprived by fate divine
Of sympathy and kindred taste:
No,—man his poor contempt may cast,
And even spurn us from his door,
We'll make each other's lot more blest,
Each other's welfare prize the more.

You, to your loving partner true,—
I, to my faithful mate sincere,
May see, in each domestic view,
A little *glimpse celestial* here:
Our children, rising year by year,
Will give their parents filial aid,
And lend the tribute of a tear
When we in mother earth are laid.

What more than that can Mammon boast?
Can gold yield happiness? 'Tis dross;
Oh, what a spirit-troubled host
Have found its gains are only loss;
It shall no longer trouble us,
Dear friend, that we must lowly wait,
'Twill be the easier to pass,
When God commands, the Narrow Gate.

Then, hand in hand conjoined, let's vow
With patience to abide the end,
And ever interchange, as now,
The confidences of a friend.
When lowly at the shrine we bend,
Or in the world's great tumult join
A loving thought we'll often send
From me to thee, from mine to thine!

IF GOOD MEN ALL WERE
MASONS.

TO REV. O. H. TIFFANY, D.D.

There's never a tear would drop
But some kind hand would steal it;
There's never a sigh would swell
But some kind heart would feel it;
And never a widow sad,
And never an orphan lonely,
But some one would make glad
With smiles of joy, if only
The good men all were Masons.

There's never a word profane
By heedless mortal spoken,
And never a cruel blow,
And never a law be broken;
There's never a man would die
Away from loved ones, lonely;
There's never a shuddering cry
Would mount to heaven, if only
The good men all were Masons.

But every heart would smile
And tongues break forth in singing,
And stores of corn, wine, oil,
The generous would be bringing;
And each would strive to make
The path of life less lonely,
A green and flowery way,
An Eden-walk, if only
The good men all were Masons.

But since the good men all
Are *not* in our connexion,
Let's try, what few we are,
To be of one complexion:
Let's try, though few and frail,
And maybe poor and lonely,
To show what life would be
And men would do, if only
The good men all were Masons.

LAST WORD OF SOLOMON.

TO ALFRED CREIGH, LL.D.

With true and ardent grasp,
A strong and mystic clasp,
In fond farewell the Mason-monarchs bent;
Briefly upon the tongue
The word of *parting* hung,
But hand and eye and face were eloquent.

The servant of the Lord
Gave them a *parting word*;
From mouth to ear the whispering farewell
passed;

The world can never know
That sound, conveyed so low,
But 'tis the Mason's fondest and his last.

Hand answered hand, and tongue
Moved the Great Word along;
It kindled up each Mason's bosom there,—
As you have seen the rain
Moistening the barren plain.
And making green the hillock lately bare.

It banished all the pain
Of parting from those men;
It left a glow fraternal in each breast;
And though no brother's eye
Beneath its power was dry,
Their tears were holy dew-drops soft and blest.

And then, all silently
The builders moved away,
And turned forever from the Mount of God;
But never to the end
Did friend forget the friend
Who wept that farewell morning 'neath the
word.

And never to this day,
And never while the away
Of time shall roll the mighty spheres around,
Can one who owns the tie
Of holy Masonry
Refuse to melt before that mystic sound.

THE SACRED CORD, THRICE-
WOUND.

TO GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Bind it *once*, that in his heart
He may surely hold
All the mysteries of the Art
As did the Craft of old:
Bind it *once*, and make the noose
Strong, that sin shall not unloose.

Bind it *twice*, that Masons' law,
Faith and Charity,
Ever may his spirit draw
In one resistless tie:
Bind it *twice*, and make the noose
Stronger,—death alone shall loose.

Bind it *thrice*, that every deed,
Virtuous and chaste,
On the heavenly page be spread,
Worthy of the best.
Bind it *thrice*, and make the noose
Strongest,—death shall *not* unloose.

NIAGARA.

(Written in 1864.)

TO THE POET SHILLIBER.

Midst civil war and clamor, midst the crash
Of nations falling from their base, thy voice,
Thou ancient flood *Niagara*, is heard!
Thy deafening roar admits no note of man
Within its mighty chorus, but peals forth
The Almighty's mandates, as it spoke the morn
Of the creation, all unchanged.

And so

Does the great voice of Masonry go up un-
changed

From age to age, speaking of His great love
Who framed it; in its harmony divine
No notes of earth can enter; nations fall;
Peoples and customs change; the face of earth
Ruts on new features, but this knows no
change;

The Square speaks yet as heavenly wisdom
taught,

The Compass warns us as in days of yore,
The Gavel rules, the Level's solemn voice
Joins with the Plumb-line's monitory voice,
And speaks as yonder glorious Word enjoins;
Above the East, the hieroglyphic bright
Gleams wisely, claiming lowliest reverence
From generations as they come and go.

Niagara and Masonry! what else
Of all created things doth speak like these
Of the unchanging God!

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Oh, *early* search the Scriptures; 'tis the dew
On tender leaves; 'tis the young rose's bloom;
'Tis the bright tinge of morning; 'tis the hue
That doth on cheek of conscious virtue come;
'Tis all that gratifies the sight,
To see this precious Book aright.

Oh, *fondly* search the Scriptures: 'tis the voice
Of loved ones gone forever; 'tis the song
That calls to memory childhood's perished joys;
'Tis the blest accents of the angelic throng;
'Tis all that gratifies the ear,
This holy Book aright to hear.

Oh *deeply* search the Scriptures: 'tis the mine
Of purest gold, and gems of richest sort;
'Tis life's full sustenance of corn and wine;
'Tis raiment, clean and white, from Heaven
brought
'Tis wealth beyond all we can crave,
This Heavenly Book aright to have.

For here, oh here, the fond departed,
The MAN OF SORROWS, slain for us,
Speaks to the worn and broken hearted,
And tells us, "I have borne the curse!
Redeemed thee from the power of death,
And sanctified thy parting breath!"

That in bright lands depicted here,
Are many mansions, ample room,
Where parted ones, of all most dear,
Will bid us welcome from the tomb:
Where many a friend we counted lost
Is singing with the heavenly host.

This is the one appointed way
Through which the Holy Ghost doth speak;
Oh search the Scriptures through life's day,
And treasures of salvation seek;
Assured there is no other ford
Through Jordan's billows save the Word.

THE LAST, LAST WORD, "FARE WELL."

TO D. MURRAY LYON.

The last, last word,—oh, let it tell
The inmost soul of love—*Fare Well!*
Fare well in heart, in health, in store,
In going out, in coming in,
And when to slumber you incline.
May man's respect and woman's smile
And childhood's prattle to beguile,
Be yours, be yours, for evermore!
By every impulse that can swell
A loving heart, fare well, fare well!

Fare well,—the lights grow dim; the tear
Lingers and sparkles in the eye;
"So mote it be!" I faintly hear
Winged on the breath of answering sigh:

It is the voice of sympathy,
 It tells of a fraternal tie
 Once, twice and thrice about us wound
 When first on consecrated ground
 We walked the dark, mysterious round:
 By all the secrets it doth tell
 Of Bonds and Links and Ties, *fare well!*
Fare well! what other word besides
 Conveys the spirit of God's Word,
 Around, above, beneath whose lids
 We tied the indissoluble cord!
 Had I the tongue with power to say
 All that the hand expert can tell

Of signs and grips and mystic way
 I could but say, but say,—*farewell!*
 I could but say, "May God *thus* do
 By me should ever I prove untrue!"
 And my choked utterance would prove
 How weak are words to tell my love.

Then let the HAND speak what it should,
 And call to witness noblest things;
 The bounding heart responds and brings
 Its godlike power to compass good.
 The answering heavens admit the plea
 And vouch a present Deity;
 Angels my loving wishes swell,
 And God himself proclaims,—*fare well!*

ADDITIONAL ODES AND POEMS TO THE SIXTH EDITION

DE SOTO—FULTON—GRANT.

(Composed and delivered at the dinner given
 to Gen. U. S. Grant by the city of Memphis,
 August 25, 1863.)

The daring Spaniard, when his eyes beheld
 For the first time yon noble river roll
 And sparkle in the sunbeams, as it bore
 Its mighty current onward to the sea,
 Fell upon bended knee and worshiped God
 Aloud, for that his painful task was done.
 The secret of the ages he had solved—
 The Mississippi, sire of floods, stood forth
 Embalmed in verdure bordered by a soil
 Richer than Egypt's delta.
 Science and commerce winged their pinions
 there
 And wrote his name,—*De Soto*,—on their
 scrolls.
 Ages rolled by,—the tawny savage fled,
 The white man launched his boats upon the
 flood,
 The forests fell, the fertile soil gave back
 Unto the sower's hand "an hundred fold;"
 Then rose the genius *Fulton*, and he taught
 To stem the unconquered flood, to push the
 weight
 Of mightiest keels against the watery mass,
 That untold centuries had crowned with power;
 He sent his messengers in smoke and flame
 Up to the Mississippi's very fount;
 And by the Spaniard's name he wrote his
 own,—

Fulton, the nation's workman.

Yon sire of floods was the great bond that
 joined

These waters into one; his bosom bore,
 In precious freightage, all that nature yields
 From farthest north down to the torrid clime;
 His channel was the highway of the west;
 Science had made his heaving mass her own;
 Pleasure danced revelry upon his flood;
 Beauty and love dwelt on his banks secure;
 Fraternity joined hands along his course;
 His very waters made our states akin.
 Then spake an enemy; then on these banks
 Armed men appeared, and cannon-shot pro-
 claimed

The Mississippi closed!—that mighty stream
 Scanned by *De Soto* and by *Fulton* won.
 They thought to chain him,—ignominious
 thought!

But once the grand old giant shook his locks
 And burst his fetters were, like Samson freed!
 These heights were crowned with ramparts
 sheltering

The force inimical; these frowning forts
 Belched lightning, and the morning gun
 A thousand miles told mournfully the tale,
 The Mississippi closed!

Not long; from the Lord God of Hosts was
 sent

The leader who, with patient vigil, planned
 A great deliverance; height by height he
 gained,

Island and hill and woody bank and cliff;
Month followed month, till on our natal day
The last great barrier fell, and never more
The sire of waters shall obstruction know;
Now with *De Soto's* name, and *Fullon's*, see
The equal name of *Grant*!

Our children's children, noble *Grant*, shall sing
This great deliverance; on the floods of spring
Thy name shall sparkle, smiling commerce tell
Thy great achievement which restores the chain

Never again to break, that makes us one!

THE BEAUTIFUL STONE OF THE MASONIC ARCH.

If I were the Master Grand,
If I were the King of Judah now,
And of that sage Tyrian band
Who wore the cockle-shell on the brow
I'll tell you what I'd do:
I'd choose my brightest Parian rock,
No flaw or crevice in the block,
And right above the ivory throne,
I'd set the beautiful stone,
The beautiful, beautiful stone.

I'd take from Lebanon the trees,
The cedars fragrant, tall and fair,
And hardened by the centuries.
And them to the Mount I'd bear;
Hiram should them prepare.
From Ophir's golden sands I'd drain
The yellow, choice and glitt'ring grain,
And these in mystic form should crown
The white and beautiful stone,
The beautiful, beautiful stone.

Then unto every shrine I'd go,
To every lorn and humble grave,
And all the prayers and tears that flow
From women meek, and manhood brave,
And orphan lone, I'd have;
Prayers for sweet incense should arise,
And holy tears for sacrifice;
I'm sure that God Himself would own
And bless the beautiful stone,
The beautiful, beautiful stone.

This beautiful stone, its name should be—
Each loving mason loves it well,
'Tis writ in glory,—*CHARITY*,—
Best word the earth can tell,
Best word the heavens can tell;

Above the ivory throne so bright,—
Were I the MASTER GRAND to-night,—
Where God and man alike would own
I'd set the beautiful stone,
The beautiful, beautiful stone

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Inscribed to Brother A. P. Moriarty, 83
New York.

Trusty Brother, take this poem,
"Penned for you and you alone,"
That you may, in memory, cherish
Brother Rob when he is gone;
You have uttered many praises,
Praises much too fine, I know,
List then, while I weave a stanza
Of the days of long ago.

Of the days when life was joyful,
When the year was in its prime,
And we thought that hearts were faithful,
Friendship cordial, love sublime,
Ere we learned the fateful lesson
That the future must bestow.
Oh where is the faith we cherished
In the days of long ago!

Is the world thus changed and blasted
As it seems to you and me?
Are the merry songsters silent,
On a sere and blighted tree?
Do young hearts no more in passion
Blend in love's ecstatic glow?
Trusty friend, where are the summers
Of the days of long ago.

Need we ask it? 'tis *within us*
All the noted change is found;
Friendship, faith and hope will ever
Make to youth a hallowed ground;
'Tis *within us* life is blighted;
Summer turned to frost and snow;
Silence where the song-birds warbled
In the days of long ago.

Wrong we HIM who gave the morning
Thus to murmur at the night;
All life's seasons have refreshed us
With an ever new delight:
Through the darkness now, in myriads,
Stars their matchless glory throw;
Age has blessings even greater
Than the days of long ago.

Greater,—for the hour of sleeping,
Tranquil sleeping, draweth nigh;

Wearied limbs in soft reclining,
 Balmy, dreamy, bye-and-bye;
 Yes, and those who early left us
 To this pilgrimage below
 Wait to greet us, wait to greet us,
As in days of long ago.

No more sighing then, old pilgrim;
 No more thankless, cold complaint;
 Blessed be the Lord forever,
 Who revives the sick and faint;
 Death may strike,—his work is over,—
 Mourners through the streets may go;—
 An eternal youth awaits us
 Brighter than the *long ago*.

THE GLEAMING OF THE ORIENT.

AN ODE FOR THE EASTERN STAR.

The ORIENT gleams with starry beams, the
 STAR OF CHRIST is up;
 It guides us on our Pilgrimage, it points the
 NATIONS' HOPE;
 It points the flowery way of life, there's joy in
 every beam,
 And we shall surely find at last the BABE OF
 BETHLEHEM.
 The generations of the dead have gone this way
 before;
 Yon STAR to them, as unto us, immortal tidings
 bore;
 They bade farewell to earthly things, they
 counted all things dross,
 And found immortal glory in the burden of the
 CROSS.

And we have seen the EASTERN STAR break
 through the shadows dim,
 And, led by this, have hastened here, to serve
 and worship HIM—
 The LAMB OF GOD, th' ETERNAL WORD, the
 LILY and the SUN,
 And Oh, the LION, that shall raise the dead when
 all is done.

We follow fast, we follow far, we follow while
 we live,
 We never cease, through weariness, the WOR-
 SHIP that we give.
 We only crave to find at last, beyond the shad-
 ows dim,
 Our Rest and our Salvation in the BABE OF
 BETHLEHEM.

Then gleam, O STAR, forever,
 And lead us to GOD!

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

(Composed at the Narrows in sight of the
 sea, July 3, 1878, and sung by Prof. William H.
 Slack the next day, on the Steamer in celebra-
 tion of the anniversary.)

Air, Our Way across the Sea.

Low, low, sing low; the surge is hoarsely mur-
 muring;
 Sighs the sad wind, the cold, reproachful blast;
 Hark 'tis the sea-bird, on pursuing wing,
 Bearing words from home, the tenderest and
 the last.
 Sweet home good bye! sweet friends and
 true
 Love breathes the prayer—the fond, the last
adieu.

Oh in this hour, when memory claims the
 whole,
 What tears, what sighs, to us are fondly given;
 Christ heed them all! and give the praying soul
 Hope, bright and strong, the gleaming star of
 heaven.

Lands yet untrod await our eager feet;
 Skies all untried will lend their radiance soon;
 Hand joined in hand, the chain fraternal greet,
 Notes, strange and weird, the mystic chords
 attune.

Swift roll the months; and oh, ye seasons
 fleet,
 Bring the blest morning on returning track;
 Wait sweet, sweet Home your pilgrim friends
 to greet,
 Bear, ye sad sea-bird, this fond message back.

THE SWEET NOW-AND-NOW.

As we glide down the soft flowing wave,
 And the stars in the sky all aglow,
 Let us prize every joy that we have,
 And be glad in the sweet *now-and-now*.

Oh ye hearts that despair can forget,—
 Oh ye souls that can drown every woe,
 There's a bright shining hope for us yet,
 And a bliss in the sweet *now-and-now*!

When the dear ones around us are gone,
 And the cypress above them we strow,
 'Twill be time for the dirges forlorn,—
 Let us sing in the sweet *now-and-now*.

Chorus. In the sweet *now-and-now*,
 Oh to drive every care far away
 In the sweet *now-and-now*,
 Let's rejoice, let's rejoice while we may!

THE SQUARE.

INSCRIBED TO BRO. WM. ANDERSON, JR., NEW YORK.

In the Holy Land the Masons teach that
while the Supreme Architect used the Gauge,
Gavel, Plumb, Level, and other working tools
in building the Earth, yet when he built the
Heavens He used the SQUARE alone.

'Twas in Damascus on an April day;
In the bazars where pilgrims congregate
I met an aged Mason, on his head
The turban of Mohammed large and green;
In his right hand the mystic almond-rod
Such as wise Jacob bore, and Moses bore
When the Red Sea divided 'neath his hand.

Mustapha was his name; tall, gaunt and gray,
Yet his black eye, undimmed, flashed into mine;
And his strong hand exchanged the mystic grip
With sinewy force.

He was my senior by some forty years,
And sixty years a Mason. He had thought
More deeply than the most of the intent
Of Solomon's wise imagery so quaint and old,
And how it makes its impress on the soul.
I asked him which of all these emblems wise,
That glorify our Trestle-Board, is best?
Which gives Divinest light? which points to us
Most surely, the great Master of the Craft?

In quick reply, he laid that sinewy hand
Upon the SQUARE. It is my favorite type,
One that in thousand Lodges I have loved
To moralize upon — the Trying Square.

He took it up and with great reverence
Raised it toward the Throne: "By this," he
said,

"The Heaven of Heavens in perfect order fell
When God took out the Master's implements
From His own chest and built the Universe!
By THIS the radiant Throne — by THIS the
Courts

Of His own glory were constructed sure!

"Earth and the Stars were fashioned well by

THESE,
The Gavel, Trowel, Level, Line and Rule;
The Lodge Celestial by the SQUARE alone!"

This was the legend that the Arab told.
I partly do believe it, for I see
In this full angle and these perfect lines
What in no other working tool appears.
And noting that you choose this honored type
To give your Lodge a name, I charge you now,

Dear brethren, KEEP WITHIN IT! Do your work,
Your praise, your counsels to the listening
Craft,

And oh, your daily walk before the world,
WITHIN THE SQUARE.

THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

(Composed for a called session of the Grand
Chapter E.S. of California, May, 1876.)

The angel of mercy to-night is abroad;
There gleams from her finger the signet of God;
Her work, in beneficence all is designed —
The sad to console and give light to the blind.

Oh brightest of beings that nestle above
The angel of mercy, the angel of love!

The sound of her wings rustles light on the air;
She bends her bright course to th' abodes of
despair;

Her features entrance the dull vision of pain,
And the joyless are kindled with rapture again.

Oh sunniest object that sparkles above,
The angel of mercy, the angel of love!

To lips of the fevered she tenders the cup;
The head of the drooping her hand beareth up;
The friendless she points to the land far away,
And the dying makes hopeful with visions of
day.

Oh nearest divine of the powers above,
The angel of mercy, the angel of love!

Dear Sisters, to you is her mission consigned,
To you she, departing, leaves duty behind;
In errand Celestial she bids you go forth,
And be the beneficent angels of earth!

Yes, each of you prove on the model above,
An angel of mercy, an angel of love!

OLD NUMBER ONE.

Composed and read at a visit to American
Union Lodge No. 1, Marietta, Ohio, April 1,
1878.

I stand to-night within a hallowed place;
The memories of a hundred years combine
To give this Lodge its glory; in this chain
Three generations have assumed in turn
The covenants of the Craft; have walked the
round

In mythic darkness; worn the ancient badge
Of innocence; wielded the implements
And honorably borne the loads of life;
Oh happy hour that brings my footsteps here!

Is it but fancy,—do I only dream
That o'er this tyled retreat there is a group
Of spirits hovering, though all unseen,
Who share my joy to-night!

They speak in love,
Those voices of the dead! they speak of days
Purer than ours; of nobler men who stood
With level, plumb and square to guide the
work;

They speak in warning accents to our souls;
Hear them, oh Brethren!

"Let the Name of God,
"The sacred Name, the Name omnipotent,
"Be honored here! spread the cement of love,
"The only bond can bind a mason's heart;
"Walk justly in the sight of God and man:
"The hungry feed! the naked clothe! the poor
"And needy tend as almoners of God!
"So when supine with us in honored graves
"Your memory shall survive the passing time."

TARRYING IN THE SHADE.

Official Ode in the Oriental Order of The
Palm and Shell. Inscribed to Sir Knight the
Rev. Henry R. Coleman, Supreme Chancellor.

Air: *Angels in the air.*

From the foamy billows won,
To the sands of Joppa thrown,
From the darkness of the salt, salt wave,—
In the cooling shadows brought,
With masonic lessons fraught;
As we journey to the far-off grave.

Oh the burning of the sun,
When his middle course is run,
As the pilgrimage of life we haste,
But a sympathetic calm
In the cooling of the palm,
Is the glory of the weary waste.

As we tarry in the shade,
'Neath the drooping foliage laid,
How the grateful heart to God doth rise,—
Unto God, supremely good,
Who will crown the weary road
With the resting of the quiet skies

Then, ye Pilgrims of the Shell,
Con the mystic lessons well,
With the Signet and the tie so blest,—
For the burning of the noon
Will be changed to glory soon,
And the Pilgrim find a long, long rest.

Chorus. For we journey o'er the dust,
In a fond and loving trust,
To the City where our dead are laid;
And we con the lessons well
Mystic lessons of the Shell,
As we tarry, as we tarry in the shade.

THE RISING SUN.

INSCRIBED TO LODGES THUS NAMED.

In dewy *Morn*, with day begun,
The reddening east allures the sight:
We see the mild, the Rising Sun,
And bless the invigorating light.

In radiant *Noon*, with day advanced,
The sunny south attracts the eye;
We hail the luster thus enhanced,
The larger glories of the sky.

In gentle *Even*, with parting day,
The painted west rewards the gaze;
And when her last beams fade away
We linger o'er the gorgeous rays.

So Craftsmen of the Rising Sun,
May all your working hours be past
That when your temple-toll is done
Your brightest scenes may be your last.

THE VISITOR'S WELCOME.

Composed to be read before The-Friends-in-Council Lodge No. 1383, London, England, at a visit September 3, 1878. Inscribed to Brother Capt. Philips of that Lodge.

It is the pride of ancient masonry,
When lodge-fires blaze and craftsmen gather
round,
That in the East, upraised where all may see,
An honored place is for the *Stranger* found.

Amid the Friends-in-Council then, I come,
To claim the stranger's seat and welcome too;
For in my far-off, loved Kentucky home,
There waits such welcome, Friends beloved, *for you*.

The Stranger represents the *absent Host*;
"The Universal Lodge" through him is here;
Himself though lowly, he may proudly boast
That in his person *all the craft* appear.

Around me, though invisible, there stand
The forms of Franklin and of Washington,

Of Clinton, Hubbard, Clay,—oh, 'tis a band
No man can number 'neath the Circling Sun.

Rank upon rank they throng me, though I am
Not worthy to unloose their latchet-string;
Such honor glorifies the Stranger's name,
When made the subject of your welcoming.

Then, as a spokesman o' this mighty throng,
Oh Friends-in-Council hear the Stranger's word;
His aims are yours, like yours his vows are
strong,
His overseen is yours, the Mason's Lord!

That word is FIDES,—Brethren, con it well,—
And FIDES INCORRUPTA your reply!
Let them be with you while on earth you dwell,
Let them fly with you when you mount the sky;

THE LODGE FAR AWAY.

(Composed for a most happy occasion at
Hopkinsville, Ky., June 24, 1877.)

In the Lodge far away, where the work is com-
pleted,
"The temple in glory, exalted, sublime,
And the Masons are met round the Grand Mas-
ter seated,
In one grand accord swell the jubilant hymn;
"All hail, MASTER GRAND, from our labors ter-
restrial
"Thou raisest Thy workmen when labor is
past!
"All hail on Thy throne with a glory celestial,
"Thy promise is sure, for we meet Thee at
last,
"Where the weary at rest have an ample
reward,
"And the praises we hear are the word of the
LORD!"

For the Lodge far away how the spirit is yearn-
ing!
In low lands of sorrow we labor forlorn;
To the East, whence is sunrise, the eye will be
turning;
We wait and we long for the coming of dawn;
We know we must pass by the fords of the river,
And nature will shudder in view of the grave,
But "the Strong Hand" we feel, and 'tis strong
to deliver,
"The Lion of Judah," wilt conquer the grave;
And the weary at rest have an ample reward,
And the praises we hear be the voice of the
LORD.

CAROL FOR THE SCOTCH RITE.

(Composed for a meeting of the Kentucky
Consistory, A. A. R., May, 1868.)

Be ours to-night to sing,
Be ours to-night to laugh,
And in these cups, no drunken bowls,
The loving toast to quaff;
We consecrate this generous wine
And drink to Love and Auld Lang Syne.

Now raise the generous flood,
And drink to those who've gone;
Beyond the grave, beyond the sky,
They seem to beckon on;
With tears of friendship we attest,
And drink the Memory of the Blest.

Now drink to sober age,
To men in life's decline;
To eyes bedimmed and wrinkled front,
The oldest, purest wine.
Oh brethren, give the loving toast
To Age and Worth and honest Frost.

Now drink the fond *farewell*,—
Now drink the *come-again*;
But not in song, and not in speech,
We make this last refrain:—
With vision raised to God above
In silence drink—*freemasons' love!*

ORION.

INSCRIBED TO LODGES THUS NAMED.

(In the Orient, the masonic star-gazer is
accustomed to accredit this brilliant to King
Solomon.)

Star of the canopy, oh beaming star!
The patriarch Job admired thy silver light
Through the long courses of the Arabian
night;

And worshiped God, seeing thy form afar.

The sailor marks thee in the glittering sky,
Guiding his bark along the silent main,
And names thee brightest of Celestial train,—
Good fortune follows him when thou art by.

Propitious star, star of King Solomon,
Thy richest influence is o'er mystic toil,—
We gain best wages of Corn, Wine and Oil
When through the glittering sky thou movest on.

Give light, Orion, to our gathering!
Guide us in paths of duty! move the heart
To do for suffering man the brother's part,
And honor give to the CELESTIAL KING!

ONE IS OUR MASTER.

THE IMAGE OF TRUE TEMPLARY.

One is our Master, CHRIST the LORD,
 And we are Brethren, true and strong;
 Sincere in heart, exact in word,
 Abhorring vice and wrong.
 Sir Knights, flash out the cross-hilt sword—
 ONE is your Master, CHRIST THE LORD!

One word inspires the valiant Knight,
 That word the cruel "Golgotha";
 One star leads on with steady light,
 The bright, the Eastern star.
 Sir Knights, flash out the cross-hilt sword—
 ONE is your Master, CHRIST THE LORD!

Where lines of knightly legends flow,
 From Bethlehem to Olivet
 There do our warrior-longings go,
 There is our Master yet.
 Sir Knights, flash out the cross-hilt sword—
 ONE is your Master, CHRIST THE LORD!

And when is won this earthly strife,
 Laid by the spear, assumed the crown,
 We trust to share that peaceful life
 Which our Great Captain won.
 Sir Knights, flash out the cross-hilt sword—
 ONE is your Master, CHRIST THE LORD!

THE GAVEL.

(Composed for music. Inscribed to Brother
 Prof. H. D. Perkins.)

"We meet upon the Level," is the Senior War-
 den's word,
 As he lifts his mystic column in the west,—
 "We act upon the Plumb"—'tis the Junior's
 quick accord,
 And to work the brothers hasten with a zest:

But *the Gavel* is my fancy
 Over Level, Square and Plumb,
 For it marks the very spirit of command;
 In its ringing notes methodic
 Every dissonance is dumb,
 And a willing spirit hovers o'er the band.

"We part upon the Square" is the fiat of the
 East
 When the hour of ten commands us to de-
 part,—
 And the Junior lifts his column, and the Tyler
 is released,
 And we hurry to the welcome of the heart:
 But *the Gavel* is my fancy,
 I shall never cease to cry,—

'Tis Celestial music dropping to the earth;
 'Tis a memory of the angels
 As they heard it in the sky,
 When the King from chaos called creation
 forth.

In the weird and mystic circle, solemn silence
 brooding round,
 There's a something all invisible but strong,
 May be summoned from the Highest by the
Gavel's holy sound,
 And it brings the better spirit to the throng;
 Oh the *Gavel*, Master's *Gavel*,
 It shall ever have my praise
 While the Book and Symbol whisper "God is
 love";

In His mighty NAME it speaketh,
 All contention it allays,
 Till the Lodge below is like the Lodge above.

AT THE GRAVE OF OSSIAN E.
DODGE.

This sweet musician and genial brother, the
 author of the music commonly sung to "The
 Level and the Square," died in London, Eng-
 land, October 17, 1876. I spent a Sabbath day
 in August, 1878, searching for his grave. It is
 in one of those enormous *Cities of the Dead*
 that form such prominent features in the
 periphery of the great circle occupied by Lon-
 don. The place is Paddington Cemetery, Willes-
 den Lane, Kilburn, about six miles from St.
 Paul's Cathedral. The burying ground contains
 thirty-six acres, the same extent as Mount
 Moriah at Jerusalem, and embosoms more than
 half a million graves.

Departed friend, by thy lone grave I stand,
 Like thee, a pilgrim in this alien land;
 And with a tribute-tear, all mournfully,
 I meditate, dear friend, in thoughts of thee.

I call the parted years,—they come no more;
 In fancy only can I tread that shore
 Where mirth, and joy, and charming melody
 Made up, dear friend, my intercourse with thee.

Thy home no more to know its master's tread;
 Those genial comrades scattered, haply dead;
 Youth, hopes all buoyant, genius bright and
 free,—
 Gone, gone, forever gone, dear friend, with
 thee.

Midst London's dead I leave thee here to rest;
 No mortal care can now distract thy breast;
 But in a bright *hereafter* may I see
 All earthly loss repaired, dear friend, with thee.

THE PLEIADES.

INSCRIBED TO LODGES THUS NAMED.

'Tis said that in the glittering Pleiades,
Now shining only *six* refulgent stars,—
There once were *seven*—one sweet astral's fled.

In every lodge there should be virtues *seven*:
First Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, and
then

Great Temperance,—being at the base of all,—
And Fortitude and Prudence manifest,
And Justice, noblest attribute of God.

Brethren of Pleiades, is aught of these
Lacking to you? Is any dearth of Love
Or generous Relief, or Truth divine?
Say, is your glittering cluster incomplete?
In bonds of Temperance your workmen shine
Bold unto Fortitude they do not quail;
In laws of Prudence they are deeply versed;
And none deny to Justice her high claim.

When at the midnight hour you view the sky,
Radiant with lamps lit by the Hand divine,
Single your own, the pictured Pleiades!
And as you mourn the one bright astral fled
And think how brighter were the former seven,
Rejoice that in your brotherly ranks there shines
The unbroken cluster.

BRIGHT CALIFORNIA.

A recitation before *California Commandery*,
No. 1, San Francisco, Cal., April, 1876. In-
scribed to Sir Knight Charles E. Leonard.

In your own bright California, along this golden
slope,

Is set by bounteous Providence each emblem
of our hope:

The giant trees, the placid sea, the pure and
virgin snow,

And golden fruits unrivaled that in your
gardens grow.

Yes, this is like the *Palestine* upon whose soil
I've trod,

Where man first learned his brother-man, first
learned his father-God:

The same bright fruits, the seasons, and the
same pacific sea,

Bring back from Judah's storied hills best
memories to me.

Your mountains call from history that grand,
heroic time

When David's son, the Mason-king, reared up
a wall sublime;

When gold in countless measure by the willing
hand was spent,
And Ophir to Jerusalem her wealth of treasure
lent.

Your sea recalls that "utmost sea" of which
the Prophet wrote,
That bore upon its billows such a cedar-laden
flote,
And Parian stone and porphyry that by the skill-
ful hand,
Assumed exquisite symmetry to answer God's
command.

But most of all, most admirable, most memor-
able to me,
These cross-hilt swords and banners high of
Knightly Imagery;
The soldiers of *EMMANUEL*, the Templars strong
and rare,—
Yes, these recall the holiest thoughts that
stirred my spirit there.

Sir Knights, I've stood within the cave where
first He saw the light
Whose NAME inspires, in Heaven and earth,
the gallant Templar Knight;
I've bowed with head uncovered, bowed with
bent and willing knee,
Beside the spot that drank His blood, the hate-
ful Calvary.

I've followed Jesus, step by step, all through
the Holy Land,
And *here*, said I, He healed the sick, and *here*
the withered hand,
Here brought the clamorous blind to sight, *here*
cursed the barren tree,
Here fed the starving multitude along the
stormy sea.

I've sat where the great Preacher sat when
breathing words of love,
And read, in solemn silence, what he said of
things above.
Never in all my life, Sir Knights, stood Jesus
Christ so nigh,
As in that land where Hiram taught Free-
masons how to die.

Therefore, though in this withered arm is spent
the manly force,
Nor spear nor falchion can I wield, nor guide
the fiery horse,
Yet with an unchanged soul I gaze upon this
Blazonry,
And lend a gladsome voice to yours, and join
your battle-cry.

Beausant, Beausant, 'twas uttered on that
 dark, ensanguined field
 Of Hattin, where the Knights went down with
 shivered spear and shield;
 "God will it," *Dieu le veut*, and this, Sir
 Knights; shall be our cry
 When in His own good time it is appointed us
 to die.

Then hail, dear Templar Knights, all hail! your
 warfare is of God,
 And naught but what's *celestial* has the service
 of your sword;
 If Charity, and Gentleness, and Chastity in-
 spire
 The warfare of the Templar Knight,—*that is*
the Christian fire.

And when you sheathe the cross-hilt sword,
 and lay the helmet down,
 May the COMMANDER wreath your brows with
 the immortal crown;
 In the Asylum where He waits, may each the
 MASTER view,
 And in eternal peace enjoy the wages that are
 due!

WHO IS WORTHY?

"Into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter
 inquire in it *who is worthy*, and there abide till
 ye go hence." *Matthew*, x, 11. During my stay
 in Beyrout, in 1868, my good fortune led me to
 the house of the *worthy*, viz: *Samuel Hallock*,
 with whom I "abode" for two months.

It was a happy day
 That brought my feet this way,
 And stopped me at this hospitable door;
 Parting, I'll not forget
 To acknowledge friendship's debt,
 Now that I go, to see these walls no more.

There is no such thing as chance,
 God rules each circumstance,—
 He guided me, a stranger in this land;
 Intending good that day
 He led my feet this way,
 And joined my hand to this fraternal hand.

With Christian courtesy stored,
 Gentle in deed and word,
 Generous with all the MASTER doth bestow,
 Modest and kind and true,—
 This eulogy is due
 To him whose roof-tree gives us welcome now.

A blessing on him rest!
 I seek the distant west;
 But I can never sail so far, or fast,
 But that my instant prayer
 Shall find him even there,
 And crown him with good wishes to the last.

TALITHA CUMI.

(Inscribed to Mrs. Jennie E. Mathews, of
 Rockford, Iowa.)

This is the story of "the daughter of Jairus"
 and her resurrection, as told me in Galilee in
 1868. The Scriptural passages are these: "He
 took her by the hand and the maid arose,"
Matthew, ix, 25. "He took the damsel by the
 hand, and said unto her *talitha cumi*, which is,
 being interpreted, Damsel I say unto thee,
 arise," *Mark*, v, 41. "He took her by the hand
 and called, saying, Maid, arise." *Luke*, viii, 54.

By the sea her memory dwelleth,
 Maiden well-beloved and fair;
 And each loving mother telleth
 How the child lay dying there;
 How she lay, that sweet one, dying,—
 Only child, there was no more,
 While the Oriental crying
 Swelled the murmurs of the shore;
 So they tell it by the Sea
 Of the placid Galilee.

How the anxious father hastened
 Jesus, present help, to meet,
 And, with awful sorrow chastened,
 Fell imploring at His feet;
 "Master, oh, my little daughter,—
 Only child,—about to die!"
 While the plashing of the water
 Mocked at his despairing cry.
 So they tell it by the Sea
 Of the storm-tossed Galilee.

How the Lord no tarry making,
 Through the thronged and narrow street,
 Hastened to a wondrous waking,
 Such as every saint shall meet;
 Matters not though servant coming
 Told him that the child was dead;
 And the breakers hoarsely booming,
 All the mournful message spread.
 So they tell it by the Sea
 Of the dirge-like Galilee.

How He found the stricken dwelling;
 Clasped the clay-cold little hand,—
 Needless is the further telling,—
 Death obeyed the Lord's command;

While those waters roll, the story
Of the maiden will remain,
Promise of the greater glory
When the Christ shall come again.
So they think along the Sea
Of this much-loved Galilee.

THE FIVE POINTS OF FELLOW-SHIP.

(This poem, found on page 11, was revised in 1878 to suit the English rituals. In this form it is dedicated to Bro. W. Hyde Pullen, of London, England.)

Men and Brethren, hear me tell you
What we masons vowed to do,
When, prepared at mythic altar,
We assumed the Masons' vow:
Hand and foot, knee, breast and back,
Listen to the charge they make.
Men and Brethren, God be with you
While you keep the charge they make!

Hand to Hand, in mystic meeting,
Thrills the Masons' cordial clasp,
Telling of a deathless greeting
Linked in this fraternal grasp:
While upon God's earth we stand
Truth and love go hand in hand.
Men and Brethren, God is with you
While in loving grasp ye stand!

Foot to Foot, he stands before you
Upright in the plummet's line!
Share with him your manly vigor,
Be to him the power divine.

While he keeps the unerring law,
Never let your foot withdraw.
Men and Brethren, God be with you,
While ye keep the unerring law!

Knee to knee, in earnest worship,
None but God to hear and heed,
All our woes and sins confessing
Let us for each other plead.
By the spirit of our call
Let us pray for Brothers all.

Men and Brethren, God be with you,
While ye pray for Brothers all!

Breast to Breast, in sacred casket,
At life's center let us seal
Every truth to us intrusted,
Nor one holy thing reveal.

What a Mason vows to shield
Die he may, but never yield.
Men and Brethren, God be with you,
While your mysteries you shield!

Hand to back, no base-born slander
Should assail an absent friend;
We from every foul aspersion
Will his honored name defend,
Warding from a Brother's heart
Slander's vile, envenomed dart.
Men and Brethren, God be with you.
Warding slander's venom'd dart!

Let us then in earnest ponder
What we Masons vowed to do,
When prepared at mythic altar
We assumed the Masons' vow.
Hand and foot, knee, breast and back,
Heed the solemn charge they make.
Men and Brethren, God be with you,
While you heed the charge they make!

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' MEETING.

Inscribed to R. E. William Ryan, Grand Commander of Kentucky.

We meet *upon the naked blade*, we cross the
glittering steel,
Opposing foot to foot we stand, our Knightly
vows to seal;
Erect as men, with watchword high, of truth
and victory,
The Templar-Knight brings out his sword to
conquer or to die.
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word—**EMMANUEL**.

We meet *before the Sepulcher*, and sheathe the
blood-stained sword;
In awe-struck silence gaze we on the Rising of
the **LORD**!
No earthly victory this, and yet the greatest
battle's won,—
The **FATHER** triumphs over death through
Jesus Christ, the **SON**!
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our watch-word—**GOLGOTHA**.

We meet *around the tri-form*, Sir Knights can
we forget
The hour, the place, the scene? no, no, they
haunt our memory yet;
And while one spark of Honor kindles in this
Knightly heart,
We vow that in eternal scorn we'll bold the
traitor's part.
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our line of labor, **TRUTH**.

The widow and the orphan hail the flashing of
our steel;
The maid forlorn and innocent, doth Knightly
aid appeal;
Pilgrims, who seek Jerusalem, the timely suc-
cor greet,
And this is Christian work for which the
Knights of Jesus meet.
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word — BENEVOLENCE.

And when the bitter cup is quaffed which flesh
and sense abhor,
And banners cased and good swords sheathed,
and words of parting o'er,
There, by the Throne, beside the LAMB, whose
service was so sweet,
We hope, Sir Knights, in endless rest in endless
bliss to meet.
We are the Knights of Jesus,—
Our word — CELESTIAL LIFE.

THE FATHER TO HIS FAMILY.

Written upon his last visit to Minneapolis,
Minn., July 20, 1871.

I hail you, Boys, with swelling heart,
And praise the hand Divine
That gives us now, so long apart,
To meet in Lodge again;
And by His NAME, so high and bright,
His WORD, so pure and grand,
I greet my children here to-night
With father-heart and hand.

I think of those now sleeping low,
Who met me here before;
The Acacia blooms above them now,
They walk the unseen shore;
I reckon up the hours so fast,
When I too must depart,
And greet you, children, for the last
With father-hand and heart.

I ponder o'er the promised joys
Reserved for us above;
They kindle up the spirit, Boys,
With gratitude and love;
These Emblems speak in accents sure
Of that celestial land;
I greet you children, yet once more,
With father-heart and hand.

Dear Boys, to you the work belongs;
My hands too old have grown;
And you must sing the good old songs
When father Rob has gone;

God bless you! make you strong and true,
Lift high the noble Art;
I greet you, Children, you and you,
With father-hand and heart.

A GROUP OF JERUSALEM FLOWERS.

These lines were composed to accompany a
group of ten flowers, gathered in the vicinity of
Jerusalem. Each blossom is supposed to make
its own description. Inscribed to Mrs. Robert
Macy, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

I. *From the Shepherds' Plain near Bethlehem.*
I heard the happy Angels singing on the Christ-
mas night,

When shepherds saw the glory and were rav-
ished with delight. *Luke, ii, 4-14.*

II. *From Rachel's Tomb.*

I heard the dying Rachel as she bade the world
farewell,

And pressed the new-born to her heart with
grief that none can tell.

Genesis, xxxv, 16-20.

III. *From Lazarus' Tomb.*

I saw the weeping sisters standing by the
opened earth,

And heard a god-like voice proclaiming *Laza-
rus, come forth!* *John, xi, 1-46.*

IV. *The Crown of Mount Sion.*

I flourished on Mount Sion, where King David's
harp was strung,

And all my petals quivered as the holy hymns
were sung.

2 Samuel, v, 7; 1 Kings, ii, 10.

V. *The Cope of Mount Moriah.*

I heard the prayer of Solomon, the people's
fond desire,

And saw descend the answering sign of God,—
the Cloud and Fire.

2 Chronicles, iii, 1-13; vii, 1-3.

VI. *The Pool of Siloam.*

I flourished by the Kidron, in the sweet Siloam's
flow,—

That green and goodly valley where the fruits
of summer grow. *2 Samuel, xv, 23.*

VII. *The Slope of Mount Olivet.*

I heard the parting words so full of sympathy
and love,

And saw His blessed form ascending to the
realms above.

Luke, xix, 41-44; Acts, i, 9-12.

VIII. *The Valley of Hinnom.*

I heard the shrieks of infants, burned and sacrificed to Baal;
Their tortures and their writhings were the mockery of hell. *Jeremiah, xix, 1-6.*

IX. *The Tomb of the Kings.*

I grew amidst the sepulchers where Judah's monarchs lay;
But all the tombs are empty now, and Judah far away.

X. *The Garden of Gethsemane.*

I bloomed beneath the olive-trees where Jesus bowed the knee;
His tears bedewed my blossom in the dark Gethsemane. *Matthew, xxvi, 36-45.*

CHORUS OF TEN.

From Shepherd's Plain, from Rachel's Tomb,
from humble Bethany,
From Sion's top, Moriah's crown, the Kidron's flowery lea,
From Olivet, from Hinnom's dell, where monarchs had their tomb,
And from Gethsemane, we bright and holy blossoms come.

BURNS.

Inscribed to Lodges that assume the name of "Robert Burns," "Burns," and other words commemorative of the immortal Bard of Masonry.

From Scotland's bard you have your honored name,—

Master of song, bard of the social lyre:
Freemasonry has spread, world-wide, his fame,
And Mason-poets kindle at his fire.

He was the interpreter of bird and bee;
The heather blossomed as he moved along;
The streamlets down their beds rolled pleasantly,

While Burns attuned their ripplings unto song.

And Masonry,—oh, who has sung like him!
Within his poesy our symbols glow;
The spirit warms, the tender eye grows dim,
As we rehearse his "heart-warm, fond adieu,"

Well-named, then, Craftsmen! sound it proudly forth,

Kindle his genial flame within your band;
Like him, prize man for his intrinsic worth,
And let the heart be wedded to the hand!



INDEX.

A Brother bound for distant lands.....	20	Book of all books, thou volume most profound.....	84
A bundle of maxims quaint, ancient and true.....	51	Bright is thy natal morn.....	107
A city set upon a hill.....	21	Bright microcosm of high celestial types ..	79
A fire was kindled on the plain.....	62	Brothers, when o'er my head.....	18
Again unto the quarry came.....	101	Brothers, met from every nation.....	21
A gentle bond, soft as the filmy thread.....	80	Bury me on the hilltop.....	60
Among the pearls of earth.....	91	Build up, ye Crafts, the sacred fane.....	57
And altogether blest.....	92	By one God created, by one Saviour saved.....	26
And so at last we find the basis-stone.....	86	By the pallid hue of those.....	31
And who are these, like shadows thin.....	97		
And who is this, grave, reverend man, who brings.....	82	Christian pilgrims, poor and needy.....	78
And can we know the mind of God.....	80	Come ye that strongly build.....	8
And now we'll sing our parting song.....	110	Come, then, dear followers of Christ, your hand.....	16
A place in the Lodge for me.....	22	Come, then, ye Masons wise.....	104
Are graves of men indeed a hopeless night.....	85	Come, comrades, let us build.....	22
As from the Orient, the Sun.....	111	Come, cease from your labors.....	26
Ask and ye shall receive.....	23	Come and let us seek the straying.....	22
As on my road delaying.....	42	Come view the hills upon whose slopes.....	99
As a shepherd, He will lead them.....	76	Come where the broad cedars waving.....	105
As midst the incoherent clash and void.....	81	Come view the Holy Land indeed.....	120
As through an open window into Heaven.....	83	Consider how the lilies grow.....	105
As the Saviour moved along.....	77	Crown the sacred hill.....	74
At midnight as at noon.....	96		
At last, all things come round at last.....	121	Darkly hid beneath the quarry.....	34
A wall of sorrowing hearts pervades the Lodge.....	81	Dead, and where now those earnest, loving eyes.....	56
A welcome and a greeting now.....	89	Dear friend of the Square, let us cherish the faith.....	25
Aye, Master of the true.....	123	Dear Brother, 'tis no light design.....	52
		Divinest privilege to Trowel peace.....	81
Before I go to Death's dark shore.....	123	Droops thy bough O cedar tree.....	33
Best type that teeming nature gives.....	9	Dying, as Jesus died, upon the tree.....	92
Better the day of death.....	16		
Bear him home, his bed is made.....	27	Each cooling dove and sighing bough.....	106
Bear on your souls, dear friends, the blest departed.....	124	Eastward from Tyre, where the sun.....	67
Bear her softly, Brothers, softly.....	92	Ended now the Masons' labor.....	20
Begin the work of praise.....	97	Entreat me not, dear friend, to go.....	90
Bid them come in the loving, the beloved.....	114	Erect before Thee.....	25
Bind it once that in this heart.....	128		
Blind, 'neath the sweet sunlight.....	76	Faithful to the trust imposed.....	124
Blessed the man who walks not by advice.....	83	Fairest of souls above.....	90
Bow the back, ye Brothers dear.....	34	Farewell, Jerusalem, thy sun bends low.....	69

Far away in the West where the savage is straying	83	How blest is the home.....	30
For He is good, went up the exultant cry..	86	How sweet is friendship in a foreign land ..	129
For Jesus' sake, for O a weary road	123	How tender must the love of Masons be....	53
From me to thee, from me to thee.....	23	How the souls of friends departed.....	54
From the hills of old Virginia, from the meadows rich and rare	52	How once the furnace-fires were heated here	83
From the valley and hill far and near.....	77	How cold would be the tomb	99
From purest white to deepest black.....	80	How ever fresh and vigorous.....	73
From Moab's hills the stranger comes.....	91	Hurrah, the noble color-guard	181
Friends ever dear, begin the opening lay ..	84		
Give me the faith my fathers had.....	35	I hail you, boys, with swelling heart	131
Glory to God in courts of glory high.....	44	I hail you, Brother, in the place	45
God bless the old Tyler! how long he has trudged	130	In the hills of Mizpeh bloomed the mount- ain maid.....	90
God trusts to each a portion of His plan...	94	In sultry eve oppressed with heat and toil ..	84
Good night, the spirits of the blest and good	34	In Oriental memories there dwells	86
Go on thy bright career, brave, faithful heart	37	Invested thus in garb of innocence	86
Go now, dear friends, take fond farewell ..	71	In some far Oriental land they tell	84
Good anchorage, our Master hath secured ..	84	In thought, word and deed	62
Gorgeous in hue, a painted arch is drawn..	87	I never have denied	61
Gray with the frosts of age	18	In a deep, rocky tomb great King Solomon lies	58
Growing, growing still in numbers	32	In gladsome mood again we've met	41
Green; but far greener is the faith	38	In each cold bed a mortal sleeps	86
		I on the white square, you on the black ..	49
Hail, Workmen in the mystic labor, hail...	18	I saw him first one snowy winter night....	53
Hail, the Lord of grace	73	I seemed to see the heavenly Book.....	81
Happy to meet the sparkling eye.....	104	I stood beside the grave	7
Hark, Freemasons, I'm to tell you.....	11	I thought of Jesus on the hill.....	124
Hark, how the air resounds with death....	51	It flourished in historic earth	71
Hark, from the lofty dome.....	54	It is in our hearts, dear sisters	12
Hark, 'tis the voice of the long-parted years	135	It is the mercy of our heavenly Friend	16
Happy and free	77	It was a happy thought.....	106
Helmskringle, world-circle	137	It was a nursing mother singing low.....	122
Here is a legend that our fathers told.....	109	It was six men of Michigan	136
Here around the altar meeting.....	89		
He that hath ears to hear	17	King Solomon sat in his ivory chair	18
He tapped his bottom dollar, Joe.....	128		
He calleth us to words and deeds of love ..	55	Land far away, home of the blest.....	92
Here is a story of the grand old time	135	Led by a hand invisible	68
His work was not done, yet his column is broken	31	Let us be true; each working tool	108
His epitaph, a Mason true and good	81	Let your light shine, the Master said	26
His voice was low, his utterance choked...	43	Like wandering dove whose restless feet ..	69
His laws inspire our being	52	Lingering notes the echoes stir	24
High carnival to-night: a year of gloom ...	47	Light from the East, 'tis glided with hope ..	60
Hopeful we look for the long-promised dawning	117	Life's sands are dropping, dropping	61
How many a strong right hand that grap- pled ours	14	Life is a vapor, how brief is its stay	128
How sad to the grave are our feet slowly tending	21	Long, long ago, the man of Bethany....	116
How pleasant is the scene	132	Long may your Lodge-fires burn	116
		Lo, God is here, our prayers prevail	27
		Lonely is Zion, cheerless and still.....	36
		Lo, from the distant West.....	41
		Lovely upon the shore.....	92
		Lord, why can I not follow now	96
		Look, traveler, what name you this, that drips	88

Make thou the record duly.....	117	Oh, might I live to see each Masons' Lodge	18
May I, when given to dust, be laid.....	57	Oh, not a gloomy look to-night.....	181
Men of the bright inheritance, oh true and loving hand.....	36	Oh, pity Lord the widow, hear her cry.....	114
Midst civil war and clamor, midst the crash	189	Oh, raised to Oriental chair.....	95
Midst polar snows and solitude.....	55	Oh, sweet are the songs of Spring.....	106
Mizpeh, well named the monumental stone	68	Oh, welcome home from distant land.....	122
Mournfully lay the dead one here.....	124	Oh, what a goodly heritage.....	18
Morn, the morn, sweet morn is springing..	27	Oh, when before the Lodge we stand.....	50
Music and Masonry, whose hand hath wrought.....	111	Old Jephtha Hoys had drilled his boys.....	107
Must we perish, oh my nation.....	91	One hour with you, one hour with you....	6
Nay, suffer the children to come.....	77	On hallowed ground these walls are reared..	19
'Neath our weeping.....	69	On the verge of eternity, calmly surveying..	28
Never slight a hailing Brother.....	60	Oh, weary hearts, so warm and desolate... 95	
Never will I break the covenant.....	22	Once when a sorrowing group was met....	129
Never since 'neath the daisies laid.....	32	Palm-leaves to strew o'er our dead.....	74
No more to grieve for pleasures gone.....	16	Parting on the sounding shore.....	49
No human wisdom framed our walls.....	63	Pining in the prison cell.....	108
No cares shall meet the silent sleeper here.	86	Pity the widow, desolate and poor.....	90
North, south, east, west and everywhere ..	70	Precious in the sight of Heaven.....	61
None idle here,—look where you will they all.....	80	Prostrate before the Lord.....	95
Nobly she stands a queen, the glittering band.....	91	Raise thy hands above, sweet mourner....	92
Not brought to light when ere your call ...	128	Refreshed with angel-food we go.....	20
Not useless,—cold must be the heart.....	65	Resting in calm repose.....	15
Not where the Saviour bore.....	70	Rich is song when tuned to passion.....	56
Not far from me, not far from me.....	136	Salem, peaceful city, blest.....	138
Not stars alone but windows unto Heaven..	82	See midst the multitude the Victim stands	90
Not strength to slaughter, strength to deso- late.....	85	See, O King, the suppliant one.....	91
Now we hail the Junior Warden.....	108	She will not die as thief or murderer dies..	90
Now dismiss me while I linger.....	24	Shall we see it, loving brothers.....	48
Now 'tis past, our journey run.....	121	Shipwrecked, nigh drowned, alone upon the sands.....	132
Now while the thunder-peal of battle is heard.....	27	So each one stands, a narrow line.....	47
Now the sun is burning dim and this world is but a glim.....	72	So falls the last of the old forest trees....	7
Now, hosanna, son of David.....	87	So mote it be, each murmuring word.....	25
Of the waterfall 'tis born.....	112	So mote it be with us when life shall end..	36
Oh, Brothers of the mystic tie.....	30	So when we end this dreary tale of life....	84
Oh, charming Mount, thy flowery sides....	66	Taking the little one home to rest.....	90
Oh, crown of thorn, by Jesus worn.....	114	Take this pledge,—it is a token.....	24
Oh, death, thy hand is weighty on the breast.....	94	Ten thousand anxious hearts.....	91
Oh, early Search the Scriptures, 'tis the dew	189	Thanks, Brothers, thanks,—a noble prize..	117
Oh, gallant Knights, in fitting garb arrayed	10	That Name, I learned it at a mother's knee	6
Oh, happy hour when Masons meet.....	42	The Craft in days gone by.....	35
Oh, ladies, when you bend above.....	23	The day has come.....	46
Oh, Lamb of God! oh, Lamb that once was slain.....	96	The funniest story I ever heard.....	108
Oh, land of wondrous story, old Canaan bright and fair.....	66	The Eastern Star that first arose.....	136
		The grace of God directs this Implement..	82
		The jolts of life are many.....	38
		The landmarks of Freemasonry are graven on God's word.....	86
		The light your Lodge is blest to shed.....	11
		The last, last word, oh let it tell.....	139
		The loving tie we feel.....	60

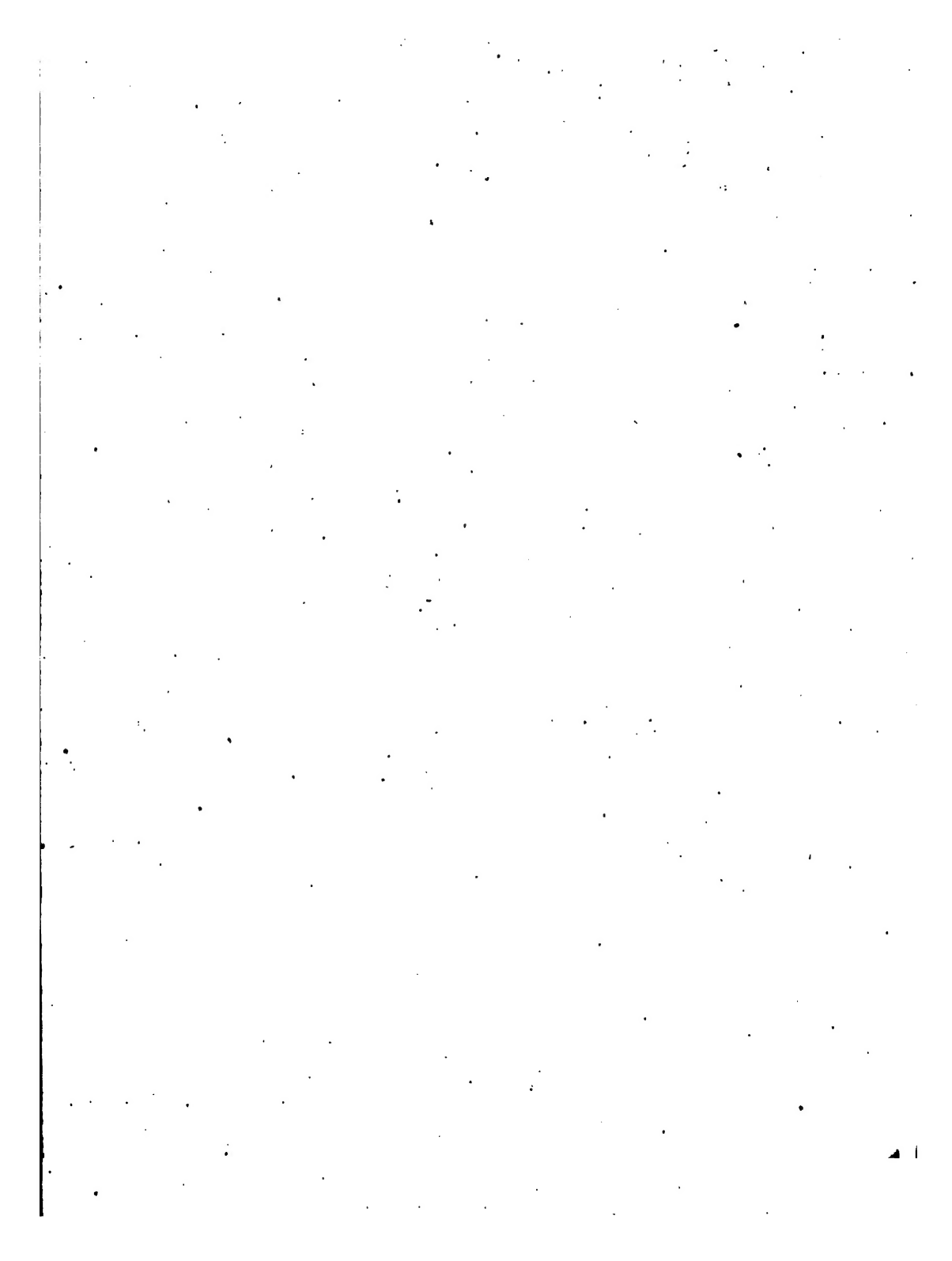
The Master to the quarry came	100, 101	'Twas in the years of long ago.....	17
The Master to the quarry came once more.....	102	'Twas told me by a troubadour, a singer of Jeball	119
The music of our life.....	79	'Twas at the hour when laborers cast.....	39
The old is better: is it not the plan?.....	25	Type of serenity, we think of thee	81
The o'erarching sky around our busy sphere	79	Type of endurance, child of the mountain tops	86
The song is set, the sweet accord.....	136	Type of a generation dropping fast.....	62
The soul serene impenetrably just	81	Tyle the door carefully, brothers of skill.....	75
The sun is uprising on Scotia's far hills	40	Voice of the ages, wisdom ever new.....	90
The perfect ashlar's duly set	112	War's hand has sorely tried our Brother- hood	135
The sunbeams from the eastern sky	65	Watch me, O Master, at my work.....	80
The tear for friends departed.....	23	We cannot hear His voice or see His face	85
The voice of the temple, the tidings of love.....	21	Weeping, tears, ah! broken heart.....	78
The Word of God, the rule of Faith to Ma- sons true and free	185	We can predict from day to day	95
The veteran sinks to rest.....	87	We drink and worship, Author of our life	85
The war-worn soldier leaves.....	128	We feed and worship, Author of our life	85
There is a prayer unsaid.....	30	We do not sigh for pleasures past	23
There is an eye through blackest night.....	38	We love to hear the Gavel, to see the silver Square	120
There's tenfold Lodges in the land	43	We journeyed up the western flood.....	46
There were many with me were glad, brother	48	We Masons walk along a road.....	118
There's pillars II and columns V	50	We meet who never met before.....	71
There never was occasion, and there never was an hour	59	We sing of those who've gone.....	112
There's a fine old Mason in the north, he's genial, wise and true	60	We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square	5
There is no guiding hand so sure as His.....	64	We'll lay thee down when thou shalt sleep.....	29
There is a better land, I hope.....	79	We'll set a green sprig here to-night.....	17
There's never a tear would drop.....	138	We need not rise above this mundane sphere.....	87
These walls are tottering to decay.....	50	What years are gone since last we met	62
They come from many a pleasant home.....	39	What voice, oh simple Rule, hast thou to warn	81
Think ye that Masons, when they tyle the door	75	What changes must this quarry stone re- ceive	83
Thrice in the quarry whence the stone	19	What caution marked the early Craft who kept	86
This net so strong, of thirty centuries	88	What is the Mason's corner-stone.....	105
This fair and stainless thing I take.....	12	When auld acquaintance closing round.....	46
This Lodge of five from Tyre came.....	94	When cares press heavy on the heart.....	92
Thoughtfully gazing on this wall	69	When God, propitious to His people's cry.....	129
Thou sealest up the sum of nature's gifts	83	When hastening eastward o'er the waste.....	67
Through the murky clouds of night	12	When in the dreams of night he lay.....	63
Thrown like the useless weed away.....	77	When nature has paid her last debt	116
Thy gentle face calls up the parted years.....	83	When placed before the Throne	113
Thy very tears are precious, holy plant.....	82	When the kindled wrath	14
'Tis good to feel ourselves beloved of men	38	When the appointed time had come.....	15
'Tis but an hour,—our life is but a span.....	62	When the Spirit came to Jephthah.....	40
'Tis done,—the dark decree is said.....	55	When twenty years have circled round.....	40
To life's worst labyrinth there is a clue	87	When the great Master comes to view His own	115
To that far land, far beyond storm and cloud	14	Where are the Craft who gathered round and gave.....	121
To oldest age the olive yields its wealth.....	87		
To the far-distant shore, the utter past.....	131		
To suffer long, and yet be kind and true.....	82		
To you and yours, dear Friend, a line.....	137		
Too soon, too soon, alas, for earth and us	84		
To win the love of woman to our cause.....	134		
Two score and ten revolving years	113		

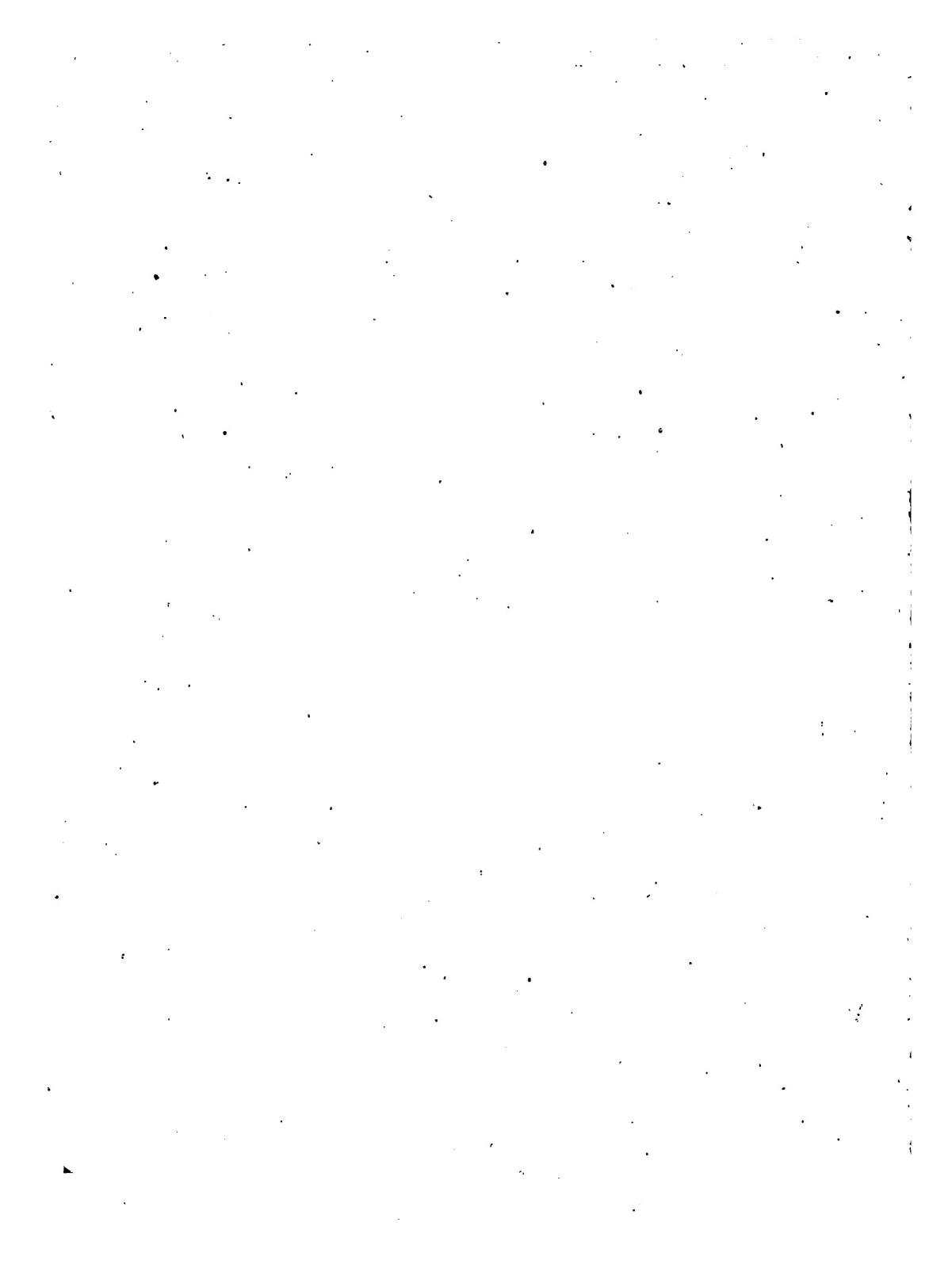
Where is the true heart's mother-lodge....	29	Why tread in gloomy shades when paths..	80
Where hearts are warm with kindred fire..	37	Wildly her hands are joined in form of love	93
Where two or three assemble round	94	Widow mourning for the dead.....	91
Where have we met, my boys?.....	9	With oil anointed, Author of our life.....	85
Where is thy brother? Craftsman, say.....	48	With true and ardent clasp	138
Where should she go, if not to Him?	118	Worn but not weary,—stanch and true....	137
Where types are all fulfilled	57	Wreath the mourning badge around.....	57
Where lies the maid, the Mason's daughter?	93	Written in heaven	64
Where the bright acacia waving	97		
Wherever man is tracing.....	43	Yea, I believe, although death's cloud	91
White, purely white, the badge of truth....	79	Ye faithful, weave the chain.....	25
Who stops the way before the Lord?.....	78	Ye blithe and happy few	123
Who wears the square upon his breast.....	6	Yes, in yon world of perfect light.....	29
Why have they left us? did we not impart.	110	You wear the Square, but have you got ...	75

INDEX TO ADDITIONAL PIECES.

As we glide down the soft-flowing wave....	142	Low, low, sing low; the surge is hoarsely	
Be ours to-night to sing.....	145	murmuring	142
By the sea her memory dwelleth	148	Men and Brethren, hear me tell you.....	149
Departed Friend, by thy lone grave I stand	146	One is our Master, Christ the Lord.....	146
From the foamy billows won.....	144	Star of the canopy, oh beaming star.....	145
From Scotland's bard you have.....	151	The daring Spaniard when his eyes beheld	140
If I were the Master Grand	141	Trusty Brother, take this poem	141
I stand to-night within a hallowed place...	143	The Orient gleams with starry beams.....	143
In dewy morn with day begun.....	144	'Twas in Damascus on an April day.....	143
It is the pride of ancient Masonry.....	144	The Angel of mercy to-night is abroad	143
In the Lodge far away.....	145	'Tis said that in the glittering Pielades	147
In your own bright California.....	147	We meet upon the Level is the Senior	
It was a happy day.....	148	Warden's word.....	146
I hail you, Boys, with swelling heart.....	150	We meet upon the naked blade, we cross the	
I heard the happy Angels singing.....	150	glittering steel.....	146







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